

The Prince of Dragons

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Summary: What if at a young age Hiccup was taken away from Berk and raised by dragons. How would this affect his future? How would this affect his family, what would happen if Hiccup returned to Berk years later?

1. Chapter 1

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 1: The Raid

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><p>Long ago, in a time long forgotten, there were said to be dragons. In the far cold regions of the north, there were Vikings who fought these magnificent creatures. There were preposterously huge sea dragons that ruled the cold deep blue sea. Small dragons the size of beetles hunted insects and other small creatures that roamed in the fields. Vicious sky dragons that ruled the great heights above and hunted in well organized packs. Now imagine for a moment that you are a small child barely a year old named Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third. I know it's a longish name, but please try to remember it. But anyway imagine you lived on a tiny island in the middle of the Barbaric Archipelago under the name Berk. That is where our_story begins._

* * *

><p>BERK<p>

In the middle of the Barbaric Archipelago, there is a tiny island named Berk. Home to the tribe known as the Hairy Hooligans, led by Chief Stoic the Vast, Oh Hear His Name and Tremble Ugg, Ugh. Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third was Chief Stoic the Vast's only son and the rightful heir to the Tribe of Hairy Hooligans. Stoic the Vast was

with his lovely wife Valka, they sat on the porch of their home overlooking the small Viking Village. They were a happy couple to say the least. Stoic the Vast was rather on the large side and pretty much what you'd expect from a Viking Chief. Loud, charismatic, strong and not the exactly the sharpest tool in the workshop, but not even close to blunt. He had a red beard that looked almost as if it had just been attacked by a violent bird of prey. His eyes were kinda overshadowed by his massive tangled mess of a beard, but they were deep blue pools that could pierce a hole right into your soul. Valka on the other hand was a little on the small side for a Viking Valkyrie. Valka was different to say the least, the runt of her generation. It took her four years to pass Hooligan Initiation, and even then she only barely passed. Her appearance shared many similarities to her son, with short brown hair and pure emerald green eyes, she was average. Their son though was even more average looking, Hiccup was wrapped in a warm cloth, in the comforting hands of his mother.

They were just sitting there enjoying the nice evening sunset, as Dagr the God of days rule was coming to an end. It was a beautiful sight, that sunset, a magnificent orange and red mix that only got more beautiful as the sun descended. Valka looked down lovingly at her brown haired baby boy, and his little green eyes. Hiccup wore small wool clothes that were dirt brown and not very interesting. To be honest Hiccup was odd for a Viking child, with a face that was entirely unmemorable. He was incredibly small for even a Viking Baby, he was just so oddly small, but that didn't matter to the Hooligan couple. Hiccup was asleep at the moment, he was almost dead to the world in a way, if it wasn't for his small inward breathes, you could hardly tell he was alive.

"I love it when he sleepsâ€œ|it's like watching an image of Thor the Thunderer."

Valka said with happiness. As far as the shield maiden was concerned, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third was perfect in every way. From his emerald green eyes to his small frail body, that little Hooligan Baby meant the world to her. Stoic smiled and then retorted back.

"Yes, Yes...I just wish he wasn't so much on the small side."

"You're terrible!"

Valka said with a smile. She knew Stoic thought that Hiccup was just as perfect as could be. The Viking Chief shrugged his massive shoulders.

"Hey, I'm only saying."

"Apologize to him."

"I'm sorry Hiccup."

Stoic said with a smile, as he softly gripped one of Hiccup's tiny fingers. Meanwhile, near Hooligan Harbor two Vikings patrolled from a watch tower. They sat on the observation deck, Bucket and Mulch, they were pretty much like most Vikings. Big, with muscles upon muscles but not a whole lot happening in the brain department. The two were

watching the distant shores through spy glasses, watching for any sides of enemy ships or worse dragon attacks. Bucket and Mulch weren't exactly the sharpest arrows in the quiver. Especially Bucket who had been struck numerous times on the head by lightning throughout his life, it had a certain effect on his intellect...but it did make him an outstanding artist.

"Mulch why are we here again?"

"(Sighs) For Thor's sake Bucket, we're on patrol, watching for dragons or enemy ships. How many times have I told you that?"

"Um|huh|let me think."

"It was a question that didn't need answering!"

"Oh|sorry Mulch."

Bucket continued to look through his view finder, as the large husky man then said.

"Is that an enemy ship?"

Mulch looked through his view finder and sighed again.

"That would be an island!"

"Is that?"

"No that's another island."

"Is that?"

"No, that's a Roman Fleet."

"Oh|okay then|is that?"

"Nope that's a-

The two hooligans hesitated for a moment and then looked back at a rather large Roman invasion force. With flags that read in Latin, the 8th Legion. Without warning, a large catapult fired a boulder at Hooligan Harbor. It slammed into the harbor crushing boats and part of the very gigantic dock itself. Bucket and Mulch rang the warning bell, which involved Mulch slamming a large metal object against Buckets head. The Hooligans quickly armed themselves with axes, swords, shields and other various metal weapons. Some of the Vikings manned the Catapults others made a defensive line at the harbor entrance to the village. All the while the Roman's began docking at the shores of Berk. At the heart of the defensive line was Stoic the Vast. The barbarian chieftain stepped forward with his brother Spitelout Jorgenson and his best friend Gobber the Belch at his side. Spitelout was a little bit thinner than his brother and had a face that may have reminded you of a bull. His hair was pitch black and his eyes as dark as two coals. Gobber on the other hand was a short man about the size of Stoic. He had no hair except for a twisted yellow mustache. The Blacksmith was also missing a left arm and a right leg. Also he may have had slack jaw but nobody really knew. The large beefy chief wielded an ax in one hand and a flash point sword

in the other. Stoic turned to Gobber.

"What have we got?"

"Romans, a whole legion by the looks of it."

Gobber answered.

"What do they want?"

Stoic the Vast asked, before he turned to his brother. Spitelout answered.

"Who knows, they just attacked us out of the blue!"

"Well, then there's only one thing to do."

All the Hairy Hooligans smiled happily at each other. There Chief turned to his tribe.

"Let's give these Romans a warm welcome!"

The Vikings cheered, blood-lust in their eyes as they cracked their knuckles together and readied their weapons. All Vikings loved a good fight. The Hooligans waited for the inevitable, as Roman Soldiers began to charge up the docks. There was something odd about them, they were all frost bitten and had layers of ice wrapped over them. The Roman Soldiers dashed forward with little strategy. No formation, this was odd for the well-organized Roman war machine. But none of the Hooligans seemed to really care, they were angry at this sudden invasion. Rightfully so, in the traditional Hooligan manner, none of them asked any questions. The Romans with their cold icy weapons slashed at the Vikings. But for every slash the Romans made, the Vikings would only respond by bashing the Roman's heads in. Jorgenson ran into battle fiercely knocking out ten Romans at a time with his bare hands. Gobber was parrying dozens of sword blows at a time which was remarkable seeing how he had a peg leg. But then the blacksmith Hooligan would swiftly slice at ten of the Romans. Every other member of the Hooligan Tribe also did a formidable job, especially the chief who was like watching a living weapon in battle. He twirled an ax around him with one hand and parried dozens of Roman blows with the other. This style of fighting was known as the 'Fighting Against Superior Numbers Maneuver' a skill that could only be performed by the most skilled of Viking warriors. More frost bitten Roman's ran in, but it was still not enough to take down the Hooligan Tribe. The attacking Romans eventually began to die down and bark bitter retreats in Latin. The Hooligans cheered and jeered at the departing Romans.

"Good Riddance!"

"Goodbye Filth!"

"Don't come back you toga wearing Jupiter Worshipers!"

Stoic smiled under his beard but his smile would soon fade as Valka dashed up to him. She was limping a bit and bleeding at the leg. The Viking woman didn't look angry, she looked down right terrified of something awful that happened.

"Stoic! Stoic!"

Stoic looked at Valka in confusion and shock, he ran up to her as he sheaved his Sword and Double Headed ax. Valka nearly collapsed but Stoic managed to catch her before she hit the ground. He then noticed all the other Romans, at least fifty of them. Ransacking huts and houses, stealing all kinds of things, without even a command by their chief, the Hairy Hooligans rushed into battle as Stoic stood there as Valka then breathed out.

"They got him! They got him!"

"Who?! Hiccup!?"

"Yes! I tried to protect him Stoic! I really did but- there were-."

Stoic put a fat finger to his wife's lips. The Chief smiled as he grabbed out his double headed axe.

"It's okay Val, you did you're bestâ€|wait here. I have some Romans to Bash."

Valka nodded as tears nearly formed in her eyes. She thought the worst, what would happen if they had gotten Hiccup. The Hooligan Chief carefully placed Valka delicately on the ground and dashing over to be all the action was.

"I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU ROMANS! PREPARE TO FACE THE WRATH OF STOIC THE VAST."

Stoic cried out in anger as he began to follow the rest of his tribe back into battle. Every single Hooligan fought with remarkable bravery and charisma as they proudly followed their chief. Pulling off a variety of moves and parries, and all while seeming to be having a good time, it had been quiet in Berk for the last few months. No raids, or dragon attacks, this added a bit of much needed excitement to the Hooligans lives. But Stoic didn't have time for fun, he was furious. Stoic the Vast rushed up the hillside battling Roman after Roman soldier. The Romans, like the ones retreating into the boats, were covered in thick layers of ice. This made them stiff and it was hard for them to effectively move around. Eventually after bashing the heads of dozens of frozen Roman Soldiers, Stoic made it to his home. He opened the door in the midst of wrath, to his shock there were no Romans inside. Frantically, Chief Stoic the Vast began to yell for his son's name in vain. He checked every part of the small Viking house until he eventually made to the upper level of the house. He looked on in pure horror to see a Roman General with a knife in his icy heads. Rocking carefully on a wooden chair with a deranged smirk on his face, and in his hands wrapped in a wool blanket was a small Hooligan baby. The Roman General was you're typical Roman only he had hardly any hair, let alone eyebrows or lashes. All of his body hair must have fallen off in some blizzard not too long ago. Also, he was shivering and his teeth chattered into between sentences. In very terribly articulated Norse he said.

"Ello, there oh, big scary barbarian, yous have a beautiful child."

Stoic took a few steps forward in rage, ready to slice the Roman's head off with a flick of his fat wrists. But then the Roman edged the knife ever so slightly closer to Hiccup's head.

"I wouldn't be's moving if I was yous."

He said with a pale face that had miniature icicles hanging of the sides. Two more Roman soldiers came out from the shadowy sides of the house. Stoic tightened his grip on the weapons he held in his hands.

"We's sorry for this attack, we's really is, but we ran into a how do you say, Blizzard Storm."

The Roman General said still holding the knife dangerously close to young Hiccup's head. As the little baby snoozed on completely unaware of what was happening. Stoic grit his teeth in fury, he stood there annoyed and outraged. The Roman leader went on.

"We're cold and is in needs of food, now you's gives uses, all yous food then we will be ons our way. But if you fail to complyâ€|yours boy wills be taking a nice dirt nap."

The Roman said with a twisted smile, Stoic looked as if he was going to explode. He didn't know what to do; they were Vikings, Hooligans nonetheless. Hooligans didn't surrender, nor did they negotiate with Romans. But then the Roman slashed at Hiccup's chin ever so lightly, so it would leave a permanent scar. Stoic grew fearful like any parent. But the Roman General then went.

"Nos, Nos, Nos, that's nots how's wes be doing this dance."

"If you dare hurt my son again."

"I wouldn'ts dreams of its. Just surrender now, or else."

With a great heavy sigh and a big hit to the Chiefs pride, Stoic dropped his sword and his ax. The frost bitten Roman smiled as the two guards escorted Stoic out of the house. Their swords to Stoics throat ready to send his guts to the ground. Needless to say when they moseyed on down to the harbor entrance where all the Hooligans where stationed, they were a sight to behold. The Hooligans were shocked and surprised to see there mighty chief defeated. Many of the Hooligans looked down right infuriated, and where ready to fight and save Stoic within the blink of an eye. Even Stoic could have easily gotten out of that situation and bashed the frozen Romans heads in faster than you could say 'What Just Happened'. But the Hooligan Chief resisted, the life of his son was more important to him then his own. Hiccup meant the world to Stoic, if he died, then a piece of him would die as well. Stoic sideways glanced in rage to see the Leader of the Romans with that fiendishly sharp knife ready to cut his sleeping son into a million pieces. Valka approached Stoic and the Romans.

"Stoic what's happening...?"

She quickly examined the situation and noticed the small scar now present on Hiccup's chin. Valka went wide eyed as anger filled her eyes, she raised her sword, ready to kill the Roman bastard. But Stoic let out a hand and made her calm down. The Shield Maiden

understood the situation...that didn't mean she had to like it. Stoic ordered his tribe to back down, they then begrudgingly were forced to hand over half of the food they had locked in storage for winter. This mostly conceived of fish, barrels upon barrels of fish. With bitter angry faces the Vikings handed them to the Frost bitten Roman Soldiers. The Leader looked at Stoic as the two lackeys let him go. The two great leaders watched from the docks of the harbor as the icy Romans loaded the barrels onto there war ships. Stoic was so annoyed and fixated on the lead Roman holding his son captive that he failed to notice the dozens of tiny red barrels being tossed onto Hooligan ships. The Roman smiled coldly as he forced Stoic to focus on him.

"Don'ts feel bads barbarian, me's ess thinks that well this is all over we'll be as far away from this place as possible. Gone's forevers."

"What are you even doing this far North anyway? If you don't mind me asking?"

Stoic said trying to make small talk. The Roman grew bitter, from the chief's comment, from his golden breast plate he pulled out a wanted poster with a sketch of a rather hideous brute of a man on it. Under the drawing it read.

Wanted: Drago Bludvist

Reward: Gold

Crime(s): Dragon Rustling, Crimes against Rome, General Odor

The Roman went on as his Frost Bitten face seemed to lighten up a bit.

"Mr. Bludvist has been attacking and looting our ships. We only's wants him behinds bars. It's nothing personals. We chased him up North and got caught in blizzard, nows wes standing heres."

Stoic wasn't convinced. The Romans always had been a busy lot of organized fellows Hell-bent on taking over the world. As far as Stoic was concerned the only good Roman was a dead Roman. As the last barrel of fish was loaded onto a boat, the rest of the Hairy Hooligan tribe wandered down to the docks. Anger encompassing them, they were all thinking the same thing, 'Good Riddance, Roman Filth'. With a devilish smirk, the cold icy Roman patted Stoic on the back and then handed him the young heir wrapped in a thick cloth. Valka quickly limped up to the scene as the Roman Ships began to swiftly depart. The Chief's Wife grabbed her baby but then quickly realized something. She opened up the cloth to see that Hiccup wasn't there, Valka looked on in Horror as the Roman Leader leaped onto the main Roman Galleon. With a sharp point of her fingers, Valka cried out.

"Stop him! That Limpid Eating Roman Rube! He stole my son!"

Valka nearly went ballistic; it took the combined efforts of both Gobber and Spitelout to hold her down. Tears began to stream from her eyes as Chief Stoic quickly shouted.

"Quick! To the Boats!"

But then disaster struck, flaming arrows began to launch from the departing Roman ships. They slammed into the Hooligan war boats, preciously hitting each and every single red barrel. Those red barrel's must have been filled with some kind of explosive powder. Sending the war boats rising into the air in a fiery explosion, a third of the harbor lit up in smoke. The Leader of the Eighth legion then cried out.

"You won'ts bes leavings anytime soons! Don'ts follow us! Or wes killings you're son! It's funnies, you thought you won this battle! But wes dids instead! Isn't Fate Artistic!"

The Roman Shouted from his boat as he waved a hardy goodbye. Stoic was outraged by this sneaky treachery. He began to take off bits of his armor. Gobber the Belch grabbed onto one of his shoulders.

"What do ya think you're doing?!"

"I'm going after those ships! I'll swim if I have to, anyway I can, I'm going to get my son back!"

Spitelout interrupted as Stoics brother desperately tried to hold onto a now weeping Valka.

"Brother, you know that's suicide, those waters are treacherous, besides you'll never catch up to him."

The whole tribe looked onto Stoic sympathetically. They gave him looks of sorrow and even some of them took off their helmets as a sigh of respect to their great chief. Gobber looked him in the eyes.

"Stoicâ€|face it, he's gone, I'm sorry."

Stoic looked out to the Roman Ships that seemed to be at least a mile away now. Without any Viking Ships to get into, the Hooligan Tribe was stuck there on Berk. Unable to help out there young heir. To make matters worse half of their food supply was stolen and it was the middle of winter. Over all it had been a bad day for the Hairy Hooligan Tribe. Stoic looked off into the distance and turned back silently, as the Hooligans bowed their heads in respect. They had suffered a great loss.

* * *

><p>THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN</p>

Night descended onto the world as Nott, the god of the night, went onto rule the darkness. After a few hours of sailing, the Romans were a vast distance away from Berk. They were in the calm desolate seas of the south. The Roman's looked up north, relishing in there victory over the Hooligan Tribe as their fleet and there war ships began to sail back to their familiar shores. They cheered and sang there Latin chants praising the Roman Gods for their victory. Many of the starving soldiers began to dine on mackerel and salmon over small fire contained on the ship. While that was happening, the Leader of the 8th legion sat in his war tent, his advisers surrounding him. He was debating what to do with the captured Hooligan Heir, the Leader

of the Roman's looked down at the young infant in his hands. Still sleeping softly dreaming pleasant dreams, unaware of his current situation. A Roman centurion stepped forward, in his native tongue he said.

"I say we toss him into the ocean, be done with him. He's outlived his usefulness. "

Another centurion stepped forward.

"I say we take the little barbarian back to Rome. Teach him of our ways, who knows, he might be worth something in battle someday."

The other roman shot back.

"This skinny Viking, look at him, he has arms like spaghetti. It would be a miracle if he could hold an ax in the future."

The Leader sighed, while he looked back down at the small sleeping infant. Not really caring for the boy's fate himself he got and began to walk over to the deck of the Roman Long Boat.

"Your right, he does look rather on the small side. We should probably just drown him."

The Roman Leader was only a few feet away from the deck of the boat when something odd happened. Something big and massive hit the boat, sending vibrations through the haul of the ship. Some of the Roman's tripped and stumbled a bit. Instantly they were put on edge. Then another massive thump hit the long boat. This time it was louder and it practically shocked the foundations of the galleon. The Leader set down the Hooligan Baby on one of the fish barrels and drew his double headed ax. With a great thunderous yell he ordered the Roman's to man there battle stations. Everyone Roman Legionnaire grabbed their swords and there shields, they looked over the edge of their boats to see large shadowy objects. These shadows dwarfed some of the larger fleet boats. All of the 8th legion swallowed hard as the thumps on the ships became ever so common. 'Thump, Thump, Thump'. But the Romans were so busy looking at the sea below that they didn't notice the large swarm of dragons above.

The pack was filled to the brim with Deadly Nadder's and Gronkle's. Even a few Zippleback's and Monstrous Nightmares were in the large flock. All staring hungrily at the barrels upon barrels of fish. There was enough fish there to feed them and a certain large Alpha Dragon for at least a week. The Romans were far too enchanted by the twisted thumping to notice the dragons. Then without warning a Monstrous Nightmare fired balls of burning flames at one of the long boats. The Roman's screamed in terror as Dragons began to swarm over the Roman Ships. It was a horrific sight of slaughter. The Roman's didn't even stand a chance. They where worn out from the fighting with the Hooligan Tribe. Also the Roman's like many people from the South didn't have any experience in fighting dragons. Many thought the creatures didn't even exist. The Roman's tried to push the dragons back with little effect. The dragons were just to strong. For the dragons it was like an all you can kill shmorgishborg, as they mowed down several of Rome's finest soldiers with a simple flick of their extra extendable claws. They ripped apart white sails that hung above the Roman's heads. Then for good measure set fire to the very same sails until they were dark ash. The Roman soldiers with their

weak swords and flimsy shields tried to parry the constant sword cutting pain of the dragons talons, fangs and fiery breathe. But this quickly proved useless.

The Leader of the 8th legion watched in absolute terror as his entire legion was massacred. Some died from injuries or severe burns. Others were eaten alive or thrown overboard and they drowned. But then came one of the final finishing blows to the 8th legion. A dragon faster than a bolt of Thor's mighty lighting came flying in at preposterously high speeds. It came in like a blur and with one fire blast that was more comparable to a mini-supernova came in and practically vaporized one of the boats next to the lead boat. The sea shock violently around the remaining Roman Ships as that same blurry dragon took down boat after boat, after boat. Other dragons made sure to collect the barrels filled with fish before that blur of a dragon took them down. Shakily the Commanding Legionnaire watched the battle unfold now cowering behind a large barrel of fish as dragons began to descend and take whatever food remained. But then the blur of a dragon did a remarkable thing. It descend onto the boat, the lead legionnaire peered over the barrel to catch glimpse at the unknown dragon. Which shocked him greatly; it was a Night Fury, known in these parts as the Unholy Offspring of Lighting and Death itself. It's skin a dark blue and it's body vicious looking...built for combat. What then followed sent every hair on the legionnaire upright.

A Deadly Nadder swooped by and took the Lead Roman's hiding spot. Leaving the Lead Roman there, starring the Night Fury dead in the eyes, in those ancient green reptilian slits, the eyes of a killer. With a gulp the Legionnaire attempted to grab his sword, but this was a foolish mistake. The Night Fury pounced on the Legionnaire, and gazed right into the lead Roman's eyes. Within a few seconds, the Night Fury lost interest; the terrified sweating man was simply not worth his time. The Night Fury simply took its large paws off the Roman and began to turn away. The Legionnaire stood up, then the Night Fury swatted the Roman off the galleon with a flick of his tail. The leader landed hard into the soggy cold water. Then through the cold water, and his chattering teeth, the Lead Roman began to laugh crazily. Slowly at first but then that chuckle turned into an all out maddening laugh, he thought he had escaped the cruel clutches of death. But Fate was not that kind to the Roman, he had spit into the face of the great typhoon one to many times. The Roman then looked around him to see a large dark green sea dragon circling him. This dragon was of course a Scauldrone, the Lead Roman tried frantically to swim away, but then the Scauldrone snapped the Roman by his legs and dragged the legionnaire down to the depths below. Causing the Roman to curse under the water as he desperately tried to get air. But his luck had run out and he died under the treacherous sea. Funnyâ€œ the man, who thought he outsmarted the Hooligans and escaped the narrow clutches of death, dies in the end. Now isn't fate just artistic?

* * *

><p>THE LAIR OF THE RED DEATH</p>

The Night Fury looked down from above at the raw destruction his pack had caused. The Roman Fleet was gone, the eighth legion destroyed. It was beautiful in a way. Twisted but beautiful, something about the burning flesh and wood in the middle of the ocean, there's just

something about it that makes that scene beautiful. The Night Fury flew ahead of the pack of various dragons. He didn't carry anything, why should he? He's the heavy hitter of the pack, the one to come in to deal the final blow. But the various other dragons behind him carried exactly one hundred barrels of fish through the air. Some carried Yaks or Sheep and other animals of that nature. But the pack was really lucky to have hit a Roman Ship tonight. Within about an hour of flying, the dragons eventually made it to a large dark mountainous island. This island was hidden in layers of grey fog. The various breeds of dragon flew into the mountain side until they reached a narrowed out cave entrance. They flew inside, and then strangely enough, the dragons dumped at least half of the fish into a large pit. Several hundred fish, yak, and sheep were all poured down into a large pit with an orange tinge to it. All of the Dragons perched up around walls gathering around the volcanic pit. A Deadly Nadder then flew in it only dropped off a small dead chicken, it looked tired and beaten. Almost as if the dragon had just come out of massive battle. The Deadly Nadder just hovered there for a second. A low growl could be heard at the bottom the pit. It was an enraged growl that would have given you're worst nightmares, nightmares. Then a large Alpha Dragon with six bug like eyes showed its ugly head. It then swallowed the Deadly Nadder whole, with no remorse. The Alpha Dragon then disappeared down into the cavern. The Night Fury looked on in disgust, but then quickly perched itself on a flat rock. Some of the other dragons landed on the same flat rock. All of them snarling and growling in Dragonese, The Language of the Dragons. As they conversed, some of the dragons dumped one of the barrels of fish onto the cold dark cavern floors. A Nadder looked down at the large orange hole were the Red Death once was. The Nadder shrieked.

"_I hate the Master." _

_ "What else is new?" _

The Night Fury asked as it began to mindlessly chew on a few fish.

_ "No, I really hate the Master._"

Shrieked the annoyed Deadly Nadder as it looked down the hole. Alpha Dragons had this way about them that allowed them to control other dragons in a pack formation. Alpha's were like the Queen bee in a beehive. Most them were lazy killers who sat in solitary locations waiting for there next meal. Some where violent beasts who went out and waged pack wars with each other. Most of them were cruel and some of them weren't but most dragons weren't lucky enough to find a humble Alpha Dragon. The Nadder then spoke again.

_ "That was one of my brothers, we grew up in the Caliban Caves together, and then he just ended up dying like thatâ€¢despicable cannibal_. "

The Deadly Nadder said again. A twin headed Zippelback interrupted.

_ "Just be glad it wasn't one of us._"

_ "Yeah, one of us." _

The Zippelback twin heads said with a cackle. The Night Fury began to

pick at some of the mackerel. A lazy couple of acme covered Gronckle's joined the conversation.

_ "Look on the bright side; at least we get to dine on some nice Mackerel." _

_ "Yeah, just don't pig out like last time." _

The Nadder began to indulge itself in some of the fish, practically the salmon. It eyed the Gronckle's as they nearly choked on all the fish they tried to eat at once.

"_You Gronckle's, the only thing you care about is your next meal. Look at yourselves; you're so fat and out of shape, it's a miracle you can even lift yourselves off the ground." _

The Gronckle's got angry and began to charge up their mouths for a lava blast. The Nadder quickly noticed this and readied the spines on its tail. The Zippelback egged the three dragons on.

"_Fight! Fight! Fight!" _

_ "Yeah, Fight!" _

The Night Fury shot out a plasma blast that lit up the cavern floor. All reptilian eyes turned in fear to the Night Fury.

"_Quietâ€|I'm trying to eat_."

The Night Fury said angrily at his fellow dragons. All of the dragons calmed down quickly and began to feast on the fish. Then something odd happened. Something began to rustle around inside the pile of fish. Every dragon practically sighed.

_ "Oh, great, another Terror got into the pile." _

One of the Gronckle's said annoyed. The Night Fury flicked away some of the fish until oddly enough for the dragons only a small baby human remained. A few of the dragons starred hungrily at the infant.

_ "Ohâ€|it's not a Terror; it's something much more terrible." _

_ "Pesky little human." _

_ "Kill it now." _

The dragons said with malicious smiles in there fangs. The young Viking infant began to cry and scream for his mother. The Night Fury looked at the infant child and couldn't help but feel sorrow for the boy. With a swat of his tail, the other dragons stopped dead in their tracks.

"_It's a child, not even a child, an infant, why should we kill it?" _

_ "Well what else are we supposed to do with it?" _

One of the Gronckle's asked if confusion, dragons and humans didn't

intermingle. Even when they did, it was kill or be killed, as the dragons would have to gather food for the Master and themselves. The most efficient and obvious way was to raid humans, and outside of brute force and violence, most dragons always thought of humans as dumb brutes. So none of the dragons really knew what to do with the human, but reluctantly, the twin heads of the Zippleback answered.

_ "I say we smash it." _

_ "I say we eat it." _

_ "I call the legs." _

_ "I call the hands." _

The other head responded. The Night Fury rolled its reptilian eyes.

" _Noâ€|we raise it." _

All the dragons eyed the Night Fury in confused awe; the Nadder spoke the general disapproval.

" _Have you gone mad? It's a filthy stinking human, they kill us for sport. And if they don't do that they chain us and then let their children kill us. Why, repeat why, should we let a human into our pack?" _

_ "If that Human was a dragon, would you not raise it like one of your own." _

" _You're talking about two completely different things Night Fury; one day that human will be a vicious killer. Best get rid of him now before he kills one of us." _

Almost as if the young Hiccup heard those words the infant got about and began to crawl it's way over to one of the Gronckle's. Every dragon froze, not exactly sure what to think of the little mushy looking thing. The Hooligan baby then surprising hugged the Gronckle with its tiny frail arms and began to laugh playfully. Appreciating the affection, the Gronckle decided to give the young one a friendly lick. The Night Fury gave a victorious look to the Nadder.

_ "Yeah, you're right; he looks like a killer to me. Look out Gronckle; he might smoother you to death with his meaty little arms." _

_ "Fineâ€|he can stay, but if this thing turns on us, it'll be you who's feed to the Master, not any of us." _

The Night Fury rolled its large reptilian eyes and began to walk over to the infant Hiccup. With a small nip of his toothless jaws, he lifted the young infant by the cloth wrapped around him and placed him down away from the pile of fish. The Dragons then proceeded to eat there somewhat nice meal. Then for after the meal, many of the dragons drifted to sleep, they either perched up on the walls or the ceiling. That or they lied in gigantic piles around the cavern. The Night Fury found a flat patch to sleep on that night. Hiccup had already drifted off into an deep sleep and laid on the cold cavern

floor unaware of anything. Unaware that he was no longer on his cozy little isle. Unaware that he could never see his mother or father again. The Night Fury carefully and quietly grabbed Hiccup again by the back of the shirt collar of the minuscule clothes he wore. Then he laid the Hooligan Viking down on the softest piece of rock he could find then, he curled up in a ball around Hiccup. Afterwards the Night Fury himself fell asleep.

* * *

><p>BERK</p>

That night in the Hooligan Village of Berk was a sad and depressing one. What should have been a night of celebration and joy turned into possibly one of the worst days in Hooligan history. The heir to the Hairy Hooligans stolen from the tribe, it was enough to break even the toughest men and women. Stoic the Vast had sat in his hut on his tenth glass of mead and still going. Valka had gone up to the master bedroom mostly to cry. The Chief thought it was best to leave her to it. The Hooligan Chief just sat there in the living room drinking. Thinking about all the things he was never going to be able to do with his son. He was never going to be able to go hunting with him, or fishing, dragon hunting, mountain climbing, and worst of all he wouldn't be able to watch his son, his own son. Grow up. That is if he was still...Stoic did not want to think about it. Stoic quickly poured himself another glass of mead, and then drank it. He loved his son, and the look on his face was one of despair, confusion and sadness. Stoic the Vast tried desperately not to think about it, he even said to himself.

"There will be other sonsâ€|other heirs."

But then it seemed even the wind was feeling sorry for him. Like a faceless man it entered the Chief's house and whispered in Stoic's ears.

_ "But not like Hiccupâ€|you've lost himâ€|lost him forever and_ _ever and ever_."

Stoic tried his best not to tear up. But his eyes betrayed him and he began to slowly blurt out tears. What kind of Chief was he? What kind of chief was unable to protect his own son?

* * *

><p>Authors Note:

**Hey guys, this is my first chapter of this so yeah what did ya think. Did ya love it? Hate it? Please if you liked Follow me or post a consist review. Also one more thing, I'll try to update every 1-2 weeks on Mondays. So yeah, thanks for reading and you'll probably be seeing another chapter like this in about a week. Also I just wanna say a few obvious things. Here Valka isn't taken away by Cloud Jumper, and also Hiccup isn't scared of dragons when he was an infant. I personally always thought the reason Hiccup was afraid of Dragons when he was little was because of what happened the Night his mother was taken away. If ya agree disagree, I don't care because that's what I'm going with. Also yeah, the dragons can talk, this is from the books were all the dragons spoke their own language, called Dragonese. So what I want to do is kinda a remake of the book and the

movie with elements of both stories in them. I'm open to all ideas so again if you have anything or a way you the reader think this story will be bettered then please leave a consist comment. And that's it thank you readers.**

2. Chapter 2

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 2: The Lava-louts

THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN

A Hooligan war party of no less than twenty of the tribe's finest sat on a Viking long boat with cold determination. The boat was called the Lucky Thirteen, Gobber the Belch built the vessel in less than a day and it really showed. It wasn't exactly the most attractive sea fairing vessel but it wasâ€|a boat. But Chief Stoic didn't care about the look of the ship, he only wanted to know if it could at least get him to Rome. In which Gobber replied 'Ohâ€|maybe, if you say a good prayer to Ã†gir the Sea.' Though the hastily built ship was holding up surprising well despite it's appearance. Stoic and company looked out at the quiet still waters. Nobody on board talked except for Stoic, it was almost dreadful.

"Steady helmsmanâ€| "

Chief Stoic the Vast said as the Lucky Thirteen drifted into the muggy, foggy waters. They made a sharp turn, but then there was a 'Thump'. They had hit something in the water. The Hairy Hooligans instantly readied they're weapons. Several of the Veteran Vikings knew that the sound of that thumping meant nothing good. 'Thump', there it was again, that thumping. But many of the Hooligans quickly realized something, that dreadful sound was far to small to be a Cauldron, let alone a shark or the sharks' equally evil cousin, the Shark-worm. The Vikings then looked over the sides of the Lucky Thirteen to see the dead carcasses of Roman Soldiers floating in the water. They still wore there mischievous looks of terror on their frost bitten faces. This discouraged many of the Hairy Hooligans right of the bat. But not Stoic the Vast, he still clung onto the hope that is son was alive and well. But what made the matters even more discouraging were the remains of the Roman Fleet that had attacked Berk.

Ship remains still sat in the muggy waters drifting around the lifeless corpses of the Romans. Flames still burned from the dragon attack the other day. Some of the flames still tried to dance the ballad of life, while clinging to small pieces of dry wood. Other than that the only other thing that stuck out of the water, were the Roman Soldiers, their bodies stiffer and colder than they had been when they were caught in that fierce blizzard. Stoic looked on in pure horror, he's wasn't sad no the Chief looked down right destroyed. He came to the horrible conclusion that his son had perished in some kind of attack. Stoic quickly put to and to together when he really got a look at the charred remains of the Roman Vessels. Even some of the floating Romans looked like they were burned to a crisp. Stoic's brother Spitelout came by and put a hand on Stoic's shoulder.

"Brother, I'm so sorryâ€|these Roman's will pay dearly for what they have done..."

Stoic grew a look of hatred; he knew who had killed his son.

"It wasn't the Romans, Spitelout; it was the Dragonsâ€|look around."

Stoic motioned to the various burned remains of Roman Galleons. Many of the Hooligans had to agree, this was a cut and dry dragon raid.

"Mark my words, for the death of my son, I will kill every dragon I come acrossâ€|even if it kills meâ€|"

The Hooligan Chief said with a combination of pride, sadness and just a hint of wrath. With great sorrow, the fellow Hooligans on board the Lucky Thirteen gave Stoic the Hooligan salute as a sign of respect. The Chief then sighed again, this time he only felt one emotion. Sadness, he rubbed tears out of his eyes when they tried to form. Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, his only sonâ€|was dead. With that the Hairy Hooligan's drifted back towards Berk, they're spirits zapped.

* * *

><p>THE RED DEATH'S LAIR</p>

7 YEARS LATER

Much had changed over the past seven years all around the Barbaric Archipelago. Practically in the Red Death's Dragon nest, years ago the dragons living there adopted a Viking Baby that somehow managed to get himself into a barrel of fish the dragons stole on a raid against some Romans. Years passed by and the young Viking grew into a surprisingly skinny boy. His hair was a dark brown and his eyes still a magnificent emerald green. The boy's face was almost entirely forgettable; the same could be said about the boy in general. He was just so ordinary. Hiccup didn't really have clothes or anything of that nature, so he often would ask the dragons to bring him back something to wear from one of their raids. Hiccup couldn't go with the pack just yet, he was still only eight years old and a human. Most dragons, even after getting to know Hiccup, were still a little weary around him. Humans weren't exactly the cuddliest of creatures in the ferocious eyes of the dragons. Though Hiccup was probably the only exception, he was surprising good company, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

Anyway Hiccup wore a very baggy grey distasteful shirt that had all kinds of stitches across it. He also wore yak fur pants that were two sizes too big and three sizes two wide. Dragons didn't exactly have ideas of what clothing fit and what didn't for wellâ€|obvious reasons. So Hiccup was often left with clothes that were unbelievably baggy on him. But Hiccup didn't seem to mind so much. The young boy sat on a comfortable rock writing in his 'Dragonese Book' as he put it. It was made from old book pages and scattered cloth that used to be Hiccup's old clothes. Anyway Hiccup's Dragonese Book contained various sets of information on things, from the different species of dragons to the language of Dragonese which the dragons had taught him. It was a bizarre language punctuated by shrill shrieks and

popping noises and sounded most spectacular when spoke by a human. Anyway as Hiccup continued to write in his Dragonese book, sure enough the pack came back from another successful hunt. Hiccup watched in anticipation as the various species of dragons began to throw half of their weekly catch into the large orange pit. Thankfully though, this week, no dragons were eaten alive by the Red Death. Hiccup smiled as the Night Fury descended next to him. The boy hugged the large dark blue dragon.

"_Hey bud, how was the raid?" _

Hiccup asked in surprisingly good Dragonese accent. The Night Fury sighed as he curled up in a ball.

"_Fine, we raided some humans over in the North the ones that are all female Bog Burglars, they call themselves." _

"_Cool!" _

Hiccup said in absolute amazement, as he always did when the Night Fury said something. He looked up to that dragon like an elder brother. The Night Fury nodded sleepily before shutting his eyes and trying to drift into sleep. Hiccup then asked.

"_So um Bud, can I-"

"_No." _

The Night Fury snorted in Dragonese with his eyes still shut.

"_Awe C'mon! I didn't even get to ask the question-"

"_No." _

"_Please, I just want to go on one raid! I'll never ask for anything again!" _

"_For the last time no." _

The Night Fury said aggravated but keeping his cool, Hiccup stormed off annoyed, he went over to some of the other dragons who were feasting on some freshly killed Yaks. They had lit a small fire over what used to be part of a Yak's rib cage and other fleshy bits. Around the fire were a couple of Nadder's, Zippleback's and Gronckle's, and even a bright red Monstrous Nightmare. Hiccup sat angrily next to one of the Gronckle's as he reached for a small piece of Yak leg. He began to eat it distastefully. A Gronckle looked over at Hiccup.

"_The Night Fury said no again, didn't he?" _

"_Yep again, I just don't understand it." _

"_I'm sorry about that human." _

"_Thanks." _

Hiccup said trying to lighten up as he continued to bite into the

roasted Yak. A Deadly Nadder looked over at the depressed boy as it groomed itself.

"_It's okay humanâ€|he'll eventually take you on a raid with the rest of us."_

"_When?"_

"_When you're old enoughâ€|"_

Again, Hiccup couldn't help but sigh. He looked over at the other dragons surrounding the fire they were all doing various things. They didn't have names, why should they? They were animals and all different in various ways. They could easily distinguish one another through there scent or there color. Dragons had no concept of names, and as far as Hiccup was concerned nether did he. Every dragon species was doing there own thing. The Gronckle's were eating Yak bits like overstuffed pigs with bad skin problems. The Nadder's were grooming themselves carefully similar to how a cat would. The Zippelback's slumped around eating small chunks of whatever they could find. While the Monstrous Nightmare slumbered similarly to the Night Fury, Hiccup looked back and he smiled. In short these dragons were his family in a way. They cared for him, they brought him food to eat, clothes to wear. Even books to read and write in every so often. But despite all this, Hiccup always felt like an outcast to the pack.

He was the odd little human boy that the Night Fury adopted, and in truth that's how Hiccup felt. Hiccup held his head down in depression; he got out his Dragonese Book. He flipped to the back and looked at the back page. In the back page was a drawing picture of Hiccup and his 'family'. From fattest Gronckle to Sleekest Monstrous Nightmare, they were all there, or as many as he could put into the small page. Even the Red Death, which in small Dragonese lettering read 'Mom'. To be honest Hiccup didn't really have any parental figures around the dragon pack. There was the Night Fury and countless other dragons, but they were more like big brothers or sisters than anything else. Even though the Red Death was a terrible, hideous, beast from Hel, oddly enough it was the closest thing Hiccup had to a mother. But even so, Hiccup had only seen her a few times in his life. That was usually when a dragon was eaten alive by the freakishly large Alpha Dragon. Swallowed whole, never to be seen again. They had never exchanged words, never even spoke,to one another. But she didn't eat Hiccup so as far as Hiccup was concerned that was a good sign. Hiccup closed the book, he sighed and muttered to himself in Dragonese.

"_(Sighs) I'm never going to get out of this cave." _

Hiccup had always wanted to see the world from the outside. He had read various things about it in the books the Dragons occasionally gave him. He read about men the size of yaks with these hairy things called beards that twisted and turned around there faces. Planks of wood that could walk on water and move as fast as a Cauldron. But what fascinated Hiccup the most was the Blacksmith book a Gronckle had gotten him. And by that I of course me that the acme covered dragon coughed the leather bound book up after it got stuck in its three foot fangs. Hiccup was instantly fascinated by all that the book had to offer. It talked of weapons called axes that could slice trees in two with a single blow. Swords that could be used to

preciously gut an opponent, blocks of circle and square wood with metal casing called shields and various other things were mentioned in the book. The pack would often discourage Hiccup to read some of the books they had gotten him. That was entirely because obviously dragons and humans did not get along with each other very well. Now imagine you're a dragon listening to a small boy read about an ax that had killed so many of you're brothers or sisters with the utmost enthusiasm. It was not exactly fun for the dragons to hear about weapons of cold steel and iron. In turn, Hiccup would often hear horrific stories about savage humans who slice the heads off of dragons for fun and then imprison the lively caught ones in claustrophobic prisons. That was so the younger generation could kill them. Those stories were sick as far as Hiccup was concerned. But Hiccup had never met any other humans so he also thought some of the stories told were just huge over-exaggerations. But alas, none of these things from the outside were for Hiccup, he was the stay at home human. Kinda like how a dog greets its master when he returns home. The dragons looked over at Hiccup in sympathy.

"_Ya know human, the Night Fury is just trying to protect you."

—

Hiccup looked up at the Monstrous Nightmare. Its voice purred out in a comforting fashion.

"_Really? How come?" _

"_He probably sees himself when he looks at you." _

This confused Hiccup.

"_What? How?" _

A few of the older looking dragons with various battle scars shared in a chuckle.

"_Believe it or not, the Night Fury wasn't born here, nor the Caliban Caves, he was born in the far north where only the strongest survive. He was a loner, who fought claw and fang just to keep the wings on his back. Until he heard the Master's music, he came running here like the rest of us. Let's just say he didn't welcome us in with open claws. He was fierce and violent always trying to fly awayâ€|that is until master called him back. But the Night Fury realized somethingâ€|he had a family, that cared for him that wanted to keep him safe and fight alongside him." _

Hiccup looked back at the Night Fury; he saw that the magnificent dragon was now in a deep sleep. He couldn't believe that the pride and joy of the dragon pack was once an awkward loner. The young Viking then starred back at the Monstrous Nightmare.

"_Boy, when you came to our little refuge, he saw a loner, someone who needed guidance, a purpose. He just wants to keep you see be safe, and for you to find your way." _

Again Hiccup sighed.

"_But that's the problem; I want to get out of this place for a changeâ€| I want to see the world, and Iâ€|I just wanna be like one of you guys." _

Hiccup said with a frown before walking off and collecting his things. The Dragons sighed, they began to look at the situation from Hiccup's perspective, and then they all glanced at the slumbering Night Fury. A single thought crossed their minds as Hiccup found a nice cavern corner and sat there reading about the world.

* * *

><p>BERK</p>

Today was a gloomy day on the isle of Berk. Thor, the God of Storms, apparently thought it would be an excellent idea to send a storm over to the tiny Hooligan Island. A storm that had been going on for the past ten days, though rain was very common on Berk. In fact in the Hooligan Dialect there are over twenty eight different names for rain. But rain was the least of a certain Hooligan Chief's worries. It was Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third's Birthday, around this time of year it was extremely depressing for Chief Stoic the Vast. He sat in his hut messing with a fire pit, trying to get bigger flames to burn. But then he stopped when he heard the sad tears of a depressed woman. Stoic looked up toward the upper level of the house. He got up and completely stopped what he was doing. Slowly Stoic walked up the stairs to Hiccup's room. Valka was weeping as she stood next to Hiccup's old crib. With an old toy that Hiccup used to have in her smooth Viking hands. It was a small stuffed toy dragon that she made for Hiccup a little while before he was born.

"Val?"

Stoic asked.

"What's the matter?"

Valka turned tears streaming gently down her face.

"It's his birthdayâ€¦he would have been eight years old today."

The Hooligan Shield Maiden said trying to force a sad smile but ultimately she only shed more tears. Stoic walked over to her.

"I thought we agreed not to talk about 'him' anymoreâ€¦Val it's been seven years-

Valka then angrily slapped Stoic across the face.

"How dare you! He was your son! OUR SON! Now he's gone! Probably dead!"

Valka screamed with misguided anger toward her husband. Stoic hugged her for comfort. She was right about one thing though. Hiccup was gone. It had been years and after countless attempts at trying to find Hiccup, the tribe just gave up. The Chief of the Hairy Hooligans efforts were fruitless. But Stoic had his chiefly duties to distract from the loss of his son. Chief Stoic was always busy always had something to do. He could bury his emotions under his work. But Valka, she mostly stayed at home, she did the cooking, fishing, cleaning, and other things that your typical Viking women would do. The loss of Hiccup hit her harder than anything else. Stoic sighed but then whispered into his wife's ear.

"Look, Val we need to move onâ€|but I'm not saying we should forget about him completely. But he's goneâ€|foreverâ€|"

Valka looked into the sympathetic eyes of her husband. It was clear that he was just as torn about losing her son as she was. Slowly but surely, Valka unwrapped herself from Stoic's meaty arms and placed the stuffed dragon on Hiccup's crib. She then slowly walked away and down the steps to the down floor. Stoic looked at the room that used to be his sons. Again he sighed but then followed Valka down the steps, dragging his feet miserably down the stairs. When he reached the bottom, Stoic rubbed something out of his eyes and then went back to poking the fire as Valka went into the kitchen to go make lunch. They did not say a word to each other for the rest of the day.

* * *

><p>THE RED DEATH'S LAIR</p>

Night descended onto the world again. Hiccup rested on a soft patch of dirt, just thinking about life outside the cave. All his life he had been inside this dark mostly damp cave, he just wanted to get out. All of the other dragons were still alive and awake. Snarling and shrieking dragon insults at each other while fitting over space or a stray mackerel or two. The Red Death's lair was alive with energy. Most dragons didn't need much to entertain themselves, nor much sleep, that is until winter when they would hibernate for the coming freeze. But in the far regions of the cave, the elder dragons watched Hiccup. The Night Fury and a few of the elder dragons looked at the boy from a far, speaking in quiet barely hear able Dragonese just watching him as they're eyes flickered like ominous candles in the darkness.

"_I'm not letting him go out thereâ€|"_

"_Why not? You can't protect him forever Night Fury, he's going to get out there eventually, and besidesâ€|it's best he sees what his kind is capable of now rather than later."_

A dark silver Monstrous Nightmare spoke with reason. The Night Fury only grunted at this response. The brilliant red Monstrous Nightmare from earlier then said.

"_You should let him goâ€| just this once, he'll love it."_

The Night Fury turned to the red Monstrous Nightmare, pure anger was in it's pitch grass green eyes.

"_Noâ€|he'll get himself killed, besides when he sees what his kind is like he'll immediately abandon us and go live with them. He'll be turned into another mindless killer."_

"_You know he won't do that...""_

A Nadder said with a soothing voice, the Night Fury then responded.

"_No I don't knowâ€|but I do see your points, one raid, that's all he gets. If he does good maybe another one, if I think he's good enough for it."_

The dragons nodded happily and even some of them smiled there odd smiles filled with rows of sharp fangs. The next day was clear and perfect as could possibly be, the sun shone with a brilliant gold tinge. Not a single storm cloud for miles, the birds were singing as well as the Terrible Terrors and there was a crisp warm feeling in the air. Though Hiccup couldn't enjoy it, the caverns that housed the dragon pack were so hidden from the world that not a single shred of sunlight made it through the pitch blackness. In fact Hiccup had never even seen the sun his entire life, he had spent most of his life in the caves so he was a little on the pale side. Hiccup remember the sun vaguely along with his parents, every now and then he would see glimpses of them. Glimpse of two happy people, Hiccup always wanted to meet his parents, just as much as he wanted to visit the outside world. Though the young boy figured he'd probably never see the outside world...but that was all about to change soon. Hiccup laid against a rock that and began to slowly doodle whatever came to his mind. The Night Fury walked over to the small brown hair boy.

"_Morning Bud..._"

Hiccup said trying not to sound sad, he was still depressed about not being allowed into the outside world. The Night Fury sighed a bit under his breathe but then said.

"_Human, the pack and I have been talking. We think it's time you've gotten out of this caverns and went on a hunt with us._"

The brown haired boy looked at the Night Fury in a combination of excitement and pure joy. He leaped into the air and said enthusiastically .

"_Oh my goodness_!? Are you for real! You're not messing with me are you?"

"_No, C'mon were leaving soon._"

"_Oh thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!"

The Night Fury smiled a grin that bore no teeth at the hyper little eight year old. (The Teeth of a Night Fury were retractable). But Hiccup then quickly calmed himself down, he respectfully bowed to the Night Fury while still holding a smile. Hiccup then took a deep breathe in and held out his right hand. The Night Fury then put his head against Hiccup's hand. This was a sign of trust among dragons. If Hiccup showed fear then he wouldn't be ready to do what no human has ever done before. He wouldn't be able to ride a dragon. The Night Fury backed away and stretched out its back. Hiccup then carefully and cautiously got onto the back of the Night Fury. The Night Fury then stretched out its jet black bat-like wings and readied for flight. Hiccup looked around to see a massive barrage of dragons above him in a swarm-like formation, all of them getting ready for the hunt. The eight year old boy grabbed onto to the Night Fury's horns and held on for dear life.

The Night Fury then raised it's wings and burst through the air of the dark caverns at lightning speed. Hiccup was stunned by the insane sped the dragon flew at, some much so he was barely able to even hold on to the Night Fury. The Night Fury like many of the other dragons

navigated through the caves with ease and eventually made it to the exit of the Red Death's Lair. Then Hiccup saw it for the time in years. The glorious yellow ball in the sky known as the sun, Hiccup put one of his hands in front of his face as he gripped the horn of the Night Fury tighter with the other. He was astonished by the view; the sights of the crystal blue sea the rocky sea stacks that went on for miles. The majesty of nature in general, Hiccup smiled a great big smile for he was truly seeing the world for the first time in his life, and what a way to see the world for the first time. Hiccup had grown up in darkness his whole life, the most colorful things he saw were the dragons. But the world now to the eight year old was like a massive explosion of colors. It was truly a spectacular amazing sight to behold. Hiccup watched as the pack began to dive into Ätgir's mighty sea in gigantic dive bombs. The various dragons would come out with fish half the size of fully grown yaks. Hiccup looked around some more, and lifted his hands off of the Night Fury, raising them happily in the air and shooting out a triumphant.

"_YEAH! THIS IS AMAZING!" _

The Night Fury smiled a vague smile as the young barbarian continued to enjoy the feeling of soaring through the air.

* * *

><p>LAVA-LOUT ISLE</p>

Eventually after a few hours of soaring through the beautiful clear blue skies above had turned black and smoggy. The army of dragons eventually landed on the rocky shores of a small island in the Barbaric Archipelago. This isle belonged to one of the Six Grand Tribes. The Six Grand Tribes included the Hairy Hooligans, the Bog Burglars, the Berserkers, the Lava-louts, the Hysterics and the Meatheads. There where other tribes like the Ugly Thug's, but the Ugly Thug's who's territory stretched from the mainland to as far the east, were a bit crude to say the least. The Ugly Thug's. like the Roman's where a little to bossy and organized to be a Barbarian Tribe. Most of the Six Grand Tribes while allies, did frequently raid, pillage and plunder from one another out of spite and pure ignorance. Vikings were a weird merry lot around this time period, to this day nobody really understands the rhythm or reason why they acted like this. But anyway, this particular island was Lava-Lout island. Lava-Lout isle was named for the obvious massive volcano that loomed above the Lava-Lout village. It was a land of mostly rock and not much else. Truth be told it was actually a series of three small islands that where narrowly connected by a few tiny bridge-like rock formations. The pack landed an island away from the Lava-lout village, as not to be seen by the Lava-louts. Hiccup gave a confused look, as he slowly and respectfully got off the Night Fury as a few of the tougher and wiser dragons loomed over him.

"_What are we doing here? I thought we were gonna raid a village." _

Hiccup asked in Dragonese, a dark green Zippelback responded.

"_Oh, we are." _

"_Just not yet." _

"_It's too early." _

"_Far too early." _

The Night Fury looked into the eyes of the young Hiccup.

"_What the Zippleback is trying to say is that we're going to raid until night fall." _

A Monstrous Nightmare interrupted the conversation.

"_When we have the advantage, but for now we need you to do something human." _

Hiccup swelled up with pride, he was overjoyed, for years he was that human who lived amongst the dragons and was just there. But now, the dragons were entrusting him with an important task. The young barbarian, wanting to prove himself, smiled happily as he then said.

"_Yes, of course, anything." _

"_We need you to mingle amongst the humans, learn were everything is, and free any of our cold-blooded prisoners of war... then we strike." _

A vicious looking Nadder said as it groomed itself.

"_Why?" _

Hiccup asked politely in Dragonese. The Night Fury answered.

"_We haven't raided these humans in years and we fire-breathers aren't exactly known for our sharp keen memoriesâ€|so we need you to go forward, learn what you can then report back later, if you're not back by sundown you'll see us in the raidâ€|good luck human." _

Hiccup nodded quickly before turning around and setting off toward the village. As the dragons just sort of lounged about, playfully fighting with each other, or diving into the nearby waterfront looking for fish to eat and sharpening there talons against durable rocks. The Night Fury and elder dragons watched as Hiccup departed. The Silver Monstrous Nightmare looked at the young Night Fury oddly.

"_You're testing himâ€|why; the boy's never met any other humans in his life, he'll think they're strange and odd, what's the point?" _

"_It's simple, if the boy wants to live with the humans, he'll stay with them and fight if them . If he wants to live with us, he'll fight with usâ€|then he'll truly be one of us." _

A few of the elder dragons admired the Night Fury's bold move. He was basically letting Hiccup decide whether or not he wanted to stay with the dragons or the humans, while at the same time not forcing him to do anything. The Night Fury wasn't forcing Hiccup to make a decision; he was simply letting him choose his own path.

"_You might wanna get some restâ€|it'll be a tough battle ahead."

With that the Night Fury breathed a deep blue flame against the cold shifting sands and laid down in it while curling up into a ball. Many of the elder dragons followed suit as they rested up for the inevitable bloodshed to come. After walking at a brisk pace for a few short miles, Hiccup eventually made it to the rocky bridge that connected the island he was currently on to the mainland. The rock formation was very much like an arched bridge without the nice finish. Also it was narrow and jagged, much like a steep rock formation should be. Hiccup with a sweaty nervous face, grabbed onto a stolid looking rock and began to climb to the thin top of the formation. Within the span of about a minute, the young Viking had already reached the top of the rock bridge. Unfortunately, Hiccup took this inopportune moment to strike a small glance downwards. The sheer height was terrifying, it's one thing when you're on the back of a dragon that would do everything it's power not to let you fall. It's another thing when you're a svelte boy that only stood four feet tall looking downward upon death. Hiccup swallowed nervously as he carefully stepped and balanced on the rocky structure. Hiccup inched forward very slowly and steadily, taking huge breathes of air in each and every painstaking step. What made it worse was the singing of the Terrible Terrors that circled the bridge. Terrible Terrors where like seagulls in that regard, always laughing and mocking those less fortunate with their shrill cackles. They sang.

"_Oh Human who serves the great mountain queen, may you're step be solid and true. For you're as thin as a crab stick and have a face-like a haddock. Keep walking human, walk to the uncivilized brutes that kill all of the great cold blooded onesâ€|keep walking...keep walking...keep walking._"

Hiccup gulped as he happily obliged to the Terrible Terrors. But after much perseverance, Hiccup finally managed to make it to the end of the bridge. He breathed a sigh of relief as Hiccup then strolled over to the Lava-lout village. It was a very odd village, but somehow breathe taking. Everything was made out of steel and shining iron or some other metal object. Some of the huts had a dull rusty tinge to them from being out in the elements. It was a lively town filled with men and women dressed in uncomfortable black sleek suits. These suits were actually flame retardant because they were made from a very specific cloth that didn't burn. The Lava-louts had developed these suits so they could live easier in the tough conditions of the volcanic island. The young boy was fascinated by all the goings on of the town. His head was practically turning in each direction as he watched everything he could. Children played games like Bashi-ball and Smash Sticks on Land. Adults did they're daily routines and duties. Shepherds lead livestock to there proper fences. Traders sold various goods and foreign objects. All of it just brought a happy grin to the young boy's face, they didn't have anything like this in the Red Death's Lair. Hiccup gazed every direction in awe, he had never seen anything like this. Most of the Lava-lout villagers ignored Hiccup, so the young brown haired boy went rather unnoticed. But then Hiccup remembered why he was here, his pack had sent him in an important task. The young boy sighed, he would of loved to have just stayed and go around meeting people, getting to know the culture. But Hiccup sucked it up, his family was waiting for him. Hiccup sneaked around and ease dropped on some of the barbarians. He quickly found out where everything is even if he could only

understand every third word. As stated earlier, Norse is not exactly Hiccup's strong suit. He also strolled around finding out where everything was just by wandering the village. But then Hiccup saw something that caught his eye. It was a blacksmith's shop; the shop was nothing more than a workshop that had a small window. But behind the Blacksmith's workshop was a pile of odd weapons. A sign a few feet across the pile apparently read 'unusable' . The pile was practically a mountain of daggers, swords, spears, axes, crossbows, maces and other weapons. You name it was there. But there was something off about these metals. They were in what many might say perfect condition. The Lava-louts prided themselves with having skilled crafts men and blacksmiths. If even a sword was just one centimeter longer than it should be, the Lava-louts would see it as worthless and simply toss it. Anyway, Hiccup wandered over to the large pile of metals and began to scavenge through the pile. He was hypnotized by the metals; it was just mesmerizing to him after reading about many of these in his blacksmith's book. Eventually as Hiccup continued to dig through the metals, he heard a loud thunderous voice say.

"What in the name of Thor and Odin are you doing rummaging through my scraps!"

Hiccup was paralyzed for a moment; he shivered with fear, while slowly turning to face a Lava-lout blacksmith. He stood out of the shop's backdoor with a well-polished sword in his hands. This man was covered in layers of sot that oddly gave a black tinge to the Viking who unlike the rest of his tribe didn't wear a flame suit. The man was you're typical six and a half foot Viking covered from head to toe with clothes that barely fit him. Hiccup scanned the man with his eyes, not daring to utter a word. That is until the blacksmith boomed out.

"Well go on! Explain yourself!"

Hiccup took a deep breathe in as sweat poured from his face. His swallow hard and then said.

"I-I'm so-rr-ry, Sirâ€|I w-was just-t l-ooking-g for a-a-aâ€|weapon."

The young boy stammered out in surprising good Norse, well good considering it was his second language. The Blacksmith then said.

"Oh! You were, were you? Well even though these weapons are completely and utterly useless, that doesn't give you the right to take what isn't yours!"

The Blacksmith said as raw red rage began to shimmer through the black sot. He was very critical with his craftsmanship it seemed. Hiccup then said a little more confidently.

"But sir, I think you're being just a whee bit hard on yourself."

Hiccup said before grabbed a beautifully decorated sword out of the pile.

"See...it works fine."

It was a long flashpoint heart slicer that had a blade which was long and narrow. The sword had an image of a Monstrous Nightmare carved into it, the symbol of the tribe. (Lava-louts were once known for being able to tame wild Monstrous Nightmares and us them to attack there enemies, similar to the Beserkers with the Skrill). The Blacksmith grew pale under the sot.

"What did you say about that sword, boy?"

The Blacksmith said with his voice shockingly calm. Hiccup then made a few good swings with the blade.

"See, it still works fine."

"WHAT!? YOU NOVICE, YOU WOULDN'T KNOW QUALITY IF IT BIT YOU IN THE ARSE!"

"I don't see what's wrong with it."

"IT'S TO FLIMSY!"

The Lava-lout Blacksmith said in a voice so loud the dragons back on the beach could have heard it. He then walked up to the skinny Viking and snatched the sword out his frail little hands. Then with his bare hands, the Lava-lout broke the sword in two. This caused to large deep blood cuts to appear on the Blacksmith's hands. Hiccup stepped back in horror as the Blacksmith then said.

"Boy! You're obvious not from around here, where ye be from?"

"Umâ€|uhhhâ€|"

Hiccup hesitated for a great deal of time that is until he looked down at the weapon pile he stood atop. There was a sword dedicated to 'The Great Heir to the Bog Burglars.' Hiccup smiled shakily and said.

"I'm from the isle of the Bog Burglars."

The Blacksmith was about to yell another ear bleeding scream but then when Hiccup said those words with a straight face. He took a moment to collect himself. Then the Blacksmith finally said.

"Ohâ€| boy you do realize the Bog Burglars are a tribe of all 'women', so tell the truth!"

Hiccup hesitated again, but then rapidly nodded his head up and down. The young Viking smiled nervously as he then awkwardly explained.

"Yes, yes, but you see I was born a boy and they didn't love me enough, so they kicked me outâ€| ya know tribe of women-

"So they kicked ya out, huhâ€| I get it. You're a nomad, a drifter."

"Yes. That's me, Nameless the Drifter, at your service."

Hiccup said while lying through his smiling teeth. The Blacksmith calmed down a bit now; he seemed to understand Hiccup's supposed, true story and life problems. Symphony was in his milky eyes, the Tribes of the Barbaric Archipelago often felt sorry for loners and nomads, or people who generally didn't have a home.

"Ya must be a duffer head if ya came to Lava-lout territory wearing that."

The Blacksmith said gesturing to Hiccup's baggy clothes. Hiccup was about to ask why, when the island experienced a slight tremor. Hiccup stumbled a bit before he fell to the ground. An earthquake shook the very foundations of the island and then a small mini-eruption happened within the volcano. Almost as if the mountain was a sleeping giant who just coughed a bit, small chunks of magma landed here and there, but it didn't really seem to affect the Lava-louts. Some of the magma even managed to get on one of the blacksmith's shoulders, but he just brushed it off as if it was nothing. Hiccup looked on awe struck as the boy got back to his feet.

"Forsaken Angry Mountain will be the death of this tribe; I can feel in my gut. Anyway, unless ya wanna get burned to bits I suggest ya either leave or get a fire suit."

Hiccup nodded but then looked down; he didn't have the money for a fire suit.

"Um...I don't think I have the...the...what's it called..."

Hiccup asked confused, he was trying to remember the word for currency.

"Money?"

"Yes...so I'll just be going."

If anything he should of just left and returned to the pack. But oddly enough, the Blacksmith patted Hiccup on the back with one of his clammy hands. With a pained and sorrowful voice he said.

"Tell ya whatâ€|I have some new clothes in back you could wear. They won't fit the best especially on a skinny fruit like you, but they'll get the job down."

He then removed his sot covered hand from Hiccup's thin shoulder; the Viking Boy followed him into his quaint little shop. Hiccup looked around in awe at the tiny forge that held all kinds of amazing metals and other things. The weapons and metal works in this shop made the one's in the pile look like complete garbage they were so skillfully crafted. The Blacksmith then opened a tiny cabinet to reveal some Lava-lout fire suits intended for the younger Lava-louts. He tossed the outfit over to Hiccup and asked him to got to the back of the shop and put it on. Hiccup did so and after a few minutes came out looking like a full member of the Lava-lout tribe. Like all the other members of the tribe, Hiccup wore a Black Helmet with a black full-body suit, black boots, and gloves. The young Viking in a muffled said.

"I think it's a little too big!"

The Blacksmith then tossed him a yak skin belt, it landed on Hiccup's head.

"There ya go."

"â€|"

Hiccup said nothing in reply as he tried to figure out how to put the belt on; needless to say it took longer than it would an average person. The young barbarian tried to tie it around his wrist, but this only cut off circulation for a few seconds. He then tried to wrap it around his head, which made him look foolish. Then after about seven or eight more tries, Hiccup finally managed to find the correct place to put the belt on, around the waist. The Blacksmith clapped his hands prematurely.

"Bravo Clueless!"

"Thank you."

Hiccup said gleaming under the black mask, taking that insult as a compliment, his knowledge of Norse was limited and he still didn't know a majority of Norse or sarcasm in the language for that matter either. The Blacksmith then smirked a bit under his dark sot covered face. He walked up to the boy.

"Now boyâ€|don't go stealing things from people, especially garbage like those disgraces out thereâ€|"

Hiccup stopped for a moment as he starred the blacksmith straight in the eyes.

"Butâ€|why are they disgracesâ€|"

The Blacksmith lightheartedly chuckled a bit, but then patted young Hiccup on the back.

"Because they weren't perfect, perfection is everything in life, my boy, if I don't get every single detail right then what's the point of even making something as beautiful as the sword."

The Blacksmith said with pride as he starred at some of his finer works that littered his tiny shop. Hiccup looked inspired at how beautiful crafted the metal works were. After that the Blacksmith sent Hiccup on his way, as he showed him out the door.

"Now, run along now, and don't cause any more troubleâ€|"

Hiccup nodded under his black mask. He smiled under it as the young Viking waved goodbye to the Blacksmith. The Blacksmith sighed he had given a trademarked fire-suit to a nomad, but admittedly a nice boy. Hiccup then wandered through the village even more unnoticed; quickly he learned where everything was except for the food storage area. By the end of the day he was giving up hope, while darkness encompassed the land and began to break the spirit of the day, so too did it break apart of Hiccup's spirits. He had one job, find where the Lava-louts kept the food, and possibly free any dragon prisoners and he couldn't even do that right. Well to be honest Hiccup was half-expecting a wooden sign in the dirt that said 'Food Storage', but he had no such luck. The young Viking sighed for a moment as he

rested up against a wooden sign post, which was around the center of town He sighed and Hiccup thought to himself.

"_What am I doing? These people don't seem like the killers my pack makes them out to beâ€¦ maybe I should just stay here for whileâ€¦ yeah I was never cut out to be like them anywayâ€¦_-

But then a rather large Lava-lout walked up the center of the town with a large blow hour in his hand. Hiccup watched as the Viking blew into the horn causing an loud noise that would have sent an alarming sense of fear down your spine. The Lava-lout's froze, then they all stopped their evening routines and stormed off to the largest structure in the village. A temple that was carved into the side of the island's Volcano. Within a few seconds, all of Lava-lout village was completely and utterly deserted, even Hiccup tagged along mostly because he was just curious about what was going on. Until Hiccup saw a massive hut connected to the temple, the hut over stocked with fish, rabbits, and other tasty animals. The young boy tried to leave the area but a crowd of people forced him inside the temple. Hiccup was forced into the temple along with everyone else, though he was smiling under his mask. He had done his job, after this gathering of sorts was finished, he would go back and re-join his pack and return a bit more accepted by the dragons. Maybe Hiccup wasn't as bad at this as he thought. Anyway, two large Lava-lout soldiers opened the gigantic rock like doors to reveal a beautiful hallway with random tables set all around in various locations. Magma dripped from the sides, warming up the Temple into a moderately warm temperate. There was such lighthearted excitement from the Lava-lout tribe. As the great horn of Magma the Lava-lout, the founder of the tribe, was only blown in times of great peril. Everyone sat down at one of the tables provided, Hiccup followed suit. There was a great happy shouting from every member of the tribe. The large barbarian, who had blown the war horn earlier, huffed on his bugle again as another ear bleeding blow came out again. The Hall fell silent. As another large barbarian stepped forward, he had seven guards at his sides. This barbarian was enormous standing a mighty seven feet tall wearing a pitch black fire suit laced with crimson armor. He didn't where the traditional mask though, this showed off his scarred face with dark blue eyes and a beard like a scrambled patch of thorn bushes. With a great big yell he shouted out the Lava-lout salute which consisted of screaming like a deranged bull while doing a very specific hand motion. The whole tribe in unison of screams, sung it back to the larger Viking. All except for Hiccup who didn't really understand what was going on at the moment. The larger barbarian then spoke.

"Heroes and Halfwits of the Lava-lout tribe! I Chief Calvin the Combustible, have called you here today because of a grave threat on our shores."

Boomed the Lava-lout Chief with a mad look in his fiendish eyes. The barbarians erupted in exuberant cheer of joy, Lava-louts like most barbarians, loved danger. Hiccup slumped a bit in his seat; he already knew what the chief was talking about. Chief Calvin the Combustible slammed a massive fist onto the side of a nearby table as he stroked his beard.

"Dragons! On our humble shores! They've come to steal from us, to kill us! Are we just gonna roll over like a bunch of weary sniveling bunny rabbits, relinquish all of our food and die!?"

The crowd turned bitter. They screamed body war cries, Hiccup watched as the crowd yelled for the heads of the dragons.

"NO SIR!"

"NOT LIKELY GOVERNOR!"

He wanted to make his way out of the Great Hall as Chief Calvin was hyping up the tribe.

"What are we gonna do?!"

"Kill the Dragons!"

"When are we gonna do it!"

"Now!"

"TO ARMS, MEN AND WOMEN OF THE LAVA-LOUT TRIBE! TO ARMS!"

Hiccup hesitated for a moment as he said under his breathe.

"Yeahâ€|let's kill those dragons. Oh gods."

Then Calvin the Combustible just went on after that about how unacceptable the dragons were as Hiccup sat there rather appealed by this whole situation. Needless to say, he was beginning to see what the dragons meant when they said that 'most humans are bastards'. It was then Hiccup saw a smaller more rancid looking door, Hiccup quickly ducked out of the Great Hall and into the other room, not caring were it went. But the young Viking boy didn't care were it went; he just wanted to get out of this uncomfortable meeting. But when he turned into the hallway, he came to regret entering this new hallway a horrifying sight. He turned around to see dragons, dead dragons, all hosted up in a smelly big pile. The sight was horrific; it was like genocide or a mass murder to Hiccup. He had been raised by dragons his whole life and to see this act of carnage before his eyes really disturbed him. What made it worse was the smell that seemed to work its way into Hiccup's fire suit. Hiccup couldn't believe it, the stories the dragons told where true. Hiccup seemed to tense up, he was angry. How could they do this, to the dragons, they were his family and they where killed like animals. Covering his nose, and trying not to look directly at the pile, Hiccup walked timidly past the pile of bodies. Then he heard something, a sort of ravage snarl. Hiccup turned around to see several different species of dragons all caged and waiting to be executed. The cages were just that, metal cages with chains keeping the doors together. The imprisoned dragon all shrieked Dragonese insults at Hiccup calling him a coward or a weakling. But he knew they were terrified inside those cages, just begging to get out.

"_WEAK HUMAN._"

"_COWARD!_" _

"_MURDERER!_" _

Hiccup took in a deep breath as he inhaled the horrifying bad stench of rioting dragon corpses.

"_Noâ€|no, no you have me all wrong I'm not a Lava-lout. See?"_

The young Viking boy said with a muffled voice, he took off his helmet so he could speak more clearly. But this also meant he would get a better whiff of the horrifying stench of the dragon carcasses. The dragons looked at Hiccup confused and surprised.

"_Well, what do knowâ€|it speaks our language."_

"_Interesting." _

The dragons said observing Hiccup from their cages, Hiccup then noticed something. A small weapons armory in the corner, Hiccup ran over and reached out and grabbed a flashpoint swift cutter, with a long blade. He then dashed over to the dragons cages. The Dragons hissed and snarled as some of them backed as far away from the ever approaching Hiccup as they could. Others began to insult and beg Hiccup to toss his sword away and fight like a dragon. Then the young Viking boy, did something that really confused the large reptilian beasts. He cut there chains off of there cages and set them free; Hiccup cut open the chained barred doors to the dragon's cages. One of the dragons, a very wrathful Monstrous Nightmare snatched Hiccup and forced him to the ground. A large talon over his body, ready to slice him. The other dragons starred angrily and even hungrily at Hiccup.

"_Kill it before he kills us."_

"_Burn him to a crisp."_

"_Tear his horns off." _

Hiccup was terrified by these wild, agitated dragons. His breathing became uneasy as the Monstrous Nightmare extended its claws over Hiccup's chest. With cunning quick thinking, Hiccup managed to blurt out.

"_I'm here to rescue you guysâ€|I'm not like the other humans, I don't kill dragons."_

Again the surrounding dragons hesitated; even the Monstrous Nightmare retracted its extra extendable claws a tad letting the young boy go. Now free from the Nightmare's grasp, Hiccup stood up as the dragons circled him menacingly like a pack of hungry wolves. The Monstrous Nightmare then said.

"_How could a human help usâ€|look at him he's pathetic."_

"_He does speak our language though, so he's not entirely useless."_

A Gronckle blurted out, the Monstrous Nightmare then eyed Hiccup as, the Nightmare then asked fiercely.

"_If that's true, and you do server dragons, then you must be part of a pack...tell me_ _Human who do you severeâ€| but if you lie...I will claw your eyes out."_

Hiccup hesitated for a moment, some of the stray members of the

surrounding pack began to sharpen there talons and claws like steak knives as they drummed them on the stone walls. The boy then replied.

"_The Red Deathâ€| "_

Silence erupted amongst the dragons; they all snarled and growled dragon insults again. Thankfully the Lava-louts were too busy screaming and prepping for a grand battle with the dragons over on the long beach to notice the cackles of the now freed dragons.

"_Why should we go with you human, you could be lying to usâ€|?_"

Even so...why would we severe the Red Death, she's an Alpha, all Alpha's are bastards...

Hiccup thought for a moment, and then a slight devilish smirk appeared on his face.

"_Alright, I see how it is, well I'll just be on my way, I need to help out my pack anyway. Good luck to you getting out of this prison._

With that, Hiccup began to walk away slyly, a Nadder cautiously leapt in front of Hiccup.

"_And where is this pack of yours human?_

A Deadly Nadder asked as it starred Hiccup in the eyes, and he maked sure to get in the dragons blind spot. Hiccup only smiled again.

"_Why should I tell you that? You obviously don't need my helpâ€|besides, you don't even trust me. Even so you said it yourself, the Red Death is a horrible lord, you all would much rather be trapped in this room, I can see now. Sorry I wasted your time._

Many of the dragons sighed and cursed under their breath. Servitude under an Alpha may be bad, but left to die in a cage was even force. Hiccup smiled happily, he appeared to have won over the dragons. The Monstrous Nightmare stepped forward starring at Hiccup with it's candle like eyes.

"_Alright fine, we trust youâ€|but if you're lying boy we will burn you alive and eat your corpse._

Hiccup nodded nonchalantly. He then pointed to the door leading back to the Great Hall.

"_Yes, yes, now would you kindly blow up that door right there?_"

The dragons glared at Hiccup knowing what was on the other side. But when they looked into Hiccup's honest eyes, all sense of doubt was removed. Every dragon breathed there variations of fire at the door that Hiccup came in then. A massive explosion occurred that shocked the gathering of Lava-louts in the Great Hall.

"Oi! What's all this then?!"

"Chief Calvin, the Dragons are escaping!"

" I can see that! Kill those unholy abominations!"

Yelled a furious Calvin the Combustible as to his confusion and shock, the dragons he had captured came rushing out of their cages. All Hel broke loose as the dragons breathed there uncontrollable fire down upon the helpless Lava-louts. While they weren't burned to a crisp, a flame suit could only do so much against a continuous stream of dragon fire. What made it worse was when there fire reached the barrels of fine wine and mead. This only made the fires spread even faster. Hiccup watched as the dragons hovering above his head quickly burned down the giant doors of the Great Hall. The Young Viking ran out after them as the Lava-louts where so disoriented and confused as to what just occurred that they were still trying to comprehend the whole situation. The dragons flew out singing shrieks of joy and freedom. Hiccup got out side and then snapped his fingers together, trying to recall something.

"Ugh...think, think, think, what's the call of a Night Fury?"

The answer hit Hiccup when the Night Fury came swooping down with a loud furious war cry. Hiccup looked up at the skies above and saw that there in there shining glory was Hiccup's pack. The young Viking watched as the dragons he just freed joined the pack. He smiled for a moment; Hiccup felt a sense of accomplishment. But that moment was soon squandered when a Lava-lout soldier grabbed him around the waist and hurried him over to a safer location.

"Boy? What do ya think you're doing? This is war! War is no place for a child."

The Lava-lout screamed in Hiccup's ear, but Hiccup didn't hear him. Hiccup was watching in anger and fear as the Lava-louts began to toss homemade bombs and shot flaming arrows from crossbows. Brutally injuring some of the dragons on the spot. The pack began to dive bomb the barbarians scratching and biting at them. But as mighty as each dragon was, there were casualties, Hel; there were casualties on both sides of this ordeal. Lava-lout soldiers dying from having bombs blown up in their faces, and dragons dying of various stab wounds as well bombs blowing their heads straight to Valhalla, it was truly terrifying. Especially for Hiccup, keep in mind he wasn't you're typical Viking child raised to love the smell of blood. No Hiccup had never even really seen anything like this; he was raised in a cave with very easy going dragons that mostly just seemed to lounge about. Hiccup wanted to scream as he watched dragon after dragon fall down and get slaughtered by stab wounds. But his mind was so traumatized by this experience that he couldn't even muster up a scream. Hiccup was set down next to a bunch of the other Lava-lout children. As the soldier who set him down pulled out a sword and rushed into battle. Hiccup and the other Lava-lout's where inside a small metal bunker which was basically three metal walls and a wooden door with a few large windows to watch the fight. A young Viking around Hiccup's age turned to the young Viking boy.

"Dragons, they do these thingsâ€¦these horrible reptiles just to get to our hard earned food. It's okay though friend, my father will slay them all. He's the chief of this great tribe."

Hiccup looked at the boy in disbelief, he wanted to turn to the Viking Boy and tear his head off. That boy was okay with watching Hiccup's family die. Hiccup tried to take his eyes off the carnage, but he couldn't. With growing wrath, he looked toward the pile of weapons outside the blacksmith's shop. He narrowed his gaze determinedly. Meanwhile, The Night Fury was leading the charge against the Lava-louts. It was a spectacle to watch the Night Fury command the other dragons, for the Night Fury was one of the most deadly and intelligent dragons out there. He had the Deadly Nadder's line up in a somewhat straight line firing there tail spines. He had the Gronckle's split up into two separate groups; half with the Nadder's laying down covering fire, while the other half raided the food storage huts. Meanwhile the Monstrous Nightmares and Zippleback's fought sword to claw on the ground.

"_TEAR AND MUTILATE!"_

Some of the more ravenous and aggressive dragons of the pack cried as they clawed and burned many of the Lava-louts. But the Lava-louts fire suits resisted this fiery carnage and the barbarians only fired right back with crossbows and bola's. Chief Calvin watched annoyed from a far, he had a hundred men wielding bola's at his side. He himself swung two bolas in his massive hands. He waited for the right moment to strike. But then with a mini-supernova exposition half of Calvin the Combustibles men were knocked out cold, there fire suits where no much for a Night Fury's plasma blast. Calvin watched the skies as a great dark blue blur zigzagged through the skies. He looked at his men, most of them where down. He concentrated on the Night Fury as the dark blue dragon came in for another strike against the Lava-louts. But then Calvin threw his bola at the Night Fury, the weapon soared through the air. It then slammed into the Night Fury and wrapped itself around the dragon. With a shriek of pain, the Night Fury descended to the ground with a massive thud. The Lava-louts cheered as Calvin the Combustible and a few of his men ran over to the downed dragon. They found that he downed Night Fury had crashed just outside some of the two houses. The Lava-louts ignored all the chaos happening around them, they wanted to see the Night Fury. Night Fury's where rare often thought extinct, so to see one would have been rare, and to kill one even rarer. Calvin the Combustible approached the terrified Night Fury cautiously, he smiled maliciously as one of his soldiers handed him a long heart slicer sword.

"Oh hoâ€|what do we have here?"

The Night Fury starred at the Viking Chief evilly as it tried to squirm its way out of the bola. Calvin the Combustible went on.

"A Night Fury, ohâ€|I can't wait to mount you on my wall."

Then Calvin the Combustible went in for the kill but then a miracle happened. A arrow from a crossbow hit Calvin the Combustible in his shaggy beard, then the arrow pined the Lava-lout chief against a nearby wall. The Lava-lout's turned to where the arrow was fired from and found a shaking eight year old boy dressed in a fire suit with an encased sword at his side and a crossbow in his hands. It was Hiccup, he looked angry but at the same time sad. He aimed the crossbow around at the Lava-louts who weren't exactly sure what to think. The Night Fury looked on just as shocked to find the boy he had helped

raise standing his ground. The Blacksmith from earlier was there, he starred confused at the boy.

"Boy? What do think you're doing-

The Blacksmith fell silent as Hiccup pointed the crossbow at him.

"Stay back, just stay back!"

Hiccup yelled with uncertainty. He then motioned to the Lava-louts.

"Cut him free!"

The Lava-louts hesitated and acted like they didn't hear the question.

"I said cut the Night Fury free!"

The Lava-louts then walked carefully over to the Night Fury and began to cut off the bola's that encompassed the dragon. As this was happening, Chief Calvin the Combustible was growing ever more purple in the face. For what Hiccup had done was an even more of an insult to Vikings then death itself. You see when you even touch the beard of another Viking it's nine times out of ten considered an act of aggression. But to pin a Viking down with his own beard was just horribly offensive.

"DON'T LISTEN TO THAT COWERING LITTLE CUDDLE FISH! KILL HIM!"

But the order to his men came too late as the Lava-louts had freed the Night Fury from his bindings. The Night Fury sprang into action as it hurled it's body onto the Lava-louts biting and pushing the soldiers out of commission. In Dragonese, the Night Fury said.

"_Human, C'mon we're leaving." _

Hiccup nodded as climbed onto the back of the Night Fury. The Night Fury then flew into the air. As soon as the Night Fury gracefully flew into the sky, the other dragons got the message. To the dismay of the Lava-louts, they got away with every last ounce of food. The dragons in an organized swarm flew off in a slew of colors. All shrieking happy cries of victory in Dragonese, even the Night Fury's spirits were high.

"_Nice job out there humanâ€|you've proved your worth. You are now part of our pack." _

Hiccup smiled for a moment, and then his smile turned into a sad frown. Then strangely enough he began to cry.

"_They killed themâ€|all of those dragons. YOU DIDN'T EVEN ATTACK THEM FIRST, THEY JUST STARTING KILLING YOU! For no reason...just no reason..." _

The young Viking boy said as he trembled over the back of the Night Fury. His tears streaming onto the back of the Night Fury.

"_Why did they do it? Why do humans do such horrible things?" _

The Night Fury purred sympathetically.

"_That's just the way they areâ€|they kill and slaughter, it's in their nature." _

This only damped Hiccup's spirits even more than they already were.

"_Am I like themâ€|am I... am I murderer Night Fury?" _

A couple of the dragons Hiccup freed earlier overheard the conversation, they all then said.

"_You're not a murderer." _

"_You're a liberator." _

"_You may look like a human, but you have the heart of a dragon." _

This made a soft smile form on Hiccup's face, he then looked over to the pack of dragons tailing behind the Night Fury. He looked at not his pack, but his family. Then Hiccup hugged the back the Night Fury.

"_You're one of us humanâ€|not one of those murderers." _

The Night Fury whispered softly, Hiccup then said with determination in his eyes.

"_I will never let a single member of my family fall ever again." _

With those final words, the dragons flew off into the darkness, back to their Master the Red Death.

* * *

><p>A WEEK LATER</p>

BERK

A week had passed since Hiccup's successful raid on the Lava-lout tribe, the news quickly spread to all of the Archipelago. This was a big blow to the Lava-louts pride; Chief Calvin the Combustible was sedulously annoyed. It would take years for him to get his beard back the exact way the chief liked it. So annoyed that his precious beard had been used to pin him against a wall made him ever so angry. Also having your tribe raided, and humiliated by dragons was also not really a happy moment for the chief either. He sent out a few ships to the fellow barbaric tribes, promising a reward for the head of this foolish boy who dared to cross the Lava-louts. One of those ships was busy sailing toward Berk. Bucket and Mulch watched as it approached Berk, through their view finders.

"Ohâ€|I think I see an enemy ship this time, Mulch."

Mulch looked through his view finder.

"Lava-louts, wonder what they're doing here?"

"Should we sound the alarm, Mulch?"

Bucket said as he banged on his bucket head. Mulch shocks his head in response.

"No, let's see what they want first."

The Lava-louts docked on to Hooligan Harbor, a messenger and a few Lava-lout warriors came off the boat. They were greeted in town square by Chief Stoic the Vast, Oh Hear His Name and Tremble Ugh Ugg. Most of the town was in that general area around town square, even some of the Hairy Hooligan childrenâ€|I should probably talk about themâ€|Anyway there were six boys and two girls who were all around the same ripe age of eight. There was Snotface Snotlout, a delightful boy with black hair and a face like his father Spitelout. Also when I say he was delightful, I meant to say crude, ignorant and generally a pain in the arse of a boy. Then there Snotlout's lackeys including, Dogsbreath the Duhbrain, Speedyfist and Wartihog, who were pretty much all just the typical dumb Vikings with no skills outside of violence. They were busy bullying Fishlegs. A husky boy with blonde hair, Fishlegs was making a fool of himself yet again as Snotlout's gang played monkey in the middle with his helmet.

"Ummmmâ€|Snotlout, could ya please give me back my helmet."

"Oh, what this helmet?"

Snotlout said mockingly as he tossed it over to Dogsbreath, Fishlegs painstakingly ran over to Dogsbreath only to watch him threw it over to Wartihog. Fishlegs sighed; he had been running from person to person for the last five minutes.

"Oh, suffering scallops."

Meanwhile from a far, the terrible twins Ruffnut and Tuffnut watched jeering on Snotlout and Fishlegs The twins looked almost exactly the same, if it wasn't for their helmets and the way the wore there hair you could almost mistake one for the other . In a word the twins were, energetic, the Hairy Hooligans often thought they had been blessed by Loki the patron God of Mischief because that's what the twins were, mischief makers. Energetic mischief makers, always tipping over yaks or blowing stuff up and they talked constantly.

"Keep trying Fishlegs!"

"Punch him in the gut!"

"Kick his arse!"

"Yeah!"

Meanwhile a blonde girl with hair braids like two sideways traffic cones watched from a far a she sharpened her ax while she sat on a rock.

"(Tsk) Mutton Headsâ€|"

She said with extreme annoyance. Her name was Astrid, she was a Hofferson, and Hofferson's where the second wealthiest family in all of Berk, right next to the chief of course. That was because Astrid's great-grandfather spent a lifetime raiding Romans and other rich tribes. So the Hofferson family was pretty much set financially for a few generations. Astrid was usually very quiet and always trained to be as good as some of the best Viking Heroes in current History. The young half-wits of the tribe all turned their heads to the center of town when a very loud obnoxious bugle was blown. This also got the attention of the warriors and shield maidens of the tribe. A Lava-lout messenger then spoke.

"Here ye, Here ye, Proud and Mighty Hooligans, Chief Calvin the Combustible has placed a bounty on a young barbarian who serves the dragons!"

Many people gasped, even Stoic who was standing right next to the man looked a wee bit confused. What right minded Viking would coincide with dragons? Dragons for Thor's sake, the nightmare killing machines that could slice your heart out with the flick of a talon. The young gang of half-wits looked on with some disgust and somewhat curiosity. The Lava-lout messenger carried on.

"A thousand pounds of Lava-lout gold will be rewarded to the person who kills this wretched unholy bastard. You will know it's this so called 'Dragon Prince' when you see him disembark from a Night Furyâ€|That is all."

The Lava-lout messenger turned to Chief Stoic the Vast and shock his hand.

"Thank you for your time, Chief Stoic"

"With pleasure, oh yes and tell Chief Calvin that I'm sorry 'bout his beard."

"Yeahâ€| just don't say anything to the general public; he's still very embarrassed about this whole incident."

Stoic nodded his head as the messenger left, but not before some of the Lava-lout soldiers hung up some posters of 'The Prince of Dragons'. He was hung next to posters of Alvin the Treacherous, Madguts the Murderous, Drago Bludvist, even Humongously Hotshot (He's evil in this version, if i ever make a sequel you will see why). This eight year old boy was being seen as one of the worst men to ever plaque the Archipelago. After one poster was hung up next to the side of a house, instantly the impressionable young Hooligans strolled up to it. What they saw shocked them; it was a picture of an eight year old boy with a thousand gold pounds on his head. Snotlout looked on annoyed.

"Who's this guy think he is, what kind of maniac would serve the dragons?"

The terrible twins smiled again as they looked onward at the poster.

"Only a bad arse."

"Yeah, I mean he flies on the back of a Night Furyâ€|it's."

"One wordâ€|bad arse."

Fishlegs interjected.

"Actually, that's two words."

The twins went wide eyed; they never realized that up until now. Then Snotlout and his gang went back to terrorizing Fishlegs some more as the twins went on screaming and yelling. Astrid only looked at the picture of the smiling young Viking with disgust. Her face grew bitter, and then she stabbed at the wanted poster with her freshly sharpened ax. The picture snapped in two. Then she went back to sharpening her ax blade again.

* * *

><p>Authors Note:

**Wow! That was a mouthful, it's nearly 10,000 words and yeah I can safely say that every other Monday I'll update this story. Also I just want to thank you all so much, this story really took off and I did not expect that to happen. Also I just wanna thank the reviewers for review and everyone else for following and all that. I mean 23 favs. And 36 follows in one chapter, thank you all so much. Also I'll be changing the font to 1.5 because I think it'll be easier to read, and I'll be fixing all my grammar errors and such. Also if you haven't guessed yet, the Roman's Norse is supposed to be bad and that's why it sounds so odd and disjointed. Again thank you and please comment, review and favorite. If you think I could do something to make this story better, tell me please. Next update will be on Oct. 5. **

3. Chapter 3

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 3: Hail to the Prince

* * *

><p>In my dreams, I see them. A happy mother holding me tight in her arms and a prideful father with a proud smile on his hairy face. I see the world in a different light. It's bury and hard to remember. But every so often I see them in my dreams. But these peopleâ€|a family of Vikingsâ€|none of it for me. My family is made up of dragons.

* * *

><p>OVER THE SEAS<p>

EIGHT YEARS LATER

Hiccup thought to himself as he sat comfortably on the back of the Night Fury as they rode through the scenic night air. Eight years had passed since Hiccup was truly excepted into the pack. During those eight years Hiccup had almost entirely changed. He now went by 'The

Prince of Dragons'. A name he relished in like a badge of honor. It was the closest thing he had to a name, just like the Red Death was the closest thing he had to a mother. Though it wasn't a glamorous name, nonetheless, it was a name. The young Prince was now sixteen years of age, and it showed. He was what you might expect from a boy of his age. His face hadn't changed much, his eyes still an emerald green, and his nose still a little to big and his hair still a crazy uncombed brown mess. He stood about five and $\frac{1}{2}$ feet tall, he was a little on the small side but considering his stature extremely well built. That was from years of fighting and training with dragons. Those years had hardened him, made him fierce and violent. You could see it in his emerald green eyes. Though no human would be able to tell because his face was now well hidden under a mask in the shape of a vicious dragon. Hiccup wore a mask that he stole from a Berserker once, only he carved it in the shape of a Night Fury. The mask was a part of him, when he put that guise on, it was almost like looking at a completely different person. All fear, all worry would leave his thoughts when that mask touched face. He would become a cold-hearted, brave fighter, for his pack. The same could be said about his armor. His armor was partly made out of that Flame suit he got from Lava-lout Island all those years ago. Only he cut it up and placed it over new clothes so it would properly fight him, seeing how he wasn't a talking fish-bone anymore...well not as much of a talking fish-bone. He wore the Flame suit over top armor that was pitch black, like the night, allowing him to camouflage into the darkness of night. He carried a sword with him, this was a special sword he made himself he called it a 'Flame sword' not the most original name. But again, Hiccup didn't care much for names, let alone know much about them, it's not like he would come up with some fancy name like 'The Inferno, the Storm Blade or the Heart-slicer'. It was a heart-slicer with a well decorated hilt and he covered it with Monstrous Nightmare saliva so it would light up when lit. Also because it made him look cool, or at least in Hiccup's mind it was cool. Anyway Hiccup clenched the back of the Night Fury tightly as they soared through the air. The pack was behind them, screeching and crying there shrieks in Dragonese. Lightheartedly insulting one another and snapping their jaws in irritation at each other. They were flying to a desolate little island, an island by the name of Berk.

* * *

><p>BERK</p>

Meanwhile, the young to be Hooligan Warriors were busy doing nothing. Life on Berk had grown boring for them over the years. They weren't quite, true Hooligans yet because none of them had passed initiation, and initiation into the tribe of Hairy Hooligans was in many regards, brutal. If you failed, you were banished, they would cast you onto a small plank of wood and say 'See ya'. While waving goodbye or doing the complicated Hooligan salute. There were five steps to becoming a member of the Hairy Hooligan tribe, but we'll deal with those later, right now, an aging Stoic the Vast sat angrily on his patio. Around him were other Hairy Hooligans who sat on empty barrels of food. With the Chief was his brother Spitelout, Gobber the Belch, as well as Bucket and Mulch who only honestly came to watch Stoic yell at Spitelout. Spitelout was Stoic's young brother and his son, who was appropriately named Snotlout, had been going on again about how he was the rightful heir to the Hairy Hooligans. As you all know Hiccup had disappeared many years ago...never to be seen again. Anyway

Snotlout had said some pretty harsh things about the Chief's 'missing' son. Stoic happened to be in ear shot and nearly tore the young barbarian apart with his bare hands alone. It took the combined efforts of ten Hairy Hooligans just to pull Stoic away from the Jorgenson boy. Spitelout sighed again as he chugged another bottle of mead, in the end he would always have to pay for his son's idiotic actions.

"I'm sorry Stoic; my son is an idiotâ€¦it won't happen again."

"No, you're son has plankton for brains, and this is the tenth time in a row you've looked me in the eye and said 'this won't happen again'."

Stoic said annoyed, the Hooligan Chief had a nasty habit for picking fights with anyway who mocked his kin, friend, foe or even family. Snotlout it seemed was either brave enough or stupidly clueless enough to do exactly that. Gobber the Belch chucked down a gallon of mead from a mug attached to his prosthetic hand.

"If ya ask me Spitelout, ya ought to discipline that boy. Maybe toss him into the Caliban Caves for a week, that'll do him some good. HAHAHA!"

Gobber laughed cruelly at his joke, Bucket and Mulch joined in at the rather dark joke. Spitelout fumed.

"Quiet! Ya cowering limpet eating seaweed brains!"

With that the laughing Vikings fell silent. Spitelout stood up from the barrel he was sitting on.

"My son may be an idiot, but face it Stoic! You're old and tired; ya don't even have an heir! Technically my son is the closest thing we have to an heir in this tribe. Think about that for a change, maybe think about the rest of the tribe, instead of the 'Hiccup' ya lost at a young ageâ€¦"

Stoic fell eerily silent, he never fell silent. He closed his eyes and asked scarily calm.

"What did you say about my son?"

Spitelout gritted his teeth, he knew what was coming.

"You heard meâ€¦unless you're ears really are brittle with age..."

Stoic leapt onto Spitelout and the two began to violently bash each other with their bare fists. The other Vikings there egged the brothers on, like all Vikings, they loved a good fight. Meanwhile from the steep black rocky cliffs about a mile away from Berk, Hiccup watched the fight through a spy-glass. He had been looking around for any Vikings who happened to be out and about in the town. He wasn't exactly sure what was going on but the Young Prince couldn't take his eyes off the fight. He sat on a steep rocky height, with the Night Fury beside him, surrounding them was an army of fierce dragons, all waiting to get there next meal. Hiccup took the spy-glass away from his eye, the Night Fury turned to him.

"_So are there any humans out there?"_

"_A fewâ€|they're bickering about some pointless nonsense I bet, but other than that no."_

"_Terrificâ€|"_

"_Cheer up Bud; this'll be the last raid for a few months at leastâ€|and then we won't have to even gawk at these barbarians..."_

Hiccup said distastefully, he absolutely hated humans. Those years of living with dragons and fighting the tribes along the Barbaric Archipelago had made him absolutely despise his kind. He had no care in the world for humans, they hunted his family, and Hiccup was just defending his family. The Night Fury then spoke to the surrounding dragons.

"_As you all know, just like the rest of us, the Master is getting ready for the hibernation sleepâ€|this will be our last raid before the Freezeâ€|we need to bring back as much food as possibleâ€|"_

The other dragons snarled and shrieked happily, dragons enjoyed there Hibernation Sleep, mostly because it would give them an excuse to pig out. Then fall asleep for the next 3-4 months during winter and another 2 months when severe winter happened, and possibly do some mating around Snoggletog...(Don't ask it's a dragon thing). Hiccup felt indifferent around this time of year, he would often just ration out the left-over food and then try to get as much sleep as humanly possible. He would also draw and write in his Dragonese book but nothing much other than that. A group of Deadly Nadder's stepped forward, from the steep cliffs above they eyed the sheep grazing in one of the shepherds fields. As that was happening, the Gronckle's starred greedily at the fish set to dry on some racks. Some of the other dragons eyed the food storage lockers, they were willing to do anything to get at the food that the fierce Vikings had. They silently swooped down and began to catch there last big meal for the next few months. Hiccup grew a faint smile as he armed himself. He drew a beautifully decorated heart-slicer sword that was four feet in length. Then the Young Dragon Prince did a remarkable thing, he went up to a Monstrous Nightmare and had the dragon light the sword. It grew a flaming glorious red that glowed ever so vibrantly in the night sky. Hiccup looked ever more so like a demon with that sword, it was like looking at an image of Surtr, the Giant with the Flaming Sword. The Night Fury then wandered over to Hiccup waiting for his companion to get on his back. Hiccup did, reluctantly. He smiled a bit under his cold edgy mask; this was going to be an entertaining evening. The Dragons shrieked and cackled as they began to snatch up unsuspecting sheep, and yaks. Stoic and company looked on in annoyance, with just a hint of horror. Chief Stoic looked at Spitelout, who he was in top of at the moment, punching his face into the ground. The Chief hastily got off his battered and beaten brother; he then looked over to Gobber the Belch, and said.

"Sound the alarm!"

The Blacksmith nodded as he got out a giant fog horn from his back pocket. He then blew on the overly large fog horn, the sound traveled through the village of Berk waking up all the sleepy Vikings. Among them were the impressible young Hooligan Warriors, more specifically,

the Hofferson Girl. When that bugle rang in her ears she quickly went to the front door of her house and opened it. She looked to see a Deadly Nadder with wrath in its eyes. It caught sight of the Hofferson Girl and blew out a burst stream of fire. She closed the door swiftly as fire shot through the slabs and creaks in-between the wooden door.

"â€|Dragons."

Astrid said with a smile, she opened the door again to see several of the Hairy Hooligans already beginning to fend off the ravenous beasts. The Hofferson girl went to her room to collect her dragon killing things. Like many of the other young Hairy Hooligans, she was in her mid-teens. Over the years, the Hofferson girl had changed drastically. Her blonde braided hair now sat snugly on her left shoulder. She wore a blue striped shirt with lines across it. Also, she wore a leather band across her forehead to keep her hair in place. She was pretty for a Viking girl. She was one of the only ones who didn't have a beard or mustache. She wore a skirt armed with spikes, at the bottom of the spiked skirt with a pouch on her hip and also wore a skull emblazoned on her shoulder pads. Anyway, she came out of her room carrying practically every weapon she owned, but as the Hofferson Girl was about to exit the house, she was stopped by her mother, Frigg. Frigg looked remarkably like her daughter only it was hard to tell at the moment by layers of armor she wore.

"And what do ya think you're doing young lady?"

Astrid's mother asked very hostilely. The Hofferson Girl sighed again.

"Mom, come on, just give me a minute, I'll kill a dragonâ€|"

Astrid complained, but to her dismay, Frigg let out her hands and starred at her daughter coldly.

"Fineâ€|"

Astrid then handed her mother a sword and a mace. Frigg continued to look ever so coldly at Astrid. Again Astrid groaned as she handed her mother an Ax, and two short swords. Still, Astrid's mother gave that cold fierce look. The Hofferson Girl sighed again as she went through the pouches in her clothes and then gave her mother exactly 10 small knives. Frigg smiled at Astrid as she ruffled her daughter's hair.

"Now, was that so hard?"

"Yesâ€|"

Just then Astrid's father, Sinclair Hofferson, came in carrying a bucket of water. Sinclair was probably one of the more professional looking Vikings in a sense. He was a lot cleaner then most and was often quick with a joke, and even quicker with a business deal. He smiled a grin with surprisingly all of his to bare at his daughter(Most Vikings had horrible hygiene problems).

"Make me proud Astrid; ya know in my day it was an honor to get to be in the fire brigadeâ€|that's how met your Mum actually."

Astrid's father said smiling at Frigg, he then handed Astrid the bucket.

"Yeahâ€œ| such an honor."

Astrid rolled her eyes and said doubtfully. Her parents then shouted the Hooligan War cry and rushed out the door with sick wrath in their eyes. Astrid carefully ran outside trying not to spill the bucket of water. It was complete and utter chaos outside, the dragons were scattered all around the village of Berk, burning houses to the ground and fighting tooth and claw with the Hairy Hooligans. By this point in the Barbaric Archipelago. dragon attacks became ever more common. Most blamed the Prince who would come in and aid the dragons like a freakish twisted Warrior of Death. Most people would leave, but not the tribes of the Barbaric Archipelago; they kind of have stubbornness issues. As Astrid ran with the bucket, a fellow Hooligan screamed a fierce war cry, before smiling at the girl and saying.

"Morning."

Anyway, Astrid eventually found her way to the young Hooligans of Berk. They were all pouring buckets of water onto whatever small flames they could find. Except the Terrible Twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut who managed to get themselves wet and where going back and forth pushing each other around.

"You idiot! Do you know how long it takes me to get this greasy unwashed look?!"

Ruffnut said annoyed as she pushed her brother into the ground, Ruffnut was very particular about her cherry blonde hair. Her hair style was very odd to say the last; Ruffnut's hair had two small braids protruding out the sides and then three long braids that looked kind of like chunks of cotton. Covering the top of her head was a helmet in the shape of an Ox's horns only with four horns instead of two. She wore an animal skin tunic and grey-brown skirt. Her boots were dark grey and currently kicking Tuffnut in the stomach.

"Ow! Ow! I am hurt! I am very much hurt!"

"Yeah you better be!"

Ruffnut said sadistically.

"Ya know for a girl, you hit like a man. Is that weird?"

Tuffnut looked a lot like his sister. Only with straight long hair and slightly darker clothes, also his helmet was slightly different, like four Bull horns instead of four Ox horns. Ruffnut eventually stopped kicking her twin brother in the stomach when she figured Tuffnut had enough. Her feet were starting to get tired. Astrid again sighed, the twins were annoying. Albeit, less annoying then Snotface Snotlout, who was busy trying to push Fishlegs into a nearby fire.

"Whoops, sorry about that Fishlegs!"

Snotlout said as he 'accidentally' pushed Fishlegs ever so slightly

closer to a nearby fire. But Fishlegs was able to maintain his balance and dodge the flames. Snotlout's gang of miscreants laughed at Fishlegs's misery. Snotlout had grew to be the meanest, dirtiest and pain in the arse of a Viking, you could imagine. He was a tall boy who looked a lot like his father; he seemed to have the idea in his head that was next in line for Chief-hood in the Tribe of Hairy Hooligans. He expressed this to everyone and aside from his gang of bullies nobody really took him seriously. Everyone in the Hooligan Tribe knew that Stoic would sooner elect a Sea-Cucumber as the next heir to the Hairy Hooligans then Snotlout. Fishlegs stumbled a bit as he regained his footing, despite being a large husky barbarian, Fishlegs had no backbone. He was more of a by-the-books kind of Viking then a kill anything that moves kind of Viking. Anyway as the Young Hooligans continued to put out fires, the warriors of the tribe were busy fighting the dragons, axes, and spears rained up on the large reptilian beasts. But the Dragons shot back with a storms of fire-blasts. Chief Stoic hurled an ax up at the rather large Monstrous Nightmare, but sadly he missed. He then noticed a wooden cart right next to him. He grabbed the cart with ease and hurled it over his head and hit a dragon knocking it out of the sky. There was a sudden explosion caused by a blast from a Zippelback. Many of the Vikings ducked or hide under there shields. But Stoic stood tall and proud as a random Hooligan soldier came up to him.

"What have we got?"

"Gronckle's, Nadder's, Zippelback's, you just plucked a Monstrous Nightmare, and Hoark thinks he saw a Night Fury though!"

"Any sign of it?"

"Not so far?"

"Good..."

A small bit of flaming debris hit Stoic the Vast, he thought of it as nothing as he slowly brushed it off. Stoic looked at his massive tribe as he screamed in a thunderous voice.

"Hoist the Torches!"

As Stoic the Vast said those words, massive flaming braziers were raised onto poles; they lit up the Night Sky to reveal the dragon army that circled the isle of Berk. They swirled around the Viking Village shrieking in Dragonese with various dragon curses. As that was going on, the Young Hooligans watched the battle unfolds; they wished they were involved in that dragon fight and not being forced to put out the seemingly inextinguishable fires. Snotlout smiled as the downed Monstrous Nightmare Stoic plucked from the sky struggled to get its way out of the bolas that ensnared it. Snotface Snotlout looked at Dogsbreath the Duhbrain.

"You got the weapons?"

"Uhâ€|yeahâ€|stole e'm from me dad, just like ya said I should."

Snotlout smiled a happy grin as Dogsbreath revealed a bag filled with swords, axes and spears. The Black haired boy smiled as he grabbed a shiny silver Ax out of the bag and admired his disgusting reflection.

The other Hooligans looked on in a combination of envy and confusion. Fishlegs asked.

"What are ya gonna do with those?"

Snotlout swelled up with pride.

"I'm gonna kill my first dragon tonightâ€|unlike you all I have chiefly duties."

Half of the young Hooligans jeered Snotlout on, the others groaned and sighed annoyed. Fishlegs then said.

"But Snotlout, you can't kill a dragon because-

Snotlout raised the ax's blade against Fishlegs's fat chin.

"What was that Fishlegs!? It sounded like you were trying to tell me, Snotface Snotlout what to doâ€|or am I mistaken."

Fishlegs shock a bit as his body trembled a bit, he forced a worried smile.

"W-wh-hat? Wh-oo me no-o, Snot-lout I wouldn't dream of itâ€!"

Snotlout smiled as he looked over at Dogsbreath the Duhbrain.

"Goodâ€|that's what I thoughtâ€|now bash him Dogsbreath!"

Dogsbreath the Duhbrain then smashed Fishlegs into the ground with one of his fat muscly hands. Nobody defended Fishlegs, Snotlout wouldn't allow it. Also nobody really liked Fishlegs all that much. Snotlout then said.

"If anyone wants to join me in killing some dragons, then come with me."

Snotlout motioned for people to join him, his gang followed happily as Dogsbreath handed them maces, swords and other weapons of that nature. The twins were hesitant, but eventually they joined Snotlout and his gang. Astrid, who personally hated Snotlout the most, even joined. But that was mostly because she just wanted to kill something. Fishlegs was the only one left to put out the various fires that seemed to just be continually piling up one after another just Fishlegs sighed as he muttered under his breath in annoyance.

"Morons. I'm surrounded by morons and complete seaweed for brainsâ€!"

Fishlegs sighed as he grabbed another bucket of water and ran toward a fire. Meanwhile, Hiccup watched destruction rain down upon the Hooligan Village from the back of the Night Fury. Hiccup smiled from above, he was enjoying watching his family in action. They had just over run the town, swarming like insects over the food and livestock, snatching up Yaks and Sheep, while burning the beards and nose hairs of the Hairy Hooligans. The Night Fury had yet to enter the battle; Hiccup and the Night Fury were still busy coordinating from the

shadows of the sky. Even with Hiccup's flaming sword lit, it was still nearly impossible to spot the Night Fury from the sky. He watched as Chief Stoic the Vast barked orders at his tribesmen.

"Move to the Lower Defenses! We'll counter attack with the Catapults!"

The Hooligan Chief yelled at the top of his lungs as his tribesmen began to load the various catapults with boulders dipped in some flammable material. They began to launch them at the attacking dragons, but many of the dragons were too quick and nimble to get hit by those failing rocks. In fact the catapult fire did more harm than good if anything as they slammed into many of the Hooligan Huts completely destroying some of them. Armed men and women began to scatter, some carrying livestock to safety others charging forward armed with swords and spears. Gobber the Belch stepped forward with a bola in his one good hand; he tossed one at a nearby Gronckle who was firing a blast of lava from its hideous corpse like face. It burned down one of the food storage huts, Gobber sighed annoyed, Fishlegs came to deal with a massive fire. He tossed a pathetically small amount of water on the flames, and it hardly affected the raging fire. The Blacksmith switched a wooden hammer onto his false hand for an ax hand. Gobber in confused anger waddled over to Fishlegs as he fought tooth and claw against some of Nadder's who were trying to steal some food from the rising flames.

"Where in Thor and Odin's name is the rest of the Fire Brigade?!"

Gobber said as he crossed his arms in anger, Fishlegs again was hesitant but managed to stammer out.

"Well you see Snotlout-

"Snotlout!? SNOTLOUT!?"

Gobber yelled instantly getting Fishlegs's dilemma. The Blacksmith sighed, he then ordered Fishlegs to.

"Man the fort Fishlegs, and don't do anything stupid like you're fellow mates!"

"Ok-kay Gobber!"

Gobber paused and looked Fishlegs in the eyes.

"Stay. Put. There. You know what I mean."

Gobber said as he ran frantically over to the catapults to warn Stoic the Vast of the Young Hooligans latest fiasco. Meanwhile Snotlout and the rest of young Hooligans made their way to the fallen Monstrous Nightmare. It had landed next to a cliff-side; there was no escape for the squirming dragon. Many of them couldn't believe there eyes, none of them had ever by this close to a dragon before. It's one thing when you're a few hundred feet away just looking at it from the ground as the mighty beast flies through the sky. But an entirely different thing when you see one up close, all of them eyed the dragon waiting to kill it. Why were the Young Hooligans so eager to kill this dragon? Status, killing a dragon was everything on Berk.

Killing a Deadly Nadder was sure to get you noticed, they were nimble and light on their feet. A pack of them were currently raiding a food storage hut, shrieking like seagulls at some of the fleeing Vikings. Shooting cruel Dragonese insults at the barbarians. The Nadder's began to climb and fly up the food storage building as they tore the roof of the hut. Sheep and other livestock began to pour out from the doors and scatter away. Elsewhere, the Gronckle's began snatching up drying racks of fish. Gronckle's were tough, killing one of those would definitely get you a girlfriendâ€|or possibly a boyfriendâ€|Meanwhile, a Stealthy Zippleback lurked through the shadows and peered its two heads over a rooftop, breathing in its green venomous gas down a chimney. Zippleback's were exotic, two heads, twice the status. The second head pocks through the front door and sparks the gas. A massive colorful explosion takes place that the Zippleback flew through. The twin dragon flies past Stoic the Vast as he climbs to the very top of one of the elevated Catapults. He looked down at the destruction in his town, Berk was used to this, the town had been there for generations and every house was new. Why because when the Vikings were fighting themselves or the dragons, they were busy repairing their homes that would often get destroyed in battles like these. Anyway Stoic looked down and he saw his brother Spitelout, he pointed a far to the Deadly Nadder's.

"They found the sheep!"

"Concentrate fire over the lower bank!"

Stoic yelled to the catapult operators. They quickly aimed and waited to take fire. With a frustrated look on his reddening face, Stoic screamed.

"FIRE!"

Boulders are then catapulted at the corralling Nadder's as they fought over the fleeing sheep. Just after Stoic gave that order, a Red Monstrous Nightmare latched itself onto the Catapult Tower, its body ignited with a napalm-like gas. It sprayed its fire onto the base of the Catapult it began to climb up to the top. Monstrous Nightmares were vicious and they had this nasty habit of setting themselves on fire. Only the toughest of Vikings went after them. From the scorching flames of the war catapult, the Monstrous Nightmare emerges.

"RELOAD! I'll take care of this oneâ€|"

Stoic said as he readied a war hammer in his thick muscular fingers. He then takes on the Monstrous Nightmare, face to hammer. The Viking Chief and suddenly a ballistic moaning is heard overhead. It's a terrifying shriek that only belonged to one dragon. One dragon that only a select few have seen and lived to tell the tale. The catapult crew ducked. This dragon was the ultimate prizeâ€|it's called the-

"NIGHT FURY! GET DOWN!"

Vikings everywhere took shelter as the fierce moaning sound builds that dreaded sound ran in their ears. Even the dragons stopped for a moment, the Monstrous Nightmare looked onto the skies above. Then it stopped fighting Stoic all together and flew off. Stoic looked skyward, he saw the dim light of a flaming sword, he grit his teeth

in absolute rage. The catapult is then hit by a bright blue fire blast, it's engulfed in flames. Almost as if a high caliber shell hit the war machine. Stoic and the crew operating the catapult leaped off for their lives. The shrill shriek of the Night Fury then left everyone's ears. A Night Fury was the unholy offspring of Lighting and Death itself, not to be trifled with. The catapult tower that the dragon burned down was now a crippled skeleton of its former self. Night Fury's never steal food, they never show themselves and they never, ever miss. They're like the cruel dark general of the dark twisted horde of dragons. No one has ever killed a Night Fury. The only thing above a Night Fury was the Alpha Class, the Seadragonus Giganticus Maximus, the Bewilderbeast; those ridiculously huge types of dragons were the only thing stopping a Night Fury. Other than that, you pretty screwed if ya met one of the dark blue devils. Hiccup looked down at the chaos unfolding in the Viking village below. He smiled for a bit, but then out of the corner of his eyes, the prince saw the ensnared Monstrous Nightmare and the Viking teenagers circling it. Anger grew in his emerald green eyes, he then said to the Night Fury.

"_Bud |send me down, I have some maggots to meet."_

Hiccup said with a smile forming under his mask. The Night Fury glanced down to see his fallen Prince sheathed his flaming sword, the fire of the blade extinguished.

"_Go|be safe human."_

The Prince's smile only grew as he teen literally jumped off the Night Fury, a Deadly Nadder who had listened in on the whole conversation watched with the Night Fury as Hiccup fell to the ground.

"_Humans|there all mad as mackerel aren't they?"_

"_They are|they really are."_

"_And that one is the craziest of them all."_

"_He's different|not crazy."_

The Night Fury said with a vague smile, the two dragons then separated and went to go aid their comrades in the fight. Hiccup continued to fall, he sheathed his fire sword in a spare casing he had on suit. This put the flames that encompassed the sword out as Hiccup descended. Then he stretched out his arms and legs, a glider-like contraption formed. It was almost like watching a flying squirrel. Hiccup, the Prince of Dragons was gliding through the air in a wing suit-like contraption he invented. He did this to be more like his family; Hiccup would do anything to be more like them. Hiccup's landing was soft and silent, he retracted the long sleek parts of his glider and then looked to see he was just behind the gang of murderous young Hooligan's. He looked to see Snotlout holding a sword dangerously close to the Monstrous Nightmare's right eye. The dragon was squirming and snarling defeated as well as moaning a little bit pathetically. But neither Snotlout, nor the rest of Hooligans showed any remorse, they just wanted that dragon dead.

"This I'll be awesome."

Snotlout said with a mad glint in his eyes. Snotface Snotlout's gang egged him on.

"Kill that dragon."

Yelled Wartihog.

"Stab it in the arse!"

Demanding Speedyfist.

"Kill it slowly."

Dogsbreath the Duhbrain yelled.

"Rip it's wings off!"

"Eat it's brains."

Yelled the Terrible Twins. Astrid only watched in anticipation for the dragon to die. Hiccup then sneakily grabbed a club out of Dogsbreath's bag of weapons. Nobody noticed Hiccup, they were far to fixated on the dragon. This gave Hiccup ample more time to get behind Snotlout and bash him in the back of the head with said club. Snotface Snotlout then fell to the ground, he was out cold. The rest of the impressionable young Hooligans backed away from Hiccup swiftly; they were now just noticing him. Hiccup smiled under his mask.

"Hello friendsâ€| I was just wondering, what do you think you're doing to this dragon?"

Hiccup said in Norse, smugly as he glared at the Young Hooligans alarmed faces, he indulged in there fear. They're eyes said it all, '_that's the Prince of Dragons, he's here to kill us'...It was funny him, just the amount of fear and respect Hiccup got whenever he was on a raid. It was almost like he was a celebrity for chaos and destruction.

"Soâ€|no answersâ€|oh wellâ€| "

The Prince said as he unsheathed his sword and slashed through the bola's containing the Monstrous Nightmare. The Dragon then screamed a deadening shriek at the young Hooligans, and then it flared up with fire. Some of the young Hooligans began to run away, this included Dogsbreath the Duhbrain, Speedyfist and Wartihog. But as the Nightmare was just about to chase them around Berk, Hiccup let out his hand.

"_Don't worry; I got thisâ€|go help those Nadder's over there."

—

Hiccup said in Dragonese as he pointing over to the Deadly Nadder's where still trying to capture all the sheep. The Monstrous Nightmare nodded, licked Hiccup and then flew off to help the Nadder's. The Prince smiled again as looked at the remaining Young Hooligans scared, but fascinated faces. They seemed to find the shrill shrieks and popping noises of Dragonese terrifying but at the same time impressive. Also he was just licked by a Monstrous Nightmare like it

was a common house pet, that was terrifying. The Prince went on.

"So, it was nice meeting you all but I really need to go, duty calls."

But sadly, Hiccup did not make it out that easy. To be honest, the Prince could have hit Snotlout on the head a little harder on the head. Seeing how now, the Jorgenson boy was beginning to wake up from his state of unconsciousness, and he woke up mad. He grabbed Hiccup by one of his ankles while he was still on the cold dark ground. Then Snotlout reached for a nearby sword and tried to behead Hiccup. But Hiccup managed to block Snotlout with his flashpoint sword. He smiled again under his mask.

"Oh, how ya doing Mackerel Face? I was hoping you'd be out for the count."

"I'm gonna kill you!"

Snotlout said as he began to violently slash against Hiccup's flame sword. But Hiccup only continued to block his attacks. Then Hiccup kicked Snotlout in the shins, the Jorgenson then keeled over in pain. Snotlout then cried.

"Somebody bash him!"

Snotlout yelled as he looked for his gang of thugs, but then he got red in the face when he saw that they were all fleeing from the fight. Other than Snotlout, the only other young Hooligans there were the Terrible Twins and Astrid. Hiccup tried to walk away but then he stopped dead in his tracks when Astrid threw an ax at his head. They stood only about ten feet away from each other, again the Prince sighed.

"I don't have time to deal with you guysâ€¦ I have a family to aid."

Astrid picked up another ax and was ready to throw it at Hiccup. Hiccup only rolled his eyes, but he didn't seem to notice that the Terrible Twins were busy circling him from the sides. They only wielded their fists and they both stood across from each other, with Hiccup in the middle. The Prince then said.

"What ya think you're gonna do with that?"

Astrid didn't say anything as she only clenched the ax tighter. Hiccup chuckled lightheartedly.

"You're not much of a talker are you, that's a pity, I like a little sass' in a lass."

As Hiccup said those final words, the twins then charged at Hiccup, crying the fierce Hooligan War Cry. But even though Hiccup didn't notice them until that moment, he just walked closer to Astrid and turned to watch the twins ram into each other. Their metal hats clanked and they both seemed to have concussions.

"I see stars."

Ruffnut said dizzily before she fell into unconsciousness and collapsed to the ground

"I do toâ€œit's so beautiful."

Tuffnut said as he tripped on his own two feet, slipped into unconsciousness, and fell onto of his sister. Hiccup then said.

"Well that was unexpected, well I best be on my way."

Astrid then charged at Hiccup with her ax, the Prince only barely managed to barely block her attack mostly because he didn't want to fight her. The Prince sighed as he countered Astrid's swing with the destroyers defense.

"Ya know lass, I'm sure you're nice and all that, but I don't have time for this."

"What's wrong?! Ya scared to fight a girl!?"

Astrid said very pleased with herself. The Prince's grin grew astronomically under his cowl, Hiccup put his hand over his heart.

"Now that hurts, that really hurtsâ€œ!"

Hiccup said with false sadness as he raised his sword, then he approached the ever growing flames that were beginning to surround the entire village of Berk. His sword then lit up with a beautiful orange glow.

"And it seems I was wrong, you do have a lot sass for a lass. I like it."

The Prince said tauntingly, Astrid seemed to be getting red in the face; it was hard to tell if she was blushing or if she was just incredibly annoyed. Hiccup then bowed.

"May I have this dance my lady?"

Hiccup said in a deliberately self-righteous mocking tone, Astrid went ballistic. She charged and began to swipe away at Hiccup. But Hiccup was surprisingly quick on his feet and he talked constantly.

"Too slow, nice try, keep at."

The Prince jeered having the time of his life as he dodged Astrid's blows. Hiccup then drew his blade and began to parry Astrid's blows. He seemed to be somewhat impressed; Astrid was good with just about any weapon. Especially the ax, in fact Hiccup was having a reasonably hard time blocking all of Astrid's attacks.

"Oh, I see ya know the Grimbeards Grapple, and the Flash cut lunge. I must say you are quite good at this. Why don't you try the Dead Man's Gambit, I hear it works just as good with an ax as it does with a sword."

Hiccup went on and on and on. He even managed to ask about Astrid's

mental state and physical health. After about a minute of Hiccup constantly talking, Astrid had enough. She managed to pin Hiccup up against the side of someone's house and she tried to chop his head off. Astrid was now sweating all over and Hiccup it seemed and not even broken a sweat at all during this fight. Hiccup looked at her frustration, he thought it was hilarious.

"Maybe you're not cut out to a Shield Maiden, maybe you'd be better as a housewife."

Grinding her teeth in rage Astrid began to slash randomly as the Prince nimbly avoided each lunge.

"I'll show you!"

The Astrid said, the Prince still held a smug confident smile under his mask. This girl was his kind of girl, attractive, a decent fighter and easy to rile up.

"You know, I could take you home with me...you'd make a beautiful bride..."

The Prince said as he looked over the Hofferson girl's body. If Astrid was pissed off before, she was literally boiling with anger now. She slashed her ax down hard, but again Hiccup dodged her blow. With a loud thump, Astrid got her ax caught in the side of the house. With all of her might, the Hofferson Girl tried to pull the Ax out but she couldn't.

"Jee, you sure showed me."

Hiccup watched her desperation as she tried to pull the ax out of the side of the house. The Prince then folded his arms for a moment and said.

"Oh please take your time, I'm hourly."

Astrid then gave up on the ax and tried to punch Hiccup. Needless to say, it didn't work and Hiccup ended up pinning Astrid against the wall. His flaming blade to her throat, she tried to squirm out but Hiccup only inched the blazing blade closer to her neck.

"Well that was funâ€|there's nothing more charming then someone who can muster up a good fight."

Astrid then spit in his mask. Hiccup wiped away the saliva with his free hand.

"You don't know who I am, do you?"

"You're the Thor forsaken Prince, and I'm gonna kill you."

"Good luck with that, well I must be off. Duty calls."

"You cowardly son of a half-troll! If you had any self-pride you'd kill me now, you pathetic hermit crab!"

Hiccup was shocked by Astrid's outburst, her pride was damaged and she seemed to only want to be saved from the embarrassment.

"Why? Why should I kill you?"

Astrid gave a puzzled look. Hiccup again with his free hand motioned to the epic battle as Dragons swooped down onto the Hairy Hooligans.

"You see those dragons you call 'Monsters', the things you want to kill for fun? They're my family, and if I'm right you have one to, the worst thing I could ever do is kill you. That's unfair, to both you and your family, consider yourself lucky you and you're friends didn't kill that Nightmare. Or else, you would be in that place called Valhalla with a set of wings and a halo."

Hiccup said as he sheathed his flaming sword, he then watched as Astrid pathetically tried to collect her ax.

"Consider yourself lucky I'm only showing you this mercy but don't take it to heart lass."

The Prince only smiled under his mask, he knew that girl wasn't foolish enough to attack him again. Besides, her pride was damaged; she didn't have the guts to do anything other then wallow in her sorrow. Hiccup then started to sprint over to where the main battle was taking place. He charged in crying a war cry similar to a Night Fury and went into battle some of the tougher brutes the Hooligan Tribe had to offer. He climbed his way to the top of somebodies burning house, along the way finding a stray crossbow.

"C'mon give me something to shoot at..."

Carefully, Hiccup took aim and kept watch over the pack of Nadder's like a guardian angel. As that was going on, the Nadder's had now finally cornered the herd of sheep. The unsuspecting pack of Nadder's then began to circle the herd, getting ready to pounce. But then Chief Stoic the Vast and some of the other Vikings appeared, they then threw a couple of fishnets over the dragons. The Nadder's are caught like flies in a spiders web, they tried to squirm out of netting or breathe there fire. But the Hooligans came at them so fast; the dragons could hardly do anything. The Vikings were dog piling onto the Dragons holding their mouths shut and wrapping there thick arms around the dragon's heads. One Nadder managed to shot a blast of fire out through the netting, but Stoic managed to hold its jaws shut.

"Mind yourself! The Devil's still got some juice in e'm!"

Stoic yelled at the top of his lungs. But then to his dismay, someone began to shoot flaming arrows at the pack of ensnared dragons. The Hooligans looked up to see the Prince firing arrows out of a crossbow in one hand while parrying the blows of two other Vikings with his sword. Hiccup fought bravely, but sadly, he was not invincible. Yes, he the talent of a Flash Master, some the most elite Viking Swordsmen known to man, but again he wasn't a fierce dragon. He was a human, and he could only do so much. Spitelout and some other Vikings armed themselves with crossbows. They had been shooting dragons out of the sky all night, but tonight they were going to bring down someone who had brought them so much misery.

"Is he in your sights?"

"Clear as fish eggs are fish eggs."

"Fire!"

Spitelout yelled as he and three other Hooligans fired off four arrows. Two of them missed Hiccup completely, but the other two slammed into Hiccup's armor. One of them barely even scratched Hiccup, the other one slammed deep into his chest and past one of his ribs. Hiccup was silent for a moment; it's almost as if he wasn't exactly sure what had happened. The Prince dropped his crossbow. He coughed up some blood as Hiccup clench the wound in order to try and keep pressure on it. Still, Hiccup press on through the horrible pain, he fought bravely as he just barely parried flash cuts and quick lunges. He was constantly pushed back against the roof of the burning building. Now, let's just leave Hiccup for a moment and again focus on the young Viking recruits. Astrid who was still very irritated by her loss against the Prince was beginning to collect the recruits still there. She looked at the Terrible Twins who were both still unconscious. Her face turned bitter and with her size 13 boots, she started to kick Ruffnut and Tuffnut screaming.

"GET UP!"

After a few hard kicks the Twins woke up, they jumped back up and stretched a couple of times.

"Nothing like a good power nap."

Tuffnut said as he cracked his knuckles a few times. Ruffnut was turning her head in all directions, trying to get feeling back in her neck. Astrid crossed her arms annoyed as she glanced down at Snotlout, the Jorgenson let out a hand and said.

"A little help here? I'll remember this when I'm chiefâ€|"

Astrid then spit on her palm and 'happily' lifted Snotlout up. Snotlout wiped the saliva on his vest.

"Thanksâ€|"

He said, Snotlout looked around.

"Where did that freak go?"

The Twins simultaneously shrugged there slouching shoulders. Astrid grit her teeth as she then said.

"That Mouton head!? Off to 'help his family'â€|"

Everyone eyed Astrid wearily.

"What?"

Astrid said in confused annoyance. Snotlout then said.

"You talked to him?"

"Not willingly, he just wouldn't shut up."

"Somebody's in loveâ€|"

Ruffnut said with a goofy grin.

"Is it me?"

Tuffnut said as he pointed to himself, Astrid folded her arms and glanced away debating whether or not she should punch Ruffnut in the face. Snotlout punched his fist into his other hand and then he said.

"Did that guy mess with you, Astrid?"

Snotlout asked, he always had a crush on Astrid.

"Mark my words, I'll kill that lipid eating rube the next time I see him I'll-

Snotlout went on for the next five minutes; it seemed his bark was much worse than his bite. But as Snotlout continued to rant, a dark red Monstrous Nightmare crept up behind the young Hooligans. It was the same Nightmare from earlier, wanting to get some revenge on the fools that just attempted to kill him. It climbed the cliff where it had fallen. It snarled menacingly causing all of the Young Hooligans to turn to face the dragon. They starred into its eyes, and then quickly ran away screaming. They seemed to have forgotten about the bag of weapons they had brought. Stoic the Vast looked over to see four Viking Teenagers running toward the central plaza. Alarmed, Stoic abandons the Deadly Nadder's and runs off to help the Young Vikings. (Rule #1 of being a Viking Chief; never abandon any member of your tribe, no matter how stupid they may be). The Chief let out a sigh before looking back at his men.

"Don't let them escape!"

The Chief yelled back as he ran off. Meanwhile Hiccup was still in a difficult situation he was losing blood fast and if you peeled back his mask you could see his face getting paler. The blood loss was even starting to affect Hiccup's fighting. He was starting to slip, his defensive stance was weakening and his swings became sloppy. Hiccup reached the edge of the house with two Vikings standing over him. He tripped under a loose piece of roofing, then Hiccup fell down hard. The two Hooligans then said calmly.

"It's over boyâ€|"

"Ya got nowhere to run, now just come with us and well make sure you're all betterâ€|"

Hiccup didn't believe them, he'd heard those words before when people had beaten, and battered him. Early on, when Hiccup was first starting out dragon raids, he was often brought back to the cave with broken bones and a bloody mug. But after years of fighting, Hiccup learned to take the beating, Hel, he learned to love the beating. Hiccup smiled under his mask, he tried to stand up, swallowing his pride and a few drops of his own blood leaking from his mouth. He sheathed his flaming sword, its blaze extinguished.

"I know when I've been bested, at least let my family go freeâ€|"

"What?"

"The Dragonsâ€| let them goâ€| now."

Hiccup said with clear anger in his weakening voice. The two Vikings shock their heads.

"We can't do that boyâ€| "

"He's the bloody Prince, he's a mere servant to those unholy thingsâ€| I say we kill him nowâ€| "

"You're right, there's a bounty on his head right."

"Yeah."

The Two Vikings said maliciously, greed in their eyes. But then the ballistic moaning of the Night Fury came into their ears. Hiccup smiled, he then limped over to the edge burning house and jumped off. To the astonishment of the two Vikings, Hiccup landed on the speeding Night Fury. The Night Fury flew up into the night sky. Hiccup smiled, he then breathed.

"_Thanks Bud, a few more seconds and I would've been deadâ€| "

—

Hiccup said in Dragonese, the Night Fury responded with a hefty sigh.

"_You're gonna be the death of me ya know that?"_

"_C'mon, I didn't do that badly tonightâ€| I got to meet some lovely people."_

A bola then passed the Night Fury and the Prince. The Night Fury made an immediate dead stop in the air.

"_WOW! Watch out Bud!"_

Some of the Vikings began to randomly toss bola's into the air, just hoping to hit a dragon. The Catapult towers were all destroyed, and dragons were still swarming all over Berk. So this was there last option. Through sheer blind luck, a couple of the bola's managed to wrap their way around the Night Fury and Hiccup. The Night Fury snarled one last dreading cry as it descended down.

"_Come on! Break Free! You can do it!"_

"_Brace yourself humanâ€| this isn't going to be pretty"'_

The Night Fury said trying to stay calm. Hiccup held on for dear life as the Night Fury swirled out of control. Then, they slammed into the nearby dense forest on Berk. Nobody seemed to notice though, the skies where to black with darkness. The dragons couldn't believe it, they're leader they pride and joy the pack was now seemingly dead. As well as Hiccup, probably the only human who was worth anything to the dragons. A few of straggler dragons flew hesitantly, unsure of whether or not to go after the Night Fury. But ultimately, they decided against that as more bola's and arrows began to be flung into the , the Viking teens were still scattering away like sheep as the

Monstrous Nightmare chased them relentlessly. Other Vikings scattered away as the Monstrous Nightmare fired off another fatal blast. The dragons napalm-like fire splashed onto even more buildings burning even more of the town, the Young Hooligans duck behind a pole as that was only shelter that wasn't on fire. They all peer around to see no sigh of the Nightmare, the Young Vikings turn back to see the Nightmare leering at them. The Nightmare blocked there escape, it sniffed the Hooligans and snorted black smoke. Then it took in a deep breathe it was getting ready to fire. Suddenly, Stoic the Vast leaped in tackling the Nightmare to the ground. Stoic and the Monstrous Nightmare tumbled and rolled down to another part of the plaza. Wrestling every step of the way. The Nightmares tries to fire off another round of fire, but only coughs up some smoke rings. Chief Stoic the Vast smiled.

"You're all out!"

The Nightmare trembled a bit; dragons had a limited number of shots. Meaning they could only fire off a certain number of fire blasts before they couldn't fire any more. Stoic then began to smash the Nightmare's face in repeatedly with his trusty hammer. After a few good swings, the Monstrous Nightmare backed off; it flew off and began to retreat. Winded, Stoic turns to face the cowering Young Vikings. Gobber arrives with Speedyfist, Wartihog and Dogsbreath all wrapped in one of the Blacksmiths meaty lobster like arms. He tossed them into the other group of cowering Young Hooligans. The townsfolk all looked at the younger generation with heads of shame and anger. To make matters worse, the pole that Snotlout, Astrid and the Terrible Twins were hiding behind collapsed. There was a giant burning blazer onto of the pole. The massive basket iron casing went tumbling down the hillside. Destroying everything it comes across as it goes and scattering the Hooligans who were holding down the netted Nadder's. The freed Nadder's escaped with every last sheep in the tow. They flew past the center of Berk with several sheep in the tow. With that, the dragons fled, it was a victory not worth celebrating though. They had lost two members of the pack. But still the raid was finished, and the dragons had clearly won. The Murmuring crowd eyed the Young Vikings and Chief Stoic, expecting punishment. Snotlout looked down at his bronze tipped sandals and said.

"We can explain, ya see-

The Chief took a deep breathe in and said.

"The Great Hall, now, bring your parents! you're all about to be disciplined!"

Stoic said with great rage, the Young Vikings groaned and sighed in anger.

* * *

><p>Authors Note:

**Hey Guys, Nobody'sHero98 here and I just wanna say thank you all you beautiful people. Now I'm happy to say that the Next update will be Oct. 12. Thank you all you beautiful people, and I just wanna say yes Hiccup is a little self-righteous and arrogant at first. It was a new approach to the character but he won't be like that forever. I'm not gonna have him be that arrogant jerk who never learns and thinks

he's always right. Now as you can all probably see, I borrow a lot from the movie but I'm still gonna have a lot of original parts and parts from the book but just with my own spin. Also I just wanna get this out there. I wish the books and the movies would combine. I just wish somebody in the future could remake this franchise. Not that the current one is bad, by no means. I love the movies and the books but if I had to choose I would personally go with the books. Somebody make that happen, somebody take the books mix them with the movies and release it. But we'll just have to wait until HTTYD 3. Which I hope is good, two was pretty good so yeah. Have a good day, yours, Nobody'sHero98. **

4. Chapter 4

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 4: Flying

BERK

That night on Berk after the tribe of Hairy Hooligans had been shamefully disgraced by the dragons, Stoic the Vast had demanded that the Young Hooligans of the tribe be brought to the Great Hall. He was very displeased with them, excluding Fishlegs who was actually doing his job. But thanks to the recklessness of the other Hooligan Half-wits, half of Berk had been turned to ash. Grant it, a good chunk of Berk was usually burned to the ground whenever a dragon attack took place. But this time, the Young Hooligans abandoned there post, to attempt to kill a dragon. Which resulted in the Half-wits leading a Monstrous Nightmare to the center of Berk and having said dragon burn the town square to pieces. There punishment had been decided, they were to be put on limpet rations for the next month or so. Limpets were a bit like worms and a bit like snot—but a lot less tasty than either. Dawn had just broken, and the Young Hooligans sat along the docks of Berk, wishing they were somewhere else. I mean when you're disgraced, shunned and only have a meal of terrible limpets to look forward to for the next month or so, it's kind of hard to be grateful for what you have. Fishlegs was there also, even though he was kind of the outcast of the group, he still tried to be friendly to everyone. Fishlegs smiled as he sniffed a freshly cooked cod fish.

"It must suck for you guys, nothing but a meal of terrible limpets to look forward to for a month or so."

"Shut up Fishlegs."

Snotlout said annoyed as he glanced down at his meal of limpets. Fishlegs kinda wanted to get back at Snotlout, so while everyone was eating a breakfast of wretched limpets. Fishlegs was eating a nice freshly cooked Icelandic Cod. Snotlout and his gang eyed the Cod hungrily as their stomachs growled with hunger. Limpets also weren't the most fulfilling of meals. Tuffnut looked down as Limpets and sighed.

"What I'd give for some nice calamari."

"Or yak jerky."

Ruffnut responded.

"Yeahâ€|I mean what else can you do with this stuff."

The Twins looked at each other, their 'ingenious' minds lit up. Ruffnut and Tuffnut found a different purpose for the disgusting slimy limpets. They were happily throwing them at one another laughing and mocking each other's misfortune. Astrid couldn't eat though; she was still too angry about what had happened last night. Bested by a fool, a self-righteous fool at that. The Prince had made a mockery of Astrid and taken away a good portion of her pride. She kept looking out at the open sea and the voice of the prince would be there taunting her.

"_I have an idea for ya lass, why don't ya swim after me and we can fight man toâ€|girlâ€|_"

Astrid tossed her bowl of limpets out into the open sea. She then got up and walked away. The group of misfits looked on unsure of her personal dilemma, Speedyfist then asked.

"What's her problem?"

"I think she's angryâ€|"

Dogsbreath the Duhbrain said as he quickly scarfed down his bowl of limpets. Speedyfist replied.

"Well I know that, but why?"

Dogsbreath shrugged his thick shoulders, Snotlout then said.

"She's just trying to deal with the fact that I'll be chief one day, I understand, takes a little time understand greatest when ya see it."

Snotlout smugly said as he flexed his fat hairy muscles. While Snotlout's gang of miscreants' gave happy commentary at Snotlout's 'manliness'. Fishlegs rolled his eyes as he plopped a bit of Icelandic Cod in his mouth. Tuffnut and Ruffnut continued to fight one another. Meanwhile Astrid had made her way to her secluded training grounds hidden in the woodlands. Astrid usually went there to burn off steam, she would often leave behind her second favorite ax there so she wouldn't go back and forth between her house and here. Anyway she'd a large oak tree with several large gashes that Astrid had made herself. Then she violently tossed her ax at the tree, it slammed into the Oak tree causing another large gash. But that wasn't good enough for her. As quickly as possible, she ran up to the tree and grabbed the ax, then she began to chop down the tree with all her might. After much effort and deliberation, she had done it. Astrid watched in satisfaction as the tree fell to the ground with a loud 'Thud'. She smiled for a second, but her joy was cut short by the obnoxious Prince of Dragons' voice enter her ears.

"_Good job, you chopped down a tree in a month you'll be ready to fight a man with no arms. I'm so proud of ya lass."_

Astrid screamed in annoyance. She stomped her foot to the ground in anger. She then thought to herself.

"_Damn that weak plankton nimrod! Why is so annoying, so stupid, I just wanna rub that smug little attitude off his filthy dark mask. I mean why does he have to be so annoying, so pretentiousâ€|so cuteâ€|" _

Astrid blushed then she shook her head violently, enraged by her last thought.

_ "Conflicted, eh lass? You know the proposal still stands...don't worry, I don't bite..." _

The Hofferson Girl then slammed the ax against a tree and angrily made her way back to the village, the voice of the Prince still pestering her.

* * *

><p>THE GREAT HALL</p>

There was much uproar in the Great Hall that morning, people were feed up with these dragon raids. They surrounded a glowing fire hole that lit up the whole dark chamber. Stoic the Vast stood there, listening to the complaints of his fellow Vikings. The yelling was insufferable, but the Chief managed to remain calm and collected as the war cries continued. Chief Stoic the Vast slammed his fist against the stone outline of the fire pit.

"Enough! Either we finish them or they'll finish us! It's the only way we'll be rid of them! If we find the nest and destroy it! The dragons will leave, and find a new home!"

Stoic the Vast said as he drew a finely decorated blade and then stabbed it into the well decorated map of the Barbaric Archipelago. It was spread out on a table near the fire pit, the map was very basic with all the tribe on their respected islands. In the corner were Stoic had pierced with his sword was the uncharted zone. It was a swirling misty area with painted Sea Monsters and Dragons. Stoic looked at his tribesmen, with a determined face he said.

"One more search. Before the ice sets inâ€|"

The Hairy Hooligans looked around unsure, Spitelout voiced the general concern.

"Those ships never come back Stoicâ€|"

Stoic sighed.

"We're Vikings, it's an occupational hazard. Now who's with me?"

Stoic threw his fist in the air, trying to rally the Hooligans. But sadly no one seemed to follow Stoic's lead, the crowd went into a restless silence; they scratched their heads, averted their eyes, and even blissfully whistled. Some people even muttered excuses like.

"Today's not good for me."

"My Aunt is sickâ€|"

"I've gotta do my ax returnsâ€|"

Stoic nodded slowly.

"Alright, those who stay get to look after the Young Hooligans."

Frantically everyone's hands lifted into the hair, volunteers popped up like crazy. Silence was replaced by sheer enthusiastic. Murmurs of preparation and packing filled the room. Most of the Vikings left the room and rushed merrily out the door. Nobody wanted to look after the Young Hooligans after that fiasco last night. Even Gobber the Belch was anxious to go. He chucked down the last drops of mead from a mug attachment.

"I'll pack my undies."

Gobber said, but before he could get up Stoic stopped him.

"No, I need you to stay and train some new recruits. I don't want another fiasco like last night. For Thor's sake, they burned down half the village."

"Oh perfect, I'll finally be able to teach a new generation everything I know."

Gobber said happily, he seemed to be plaining out the 'lessons' in his head. Most of them involved deathly situations and someone losing a limb or two.

"Just try to make sure they won't lose any fingers, I don't want tell the parents that there child is gonna have a hook for a hand for the rest of their lifeâ€|no offense."

Gobber raised his prophetic mug hand.

"None taken and besides, hooks are great for opening oysters and what not."

Stoic sat down next to Gobber his brow burdened.

"I'm serious Gobber; I need you to straighten them outâ€|"

"I hear ya, I hear yaâ€|but c'mon there just kids, cut e'm some slack."

Chief Stoic grunted annoyed.

"Ya see, right there, that's the problem right there, they're kids, but in a few month's they'll be Vikingsâ€|"

"Oh here we go again."

Gobber the Belch grumbled. He had heard this same story a thousand times.

"When I was a boyâ€|my father told me to bang my head against a rock, and I did it. I thought he was crazy, but I did it. I thought it was crazy, but I didn't question him, and ya know what happened."

Gobber sighed uninterested.

"You got a headache."

"That rock split in two. It taught me what a Viking could do, Gobber. He could crush mountains, tame seas! Even as a boy I knew what I was, but those fools out there, they have the look of a Viking, but not the heart and soul. I need you to show them what they can become."

Gobber nodded in agreement.

"I'll straight e'm out."

Stoic replied with a very plain.

"Thank you."

"Always here to help."

Gobber said with a smile he then chuckled a bit.

"After all, we don't wanna repeat of last Thor's Day Thursday now do we?"

Stoic the Vast trembled a bit, the last Thor's day Thursday festivals where painful to say the least. The Thor's Day Thursday festivals happen once every seven years, usually around Tribesman initiation, and the last one was deadly. The tribes participating thought it would be an excellent idea to pin young Viking Warriors up against a Skrillâ€|in the middle of a lighting storm. It turned out exactly as you imagine, needless to say, nearly every young member of the various tribes died painful deaths or were seriously injured. It was very embarrassing for the chiefs of the tribe and sad for those who lost their kin. After Stoic's brief talk with Gobber the Belch, the Hooligan Chief began to make preparations for his expedition. He went back to his home and began to pack. Valka was there she was getting ready for dinner.

"How was Chiefling today dear?"

Valka asked absentmindedly, Stoic only groaned as he sat down at the dinner table. But not before heading into the cold storage and grabbing two large blocks of ice. He had a headache from today's shenanigans. The Shield Maiden set the table and glanced over at Stoic's ice blocks.

"Two block headache?"

"Yepâ€|"

"It was the young ones again wasn't it?"

"Yepâ€|They burned down half the villageâ€|again!"

Valka nodded, understanding Stoic dilemma and then placed down two bowls of oatmeal. She then sat on across from Stoic on the large round circular table. They both then grabbed the bowl and scarfed it down in one fast swig. He then looked at his wife, who had only just

started to eat her oatmeal. Stoic took a deep breathe inward.

"I'm going on another searchâ€|"

Stoic the Vast said meekly. Valka looked at her husband in disbelief.

"Again? Stoic the freeze is nearly-

"I know, I know, but Val, I need this, we need this, the tribe needs this."

Valka folded her arms in disgust and glared at Stoic.

"What Berk needs is a Chief, not a Warlord. Stoic, the Tribe has enough problems you don't need to-"

Stoic the Vast slammed his fist against the table and bellowed out.

"I'm the Chief of this tribe, I decided what's best!"

"It's suicide! Those ships never come back and you know itâ€|"

Valka said raising her voice, Stoic backed off a bit. The Shield Maiden then looked sympathetically into Stoic's eyes. She sighed.

"Stoicâ€|what's this really about?"

For a moment Stoic the Vast was silent. He then slowly said.

"I've been thinking about him latelyâ€|"

Valka to fell silent, Stoic then laughed softly.

"I've been thinking of what those dragons did to that fleetâ€|and what the Roman's did to my son. I guessâ€|I'm still trying to save himâ€|"

The Chief said with a smile, he then slowly got up and walked over to Valka. He knelt down next to her.

"I need this. For every dragon I kill I feel closure, and any more, I could use some of that."

Valka looked down to the ground as Stoic grabbed her dainty smooth hands. The Shield Maiden glanced up at her husband.

"Stoicâ€|it's not the dragons fault it was the Romans who stole him from us. You're gonna get yourself killed if ya keep going out thereâ€|is that what he would of wanted?"

Stoic bobbed his head back and forth in disapproval.

"He would have been a Viking. He would have gone into battle shouting the Hooligan War cry fighting of ten dragons with his bare hands."

Stoic the Vast said with a smile, he would often of imagined his son

as this larger than life war hero that he should have beenâ€|Valka slowly nodded her head as she pinched her eyes trying to stop tears from falling.

"Okayâ€|just promise me you'll come back."

Valka said as the husband and wife hugged one another. Stoic the Vast then whispered into his wife ears.

"I always come back."

Stoic the Vast then returned to his seat and politely waited for Valka to finish her meal. Which she did a few minutes later, Valka then went to bed. Stoic the Vast then went back to planning for the search tomorrow.

* * *

><p>THE FOREST NEAR THE COVE</p>

In the lush deep woodland forests of Berk, you could find all kinds of things. Wild Boar, Yaks, Elk, Reindeer, small mammals and every now and then a dragon or two, but aside from the usual Terrible Terror or Commoner Garden, nothing else. Now imagine in this forest, there are mangled fallen trees and a long deep trench of turned up earth. There in that deep trench was Hiccup and the Night Fury. Both out cold, the only thing indicating they were alive was the calm constant breathing they emitted. Short deep breathes, and short deep intakes. The Night Fury had landed on its side wrapped in bola's and Hiccup had landed a few feet away with his body plopped in a soft spot of grass. Hiccup was dreaming a pleasant dream from his childhood, or what he had called his childhood. The very thought of that dream put a soft pleasant smile to Hiccup's face.

* * *

><p>HICCUP'S DREAM</p>

8 YEARS AGO

A young Hiccup smiled with glee as he began to put the finishing touches on his flight suit. He had been working in it for nearly four months. The entire time the quote of perfection from the Lava-lout Blacksmith rang in his ears. Whatever he was making appeared to have been made from bits and pieces of the fire suit he had acquired from Lava-lout territory. It was a suit with a retractable cloth-like material. Some of the dragons watched from the shadows of the cavern, not exactly sure what to think of what Hiccup was doing.

_ "What's he doing?"_

_ A sleek Nadder asked in curiosity._

_ "Don't know, he's been working on that thing ever since we returned from our raid against the humans."_

_ A Gronckle replied. The Night Fury who had been resting on the cavern floors peered one of its open to glance at Hiccup. Hiccup continued to steadily work, he had a needle and thread in his hands, and he seemed to be slowly stitching together two pieces of cloth. He

then lifted the flight suit in the air triumphantly and shouted._

_ "Finally, it's finished!" _

_ The other dragons looked on in curiosity, Hiccup then ran up to the Night Fury with the suit in his hands. He began to pester the dragon in the way only a child could._

_ "Night Fury! Night Fury! Get up!" _

_ Hiccup said excitedly in Dragonese, other dragons continued to watch in there odd curiosity. With eyes that shined like candles in the darkness they starred at the suit. Unsure of what to make of it as Hiccup went on. Much to the dismay of the Night Fury_

_ "Night Fury!" _

_ The Night Fury opened one of its eyes sleepily._

_ "What do you want human?" _

_ "I want to test out my new flight suit." _

_ "Can't this wait?" _

_ Hiccup smiled and scratched the back of his head embarrassed._

_ "I guess it could wait, but I've been working on his for months!"

_

_ The conversation was then interrupted by a curious Monstrous Nightmare._

_ "What is that exactly?" _

_ A Gronckle then entered the conversation._

_ "Looks just like the cloth that you're wearing right now?"

_

_ Hiccup's smile only grew larger and larger. He swelled with pride._

_ "It's something special, something that was inspired by all of you and I wanna test it out." _

_ The young Prince said, trying to under play what he had just said a little bit. A Monstrous Nightmare walked closer to Hiccup._

_ "Well, what are you waiting for? C'mon." _

_ Hiccup glanced down at the Night Fury who had drifted off to sleep somewhere in the middle of the conversation. He sighed, but reluctantly climbed onto the back of the Monstrous Nightmare. The Dragon then took off and flew out the cave; a few of the more curious dragons flew behind. Hiccup still tried to keep a confident outlook; this meant a lot to him. As the Nightmare flew impressively out of the dark hallowed out caverns and into the bright morning horizon, Hiccup smiled. For a moment he looked down, he must have been at

least a mile up. It was a long drop down into the rocky foggy shores below. Hiccup took a deep breathe in before he whispered into the Nightmare's ear._

_ "I need you to stay close to me Nightmareâ€|because this is going to very dangerous." _

_ "Why is that human?" _

_ Without warming, Hiccup slid of the Monstrous Nightmare and sky dived straight down. The dragons watched stunned for a moment as Hiccup descended downwards toward the ocean. Hiccup smiled, at this amazing feeling, never before did the wind blow so fiercely in his face, the adrenaline in his body the small ounce fear that engulfed him. The other dragons panicked as they descended down after Hiccup swooping down trying to catch him. As the dragons dive bombed, Hiccup pulled out the wings on his flight suit. Hiccup's rate of fall fell drastically; in fact the Young boy stopped so fast, the other dragons dive bombed past him shocked buy Hiccup's sudden stop. Hiccup laughed and jeered happily as the other dragons met the young boy at the same altitude. They were all stunned by this, a human was flying in the air, like a dragon. Hiccup turned his head at the small pack of dragons surrounding him._

_ "Amazing, I've never felt so alive!" _

_ Hiccup said to the small pack as he continued to laugh._

_ "How you are doing that?" _

_ A Nadder asked still darting its eyes over Hiccup stunned. Hiccup then said._

_ "It's like I said, it was something inspired by all of you! I call it a Flight Suit!" _

_ The other dragons smiled lightly amongst themselves, they were happy to see Hiccup treating himself more like a member of the pack. Hiccup continued to glide very comfortably, but he seemed to of made one slight miscalculation, the wind. Dragons are naturally suited to fly with the wind, it's in there nature. Also it helps when you weigh a few thousand pounds. Hiccup on the other hand, is just learning how to fly, and he's not a master at the art of flight just yet. Don't forget he was eight years old and less then sixty pounds. So when a strong gust hit Hiccup he slowly began to lose control._

_ "Oh, I'll never get tired of this, oh the wind in my- _

_ Another powerful gust of wind, began to spiral out of control and fall violently to the ocean again. The Dragons watched a little confused by what was happening. Hiccup then fell into the ocean with a loud splash. Hiccup tried his best to stay afloat as he screamed for help. A Zippalback then flew down and fished him out of the cold water._

_ "Nice job there human." _

_ "How was the swim?" _

_ "Did ya like that water?" _

_ "It must have felt great." _

_ Hiccup didn't say anything, he was to cold, his flight suit was drenched in water and he was shivering cold. After a few minutes of flying, the dragons re-entered the caverns of the lair, Hiccup was released back onto solid ground. He was trying his best to warm himself, also he didn't have a change of clothes, he had used all the left over clothing to make his flight suit. So Hiccup had to pretty much suck it up. A Gronckle was kind enough to light a small fire right next to Hiccup responded with a very long and shivering. _

_ "Th-th-th-tha-an-an-anank y-y-yo-u." _

_ Hiccup said through a forced smile with shivering teeth. The Gronckle nodded and gave Hiccup a hardy lick on the cheek. Then the Gronckle, as well as some of the other dragons that were with Hiccup, went onto to tell those who hadn't heard about what the human had just done. Needless to say they were astonished by what they heard; some didn't even flat out believe it. A flying human, it was preposterous. _

_ The Night Fury had still been sound asleep since Hiccup's departure. That is until a Deadly Nadder swooped by to converse with some other dragons. _

_ "Ya know human, and that thing he's been working on?" _

_ "Yeah?" _

_ "Well he can fly now because of those random pieces of clothâ€|" _

_ The other dragon's eyes grew wide in disbelief. The Night Fury's ears twitched as the dark blue dragon tried to hear the conversation more clearly. _

_ "No, a human, fly?" _

_ "It's impossible." _

_ The Nadder began to groom itself and then replied. _

_ "No, I swear, I saw it with my own two eyes. The human can fly now." _

_ Upon hearing this seemingly unreal story, the Night Fury groggily began to wake up. The Night Fury stretched a few times and then began to sleepily rush over to join the conversation. _

_ "What did the human do, Nadder?" _

_ The Night Fury asked still trying to get the sleep out of its eyes. _

_ "He flew Night Fury, he flew in the air just like you or I." _

_ The Nadder said as it finished grooming itself. The Night Fury

glanced over toward Hiccup who was still madly shivering. The Nadder then responded._

_ "Well, he didn't fly well; in fact he only lasted ten seconds before he plummeted into the ocean." _

_ The Night Fury nodded in agreement as Hiccup continued to shiver. The dark blue dragon walked over to Hiccup and sat next to the young boy, with an expectant look. Hiccup didn't look the dragon in the face; he was a little ashamed of himself. The Night Fury then said._

_ "Human, I heard from the pack you tried to flyâ€|" _

_ Hiccup sighed as he edged closer to the fire._

_ "Key word being, tried." _

_ Hiccup said disappointed. The Night Fury gave Hiccup a blank stare, and then he regurgitated some left over cod from a previous meal right onto Hiccup's lap. The young boy smiled._

_ "Thanks Night Fury." _

_ Hiccup said with a vague smile, he began to eat the left over cod. Very slowly, he was hoping the Night Fury would just leave Hiccup alone. But much to the young boy's dismay, the Night Fury sat there patiently waiting for Hiccup to finish every last bit of cod. In fact he waited for so long that Hiccup's flight suit had fully dried. The Night Fury was rather shocked by Hiccup's quiet demeanor he was usually very energetic, always bouncing the walls, but now he was quieter then a Venomous Vorbit in a Norse Temple._

_ "What's matter; you're usually not one to give up after one attempt humanâ€|" _

_ The Night Fury asked, Hiccup didn't respond he only starred longingly at the fire._

_ "I've been thinking Night Fury, those humans out there, with their violent ways. Even if the whole pack thinks I'm one of them, that I belong, I'll always be a human. That's why I'm trying to distance myself from them, I don't want to look like them, act like them, be like themâ€|I don't even wanna smell like them. I want to fly, I want to hunt, I want to fish, I want to be more like a dragon." _

_ The Night Fury looked down at the depressing sagging Hiccup. The Night Fury got back on all fours._

_ "Believe or not, I know what you're going through human, you feel neglected, like an outcast. You're not an outcast. If you want, I can teach you how to fly. But I can't change who you are, why should Iâ€|you're a member of our pack. You're not a dragon thoughâ€|but you're not a human." _

_ Hiccup looked up in disbelief, he smiled happily, he then hugged the Night Fury._

_ "Thank you." _

Hiccup said with a smile, he then leaped onto the back of the Night Fury. The Night Fury then stretched its wings and took off in a blur. Hiccup held on for dear life, but he still he couldn't help but smile all throughout the sonic zigzags through the caverns of the Red Death's lair. Within a few short seconds, they were outside in the brisk warm air of the outside. Hiccup took a deep breathe in, and then he whispered into the Night Fury's ear.

_ "Okay bud, I'm gonna slid off ya...now!" _

_ The Night Fury made a quick barrel roll, making Hiccup hang to the dragons scaly back instead._

_ "Hold onâ€œ|I need to tell you something, flying is a constant motion, you need to focus go with the wind, especially seeing how you're as puny as a Terror." _

_ "Hey, I resent that." _

_ Hiccup said annoyed by the Night Fury's last comment. The Night Fury smiled a vague smile, before flicking Hiccup on the face with one of his ears. Hiccup let out a pained grunt of annoyance. But then Hiccup collected himself, he took a deep breathe inwards and then slid off the back of the Night Fury. His head facing down the salty sea below, Hiccup remained perfectly still as the Night Fury followed close behind. Making sure to space himself a good distance apart from Hiccup, with glee Hiccup released his flight suit again and flew happily against the fierce breeze. Hiccup swallowed hard as he was having trouble maintaining altitude. But Hiccup pressed on and eventually he was able to level out. Hiccup began to laugh, he was doing it, and he was flying. Hiccup glanced back at the Night Fury, the boy then yelled back._

_ "This is amazing!" _

_ The Night Fury smiled back at Hiccup as they flew against the breeze together. It was one of the most memorable days from Hiccup's so called childhood that he ever had._

* * *

><p>THE FOREST NEAR THE COVE</p>

PRESENT DAY

Hiccup and the Night Fury continued to slumber on, but then the Prince very slowly opened his eyes. His body was pale and beginning to lack any color. Losing nearly a half-liter of blood would do that to you. Also having an arrow head lodged in your upper chest wouldn't help much. But Hiccup very painfully and groggily woke up. He quickly became very alert. That is until he saw the Night Fury wrapped in bola's lying unconscious in the musty grass. Hiccup got out a pocket knife and spirited over to the Night Fury as fast as he could. His body aching in agony with every pained step, but the Night Fury meant to much to Hiccup. Dragons came first, in Hiccup's mind. He could worry about his on wounds later. Hiccup approached the Night Fury and knelled before the mighty beast. He touched it's head with sadness and desperation Hiccup pleaded.

"_Night Furyâ€œ|Get upâ€œ|please." _

To Hiccup's joy the Night Fury then shifted a little the Prince smiled weakly. The Night Fury looked pretty banged up; the dragon appeared to of had accumulated a few wounds of its own. But that didn't matter as far as Hiccup was concerned. He quickly began to cut the ropes tied around the dragon. The Night Fury remained quiet, it still a little woozy from the fall. Hiccup then finished sawing through the bola ropes. The Night Fury then got up shakily. The Prince went over to comfort the dragon.

"_Hey, bud you okay?" _

"_Human are you serious? I'll be fine, it'll take more than a fall to stop meâ€|" _

"_Those guys caught us by surpriseâ€|" _

"_They caught you by surprise; you just had to mess with those humans. You already freed the Nightmare why'd you stay around to mess with those humans?" _

"_I was only having a good time; besides, I beat up two guys and a galâ€|and humiliated a girl." _

The Night Fury only rolled its ancient eyes.

You and you're human women, c'_mon, let's back to the packâ€|" _

"_Gladly, I'll be looking forward to six months of doing nothingâ€|" _

Hiccup said, a bit ungrateful, referring to the winter freeze.

"_It's better than being a cold corpse in the ground." _

The Night Fury said proudly as he stumbled around with little to no direction. The fall must have banged the dragon up a little more than he thought. Hiccup smiled a bit, this made him hopeful. He then patted the Night Fury on the back.

"_You good to fly?" _

The Night Fury replied by opening its wings and stretching them out as far as they could go. It was a magnificent sight to say the last. Hiccup smiled, and the Night Fury shot back a toothless grin. The young Prince climbed onto the back of the Night Fury. They were ready to go back to the rest of the pack.

"_Let's go bud." _

The Prince said happily in Dragonese, they were heading home. With a quick flick of its wings, the Night Fury shakily began to fly. Something was wrong, something was seriously wrong. The Night Fury was bashing violently through the canopy of the trees. Trying it's best to maintain air while flying. Hiccup held on for dear life as the Night Fury slammed into a mountain side, recovered and then dropped down into a scenic cove. Mid-fall Hiccup wanted to scream but his body was too shocked to let one out. The two fell to the soft

shores near the cove. Hiccup and the Night Fury slammed into the ground hard again, but thankfully the soil by the cove was soft and broke most of there fall. The Prince got up wearily and looked at the Night Fury he closely examined the dragon with his eyes. Then he saw the grueling horror before him. A part of the Night Fury's tail was missing. The Night Fury flicked his tail into eye shot, the dragon looked on in pure horror.

"_No, no, no._

Was all the Night Fury could muster out as it stared in horror, Hiccup ran up to the dragon and wrapped his arms around the dragon, attempting to calm the Night Fury down before it starred lashing out. When a dragon losing a wing or a tail, it can no longer properly fly, and when a dragon can't fly it's pretty much dead.

"_It's okay, it's okay, it's okay Night Fury, you're okay, you're alive._

Hiccup said as the dragon began to freak out. Hiccup only held the dragon tighter.

"_Breathe in and out, just breathe in and out._

The Night Fury started to calm down, Hiccup smiled as the Night Fury starred back at him.

"_You're okayâ€|" _

The Night Fury didn't take those words to well, still calm the dragon looked Hiccup in the eyes again.

"_I'm going to dieâ€|I'm going to die._

"_NO! NO! You're not, get that out of your headâ€|you're a Night Fury, you're not going to die like this, I won't let you._

Hiccup said as calmly as he could, the Night Fury then muttered out.

"_Okayâ€|" _

"_This thingâ€|" _

Hiccup said pointing the dragon's tail.

"_It'll pass, I promise, I'm gonna fix you right up okay. Are you with me?" _

The Night Fury meekly nodded.

"_Okay, you're with meâ€|I'm going to go into town and I'm gonna fix you â€|._

"_How?" _

Hiccup flexed a bit of his flight suit.

"_I made thisâ€|I'll fix you Night Fury, if that's the last thing I do. I promise._

Hiccup said with a forced smile and fixed tears beginning to drip from his eyes, it was hard to tell under the Prince's mask though. Hiccup let go of the Night Fury and looked back at the dragon.

"_Wait hereâ€|I'll be back..." _

Hiccup said as he began to make his way out of the cove, even though he promised to fix the Night Fury he didn't know where to start. A Flight Suit is one thing, but a prospect tail? For a Night Fury? That was something entirely different. Also The Prince was going into unfamiliar territory; he would have to live amongst the very things he despised the most, Humans.

* * *

><p>Authors Note:

Hey guys, look I'm so, so very sorry about this update, it was supposed to come out last week but I was just so busy with school, this and working on another project called Christo. But now I know, I will update every 2 weeks at most, I'm gonna try to get this next update out the 27th if not Nov. 3. So I just wanna thank you for the amount of support you're giving me. When I went into this, I thought I wasn't going to get so much support. Thank you, simply thank you. Yours Truly, Nobody'sHero98

5. Chapter 5

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 5: The Crazy Old Man

BERK

Stoic the Vast, Chief of the Hairy Hooligan Tribe, Oh Hear His Name and Tremble Ugh, Ugg. Watched with a determined look as three Viking war boats where being loaded with supplies. He was getting ready for another expedition into the dragon's territory; Stoic was hoping to finally find the dragons nest and destroy it. The Tribesmen staying behind watched respectful, and gave the Hooligan salute. For many of them setting of on this voyage, this could be the last time they saw their beloved island. The waters alone were sly and treacherous, but the Dragons made this trip all the more bleak. Spitelout walked up to Stoic.

"It's time brother, we best leave now before were up to our thighs in snow."

Stoic the Vast nodded, as Spitelout left to go help load the last remaining supplies onto the boats. But then he felt a faint tap on his shoulder; it was from a scrawny old man with a walking stick. Believe or not this tiny old man made Hiccup look like a giant. He had a beard like a shell swirling Hermit Crab shell and he carried a walking stick that was twice the size of him.

"You're not seriously going out there again are you?"

"We have to Old Wrinkly, it's us or them."

"Do you know how many chief's before you have uttered those words?"

"I frankly don't care Old Wrinklyâ€| I'm a Chief, the Chief has a duty to his tribe, surely you can understand that."

"But it's madness, you could get killed."

"So be it."

Chief Stoic the Vast said as he turned his back on Old Wrinkly. Old Wrinkly then said.

"Don't run into any Sea Dragons, there pretty violent this time of year!"

Stoic the Vast rolled his eyes, Old Wrinkly was believe it or not, Stoic's Father in Law. He was looking pretty good for ninety-seven and three quarters, but indeed, he was the father of Valka. Old Wrinkly was the town hermit, soothsayer, doctor dragon expert, wise sage and elderâ€| though most of his 'occupations' were unsuccessful. In fact those occupations were already taken so there's really no point in going. Anymore the Hairy Hooligan Tribe were really only humoring the old man. Gobber the Belch had sort of become the town dragon expert. Gothi was the elder and soothsayer. An unpleasant man named Mildew had sort of become the town hermit. Even Stoic the Vast sort of saw himself as a Wise Sageâ€| at least from his stand point. Anyway, Valka walked up to Stoic the Vast and gave him a hug.

"Be safe out thereâ€|"

"I willâ€| just remember, I'll be backâ€| probably."

"And I'll be hereâ€| probably..."

Valka said with a warm smile as Stoic gave her one last kiss on the cheek. Stoic slumped onto the Lucky Thirteen, he then heard Spitelout mutter.

"All that old fart does is talk about Sea Dragons."

Spitelout said referring to Old Wrinkly, Hoark then muttered.

"Makes ya wonder though if the guys tellin' the truth."

"I think he's telling the truth, how could you make up something like a Sea Dragon five times as big as a whale?"

Said the rather eerie voice of Burt the Daring, Spitelout tsked as he interrupted the conversation.

"The old fool is senile, no such thing as a Sea Dragon that big."

This started a debate on board the Lucky Thirteen as to whether or not there was actually such thing as a Seadragon Giganticus Maximus. Most people didn't know about Alpha Dragons, and if you did happen to meet one, chances are you'd probably not live to tell anyone else

that such a creature existed. Valka from the front of the crowd gathered at the docks waved a hardly farewell to Stoic the Vast

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><p>MIDDAY, <p>

OUTSKIRTS OF BERK

Hiccup continued to walk, drops of blood from his wounds dripped onto the fresh green grass. He needed to help the Night Fury; his tail was busted up and unable to fly. But Hiccup needed materials; he already had a plan thought up of what he was going to do. The Prince was going to trick the blacksmith, get the materials, work on the dragon's tail when he could and then attach to the Night Fury. After that, it would be goodbye foul smelling putrid Vikings and hello six months of doing nothing inside the Red Death's lair. Forward he went, soldiering on, every footstep seeming to take an ounce of life out of him. Hiccup was in dire need of medical care, his body wasn't mangled by any means, in fact the arrows lodged in his just weren't even that bad just mere wounds to the flesh. But the Prince of Dragons was losing blood slowly, if lost anymore; he would surely die from blood loss. Even after clenching both hands of the wound, Hiccup hardly slowed the painful blood loss. Hiccup let one hand go and supported himself by grabbing onto the nearby trees, but even that wasn't enough to get Hiccup more than a few inches with each passing step. Then after much painstaking walking, he saw it, the Hooligan Village of Berk, half of it burned down to the ground. Hiccup then took off his helmet of the Prince of Dragons and placed it down in a small fox hole just outside the forest. Then he began to remove his armor plating, he didn't want anyone to recognize him. It was by this point that Hiccup began to cough up drips of blood, he was getting woozy. Hiccup began stumble with each passing step, his mind was getting foggy, vision was blurring, hands becoming cold and shaky, he was on the verge of passing out. It was then he saw through cloudy eyes an assembly of Viking men and women all waving there goodbye's to a fleet of ships that had just set sail. Hiccup began to stumble toward the crowd of Hairy Hooligans he began mutter some things under his breathe. It wasn't Norse nor Dragoneese, just gibberish. It was then that Bucket and Mulch turned around as Hiccup nearly passed out.

"Blacksmithâ€|_I need find a blacksmith_â€|"

Hiccup said as clearly as he could before nearly falling to the ground in agony. But luckily Mulch was able to catch Hiccup with his good hand.

"What's wrong with ya boy."

Hiccup only replied with more gibberish, as he finally passed out from the lack of blood, in the meaty hands of Mulch. Bucket then asked.

"Is he dead Mulch?"

"I guess soâ€|"

Random Vikings began to crowd around Hiccup, they murmured mourned the boy for a moment. Valka looked from a far, she wandered closer

toward the inner circle, and there was something about that boy that stuck out to her. What was it? The Hooligans then began to bombard each other with questions.

"Who is that?"

"Is he breathing?"

"Is that boy even from around here?"

Old Wrinkly managed to squeeze his way through the crowd surrounding Hiccup. The feeble old man went to check Hiccup's pulse with his long bone like fingers. He put two fingers over Hiccup's jugular, Old Wrinkly nodded a bit in hope.

"He's alive, but just barely, c'mon, take him back to my hut, I'll see what I can do."

Mulch passed the young dying Prince over to Bucket so he could scratch the back of his head awkwardly with his free hand. A lot of the other Hooligans glanced away doubtfully or acted like they never heard the question to begin with. Even Valka turned her head away awkwardly, someone then said.

"That's okay Old Wrinkly, I'm sure we can get Gothi down here before he dies-

"Can't ya see! If this boy doesn't get his wounds patched up soon he'll surely die, and his blood will be on your hands not mine!"

Old Wrinkly said grimly, this changed most of the Vikings minds around in an instant. Bucket and Mulch rushed to Old Wrinkly's house as the feeble old man hobbled along as best he could. The crowd of Vikings quickly dispersed as the people of Berk went on with their daily lives. Meanwhile the three Vikings had finally made it to Old Wrinkly's hut; it was quaint in a manner of speaking. It was located on the edge of the town of Berk, and it was significantly smaller than any other house on Berk. The house had all sorts of scratches around it that made it painful to look at. Add in a horrendous color scheme of barf brown and you have probably one of the strangest homes ever built. Needless to say, Old Wrinkly was really proud of it. As the gang of Vikings approached the door, Old Wrinkly tried to pull open the door with his fingers. The door did not open, locked from the inside.

"Ohâ€|I must of locked it."

Old Wrinkly then pulled out a large key chain with several random keys. He squinted his ancient eyes as he tried to find the right key.

"Now let's seeâ€|basement, pantry, closetâ€|"

So and so forth, it wasn't until the other two large were feed up. Eventually Old Wrinkly did find the correct key to his front door. But Bucket had handed Hiccup back to Mulch so he could ram his massive bucket-head into the door sending it off its hinges. Old Wrinkly sighed as he held up a single silver grey key.

"Was that really necessary? I found the key!"

Old Wrinkly said as he put his key-chain back into his pocket. Slowly he made his way inside his home; he pointed a bony finger to Bucket.

"You're fixing that also I may need you to re-shingle my roof, but you can do that later."

The old man said as Mulch placed Hiccup down on a large wooden and limestone table. Old Wrinkly's home only had the one main floor and it was poorly kept as the outside of his home. Random things scattered everywhere, books, weapons, helmets, armor, even a family portrait of Old Wrinkly, Valka, Stoic and the young baby Hiccup. Old Wrinkly quickly ducked into a corner as he tried to find some things. Then Old Wrinkly got out a medical kit filled with things that could save your life, or things that could possibly kill you. It was then Old Wrinkly went up to Hiccup and cut up the wool skin shirt he wore. The three Viking men went wide eyed, never before had they seen so many battle scars. Hiccup's body was littered with them, sword wounds, arrow wounds, third degree burns, even some major bruising. Old Wrinkly then spotted the two wounds that were the sources of Hiccup's blood lose. He glanced back at Bucket and Mulch.

"Make yourselves useful and fetch me a bucket of water and a dead chicken."

Bucket and Mulch nodded before they began to trip and stumble out of Old Wrinkly's crammed little home. Old Wrinkly sighed and rolled his eyes as Bucket and Mulch eventually made it out of his home.

"Odin and his infinite wisdom save me from the incredibly stupid."

Old Wrinkly said as he began to patch up Hiccup's wounds. All the while, Hiccup kept taking short intakes every now and then. An hour went by as Old Wrinkly removed the arrow heads lodged inside of Hiccup and cleaned up his wounds. Then he got out a small needle and a tiny bit of red thread. He then began to patch up Hiccup's wounds. Within a few minutes Hiccup's wounds were all patched up, it was then Bucket and Mulch came back with fear in there maddening eyes. Bucket was holding a dead chicken by the neck and Mulch held a bucket of water. Mulch then asked.

"What do you want us to do with this stuff?"

Mulch asked before the feeble old man walked up to the two large hairy Vikings. He then dipped his hands into the bucket of water as the dirt and blood from Hiccup's wounds washed off. Old Wrinkly then grabbed the chicken. The two Vikings looked at each other as Old Wrinkly placed the chicken on the kitchen table.

"Wait a second what was the point of that!?"

Old Wrinkly smiled a vague warm smile, the kind of smile only an old man like himself could do.

"Well now I have dinner and I was able to wash my hands!"

Bucket and Mulch nearly fell over by the sheer ridiculousness of the

situation. Mulch collected himself.

"Is the boy at least alright?"

"He'll liveâ€|carry on now, I'm not sharing my dinner."

Old Wrinkly said with a chuckle as he removed a long old pipe from his tunic, he then slouched down next to Hiccup and began to blow smoke rings. Bucket and Mulch began to groan and mutter curses under there breathe.

"I'm never trusting an old man again Mulch, they're really not that nice."

"That makes the two of us, I need some mead."

"I could go for a pintâ€|or twelve."

"No, one's good enough for you."

"I guess you're right Mulch."

As Bucket and Mulch continued on their way toward the Grand Hall. Old Wrinkly watched Hiccup; he didn't really notice this up until now, but the young boy sleeping in front of him seemed familiar to him. The old man shacked it off, mistaking it for some misplaced nostalgia.

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><p>THE GREAT HALL</p>

The dimly lit Great Hall which had usually been alive with merry Vikings singing, drinking or telling old stories of gods and pirates was now a dead quiet wasteland. The only noises made were the occasional remarks made by some of the Young Hooligan warriors. They were all bored and annoyed, most of that was probably because of the limpets. Astrid and Ruffnut were in the corner talking about girl thingsâ€|and when I say that, I mean talking about the best way to rip someone's head in with your bare handsâ€|girl talk. Most of the Viking boys were playing a game of Bashi-ball. Which was a violent sport with really no rules which was somewhat like football (soccer if you're in the America's). There were no real rules to the game, you just fight until you drop over a muddy leather bond ball. It was Dogsbreathe and Snotlout versus Tuffnut, Wartihog and Speedyfist. Fishlegs used to be asked to round out the numbers, but even so he was often beaten up the most by this, so he didn't really play Bashi-ball all that much. Often he would just read in the book of Dragons and smile amazed at the fantastic creatures known as dragons. Gobber the Belch then slammed the doors of the Great Hall open and said.

"Don't you worthless sacks of potatoes just sit there! Get over here!"

Gobber said instantly, with authority in his voice. Astrid and Ruffnut got and stopped there 'girl talk'. The boy's game of Bashi-ball came to an unfortunate end; the boys got out of the massive dog pile and stood in attention. Fishlegs fumbled the book of dragons in his hands before eventually closing it and joining the

other Hooligans. The eight Young Hairy Hooligans quickly scurried on over to Gobber the Belch. They got in an orderly straight army-like line, most of them were sweating with fear, what had they done now? Where they going to be on limpet rations for the next year? What was Gobber going to say to them?

"Now, as you all probably know, most of you are pathetic, disorderly, miscreants! Now it is my job to kick you into shapeâ€¦figuratively and literally."

Gobber the Belch said with a funny mad-glint in his eyes and a wicked smile forming over his slack-jaw. He then began to pace back and forth like an army general inspecting his soldiers.

"The elders of the tribe have taken pity on you snot-for-brains, but if it was up to me I would have the lot of you tossed off the nearest cliff."

Many of the Young Hooligans swallowed hard at that last remark. Gobber then raised one of his fat hairy arms.

"Anyway, they want me to train you to be the proper Hooligans you're meant to be, we may be Vikings, but that doesn't mean we're morons! Snotlout."

Gobber said in a mocking tone, Snotlout dared not to say anything; instead he let out a low angry growl. But Gobber the Belch only shot a growl even angrier and more dog-like. Snotlout completely backed down.

"Now where was I...Ah yes, it's my job to turn you into proper Hooligans, your initiation into the Hairy Hooligan tribe begins tomorrow. Come back her six o'clock sharp, AND DON'T BE LATE!"

The Young Hairy Hooligan could not believe their ears, initiation. Initiation into the Hooligan Tribe? Each one of them wanted to jump up into the air and cheer happily, but they didn't over the fear that Gobber the Belch caused. It was then that every last one of them stormed out of the Great Hall and rushed out to get ready for initiation. Gobber the Belch smiled a bit as he watched the Hooligans to be storm out the Great Hall in excitement. The Blacksmith then sat down on one of the many chairs that littered the Great Hall and smiled in satisfaction.

"Fear and respect, that's all it takes to wipe complete limpet-brains like that into shape."

Gobber said as he crossed his arms behind his head and began to relax. The Blacksmith then closed his eyes trying to just enjoy the quiet atmosphere in the room. It was then Bucket and Mulch walked in annoyed.

"Who does he think he is?!"

"Old Wrinkly?"

"Well I know that Bucket! But what I mean is how could he just be so irritable."

"Also he wasn't going to share the chickenâ€¦what low-life doesn't

share chicken?"

Bucket and Mulch screamed, disrupting Gobber the Belch's relaxation. His eyes shot open annoyed. He then peered over at Bucket and Mulch who were busy pouring themselves a pint of mead each. Gobber limped over and said.

"What's with all this poppycock?

"Old Wrinkly."

Gobber rolled his eyes; he knew what the deal was by now. Old Wrinkly probably did something stupid again.

"What did the old fool do this time?"

"He used us like a couple of morons!"

Mulch screamed Gobber just looked at the two, if they were stupid enough to fall for Old Wrinkly's antics, maybe they were morons. Gobber just shrugged as the two Vikings went on.

"He used us to get him dinner, and so what, he could save the life of some dingus nobody even knows!"

"It's just not rightâ€|. "

Bucket said with a sigh.

"It isn't!"

Mulch replied. Gobber then asked.

"Wait, wait, wait. Go back a few steps, what's this about a dingus nobody even knows?"

Bucket and Mulch looked at each other; apparently Gobber hadn't heard the news. Mulch sat down as he began to chug the pint of mead.

"Eh, some kid managed to get himself injured and nearly killed in the center of town. The kid had all kinds of battle scars, the types only Heroes get. He's the talk of the town."

Gobber sat down next to Mulch.

"Really? Where's he from?

"No one knows."

Bucket then nervously said.

"I think he might be a spy Mulch."

"He's not a spy Bucket, if he was a spy, why would he come to Berk with wounds the size of a Bashi-ball?"

Bucket scratched his bucket in confusion; he seemed to be having a hard time putting two and two together. Thinking wasn't exactly Bucket's strong suit. Mulch then lit up, he seemed to have recalled something.

"Oh yeahâ€|he wanted to see you for some reason."

Gobber seemed shocked by this statement, he pointed a fat finger towards himself.

"Me?"

The two Vikings nodded, Mulch then replied.

"Yeah, he kept asking for a blacksmith."

Gobber got up from his seat.

"I should probably see what all this fuss is about then, besides, I could always us another victim- I mean student."

Gobber said as he stumped out of the Great Hall, curiosity pecking at his brain.

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><p>Author's Note:

**Guys, I'm really sorry about this chapter, I just didn't have the time to work on it that I would have liked. I have school and all that jazz so, this wasn't exactly my top priority. Hell, it's the shortest chapter I have so far and I'm really disappointed and ashamed in that. I'm going to make it up to you though. The next Chapter will be over 10,000 words, this I promise. Again I'm sorry, but also thank you for understanding and thank you for all the favs. and follows. When I wrote this story I didn't expect to get 100+ followers just after the fifth chapter, thank you so much for all your support. Yeah again, I'm sorry about this chapter's length, in the future I'll try to focus more on making chapters longer, I wish I had more time to work on this, but what's done is done. Chapter 6 will be better I promise. Thank you guys for understanding. **

6. Chapter 6

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 6: How To Be A Viking (The Hard Way)

Lesson 1: To Catch and Eat a Dragon

Hiccup continued to sleep soundly in the rundown house of Old Wrinkly. The elderly man was watching over the boy...to an extant. Old Wrinkly was more focused on dinner, as he now beginning the painful process of skinning the chicken he received from Bucket and Mulch and roasting it. He was enjoying the peace and quiet until Gobber the Belch stormed in. Gobber really didn't storm in more into Old Wrinkly's house, he more just walked in because as you probably remember Bucket torn down Old Wrinkly's front door to get inside. Old Wrinkly sighed at the approaching Blacksmith.

"What do you want? I hate to be rude but could you please come back another day."

"No can do, I heard about the new face in town and decided to stop by and pay him a visit."

Old Wrinkly rolled his ancient eyes.

"The boy's asleep, it's a miracle he's even alive with those wounds, I doubt he'll ever be able to walk again. This kid has Loki's luck if he can even wake up. "

Gobber nodded reflectively as he held his good hand up to his chin.

"I seeâ€|"

The Blacksmith then wobbled over to Hiccup as he continued to nod. Then he slapped him a couple of times in the face.

"Hey! Wake up!"

Gobber roared in a deadly loud voice, Old Wrinkly then got the blacksmith away from Hiccup and yelled.

"What do you think you're doing you barnacle brained moron!?"

Old Wrinkly continued to yell at the blacksmith, and even got to the point were he was very lightly hitting the Blacksmith. Old Wrinkly was never the strongest individual, even in his youth. Gobber not wanting to hurt the tiny old man continued to let him lightly hit him. As those two barnacle brains were fighting, Hiccup began to stir in his sleep, his eyes began to drift open. He woke up with excruciating pain; the Prince was used to this pain. Often times Hiccup would stitch his own scars and wounds, all of them Hiccup could proudly say where on the front of his away from a fight was a coward's way out as far as the Prince was concerned. Hiccup looked up to see world yet again from his emerald green eyes. To his surprise, he saw what appeared to be an Old man beating on a large lobster red Viking.

"Oh no."

Hiccup muttered to himself, as he tried to remain quiet. He then remembered everything, the raid, the Night Fury losing part of its tail, and the painstakingly walk to Berk. The Prince had obviously passed out from blood loss, and now he was laying in one of the homes of his mortal enemies. Humans. Hiccup tried to lay back down on the limestone table and pretend to still be dead to the world. But it was too late, Gobber and Old Wrinkly turned around to see a scrawny boy with brown hair and green eyes staring perplexed, right at them. Gobber the Belch smiled as he shoved Old Wrinkly out of the way as lightly as he could. Then he gave Hiccup some traditional Viking hospitality.

"Well good afternoon boyo!"

Hiccup didn't respond, nor did he utter a word, he only continued to stare at Gobber the Belch. Old Wrinkly shoved Gobber out of the way so he could get a better look at Hiccup.

"Don't shock the boy, he just got up from a coma, even the slightest bit of physical stress could kill him."

"Nonsense! The boy's a Viking, albeit a little bit scrawny and useless looking, but a Viking nonetheless. Besides, the boy requested to see me personally for obvious reasons."

Gobber said swelling up with pride and confidence, his 'infamous' name must have been spreading across the archipelago. He was assuming this boy wanted to be a Blacksmith's apprentice and sought him out personally. Gobber always wanted an apprentice, so he could tell him/her stories about his amazing exploits. Also possibly teach him/her everything Gobber knew about how to be a blacksmith, but that was more of a side thing. The Blacksmith shoved Old Wrinkly out of the way again, he walked closer to Hiccup until his face was about a foot apart from the boy. They starred at each other quietly until Gobber then said.

"So you called for me?"

"What?"

Hiccup said unsure of what Gobber was talking about. That, and the Prince really didn't hear the question, he was too busy trying to figure out where Gobber's mustache began and ended.

"Ya said you were looking for the town blacksmith, and that be aye, Gobber the Belch."

"Oh, yes of course!"

Hiccup said forcing a funny unsure smile. Gobber then smiled back.

"So what's ya name?"

Hiccup fell silent for a moment, he hesitated, then he began to sweat profusely.

"I don't got one, and I'm not a Viking, I'm more of a freelanced warrior."

"So a Viking?"

Gobber asked again, he seemed to think Hiccup had a concussion of sorts. Hiccup only shrugged.

"Umm...I guess?"

Gobber the Belch and Old Wrinkly exchanged odd glances. The Blacksmith eventually then asked.

"So, where ya from?"

"Ummmm...the east...the far east."

"What part of the east?"

Old Wrinkly asked in curiosity.

"Just the east."

Hiccup said as nonchalantly as he could, but it was rather hard when you're insides felt like they had just been through a spinning ax and your being starved down by a six foot giant with slack jaw.

"Eh, it doesn't matter cut the boy a break, we can ask him later, when he's not so banged up!"

"Yes I could use some rest."

All of Gobber's enthusiasm toward Hiccup seemed to drift right out the door, when he mentioned the word rest.

"And goodbye softy."

"Wait you're leaving, but-

"'Rest is for the weak', that's the motto of the Hooligan Tribe, and I will not have a weakling in as a student!"

"Why?"

Hiccup asked as Gobber turned his back on the boy, he seemed to have lost interest in Hiccup, but just as Gobber was about to exit Old Wrinkly's home Hiccup shot up from the table and said.

"Wait!"

Hiccup said before he nearly collapsed to the ground, Old Wrinkly held him up.

"Careful boy, you're still pretty banged up."

Gobber turned around and crossed his arms in a business type fashion.

"What is it?"

"I came a long way for your guidance, Gobber the Belch; I want you to teach me how to make things. It's important you see, it could be life and death. Please teach me how to be a blacksmith."

Hiccup bowed to the ground a bit, sadness was in the Prince's voice. He groveled, something he ordinarily would never have done. But the life of the Night Fury was on the line. He cared for that dragon, for all dragons. Hiccup had to do what he had to do in order to heal the Night Fury to fix him. Hiccup's face was more honest than it had ever been in his life, at least to another human being. Gobber's nodded reflectively, he then smiled, it appeared he found another 'student' for the Hooligan Initiation program.

"Alright, I'll teach ya how to be a Blacksmith, if ya come to dragon training practice tomorrow. Besides, I could use an apprentice. Meet me at the Grand Hall at six am sharp! Or else!"

The Prince's heart quickly sank. This was not in his plan, the plan was to befriend the blacksmith then get out of here as soon as possible after the Night Fury was all fixed up. Hiccup didn't want to raise suspicion, he wanted just leave, and already that was becoming a difficult task. Old Wrinkly looked in disbelief at Hiccup and then

Gobber the Belch.

"That's madness! The boy can barely walk, he needs rest-

"Rest is for the weak! Hooligans are not weak, nor blacksmithsâ€|now boy, if ya want me to help become a Blacksmith's apprentice, ya gotta do what I ask, understood!?"

Hiccup wanted to back down but instead he smiled a bit, things were beginning to look up for the Prince of Dragons.

"Yes, yes of course, thank you."

Hiccup said with joy, Gobber chuckled a hardy laugh as he began to walk away. Old Wrinkly sighed as he turned his head to the ground.

"C'mon now, get inside, and get some rest before you're wounds reopen."

Hiccup nodded as Old Wrinkly led him back inside to his compact little house. Old Wrinkly then went back to cooking his chicken. Hiccup went back to sitting on the limestone table. Silence was the only thing shared between the two for a few minutes. Hiccup looked around at all the various things in the small home, but one thing stuck out the most to him. It was a dusty old portrait engraved on a shield. Something about it just seemed familiar, it was a portrait, one with Old Wrinkly, Stoic, Valka and the lost heir to the Hairy Hooligan Tribe.

"Who's that?"

Hiccup asked with curiosity as he pointed to the shield portrait. Old Wrinkly sideways glanced to Hiccup.

"Hmmmm?"

"That picture over there on the wall, who are those people?"

Old Wrinkly glanced back at picture.

"Oh, that's just my daughter Valka and her husband Stoic the Vast."

Hiccup nodded.

"What's the baby's name?"

Old Wrinkly grew said when Hiccup mentioned the young heir to the Hairy Hooligan Tribe. He took off his over-sized glasses.

"Thatâ€|that was Hiccup, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, the hope and heir to the tribe of Hairy Hooligans."

Hiccup looked over at the depressed Old Man.

"Was?"

"Huhâ€|it's a long story."

"I have the timeâ€|"

Hiccup said sympathetically, Old Wrinkly only chuckled lightheartedly as he polished his glasses and then put them back on.

"Ya don't go around asking men as old as me to tell ya stories."

"I understand, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings-

"What no boy, how could you have knownâ€|it's just this story is sadâ€|ya see one fateful day Berk was attacked by some Roman soldiers they kidnapped Hiccup, snatched him from his mother's arms. Then to make matters worse, when the Roman's went out to see they were attacked by a group of dragonsâ€|that was the saddest day I can remember in agesâ€|"

Hiccup tensed up a bit, he tried not to show it.

"So you're angry at the dragons? For killing your grandson?"

"What no, heavens to Odin no, they're dragons, they were probably hungry, they didn't kidnap Hiccup did they? To tell ya the truth I'm not even angry the Romans, they were frostbitten and cold, I'm angry about how they went about attacking Berk and all, but still I'm more sad then anything. I'm sad for my daughter Valka, she never fully got over his death and for Stoicâ€|Stoic blames the dragons, has killed more than you could imagine."

Hiccup tensed up again, Old Wrinkly went on.

"But ya gotta understand, losing someone it changes people, makes e'm act different. I sometimes wish they'd honor that boy's memory by just living life to the fullest and not take there anger out by calling for the heads of every dragon on the face of Odin's glorious earth."

Hiccup nodded in agreement, Old Wrinkly sighed.

"You wouldn't know anything about that would ya boy? I hate to be rude butâ€|has there been something in your life that's been heartbreaking for ya and ya just try to look on the plus side?"

The Prince was hesitant for a moment; he really didn't want to say anything about his past. He didn't want to raise any suspicion, but Old Wrinkly treated him with nothing but hospitality and honesty. So Hiccup should do the same, so he put on an honest face and told as much of the truth as he could.

"I was adopted at a young age, raised by a tribe of fierce fighters. I never met my mom, or my dad. So I know how you're daughter and step-son must feelâ€|but still I have a few thousand brothers and sisters, and that makes me happy. My adopted mom is a pain though, but still I have a family and they mean a lot to me."

Hiccup said with a smile, Old Wrinkly nodded, he then went into his pile of junk and then got out what appeared to be a wicker basket. He handed Hiccup the basket.

"What's this for?"

Hiccup asked confused.

"Trust me you'll need it for tomorrow."

"Thank you."

Old Wrinkly chuckled again.

"You remind me of my daughter, always grateful."

Hiccup only chuckled alongside Old Wrinkly.

"Now what am I gonna call you?"

"Well what's your name?"

"Old Wrinkly."

"You'll think of somethingâ€¦ in the meantime ya got any more of them stories for me?"

Hiccup asked nicely. Old Wrinkly smiled back at Hiccup.

"Wellâ€¦"

Old Wrinkly went on for hours on end of stories of insane things that you'd have to crazy to believe. But Hiccup enjoyed them nonetheless. All throughout this, Hiccup kept on a happy smile. Maybe, just maybe all humans weren't so bad. After a few hours, night had settled on the shores of Berk again. Old Wrinkly had fallen asleep in a chair in the living room. Hiccup made sure the old man was asleep before he ducked out of the house. The Prince then sunk out in the dark of the night into the village of Berk. Hiccup scouted around until he found the food storage hut. He sneaked in and stole himself a barrel of mackerel and salmon. The Prince then hoisted the barrel over his shoulders and began to walk away. That is until he reached, oddly enough a collection of wanted posters. There were dozens of them, but Hiccup's seemed to get the most publicity. And when I say that I mean 'The Prince of Dragons' had a bounty of 10 million gold pieces and seven knives forcibly stabbed into his masked face, he was a popular criminal in a way. The Prince smiled as he admired the poster, it was a newer wanted poster with his Night Fury mask on.

"It's a shame they didn't get my charming face."

Hiccup said jokingly as he then glanced over at the rest of the wanted posters. One for some reason caught his eyes, sort of like what had happened over at Old Wrinkly's. It was a poster for an unpleasant looking brute of a man, with the name 'Drago Bludvist'. Hiccup shook it off, he probably just savagely attacked him or cut off his bread in some raid years ago. Anyway, Hiccup then began to venture back into the forest and the cove and the Night Fury. When Hiccup got to the cove he saw the Night Fury fast asleep. Hiccup quietly walked over to the dragon and then whispered into its reptilian ears.

"_Night Fury. Night Fury._"

The Night Fury then pounced up and forced Hiccup to the ground. His claws digging into Hiccup's chest.

"_Night Fury! It's me!" _

The Prince said in Dragonese, the Night Fury relinquished its claws over Hiccup's chest.

"_Sorryâ€| I've been going stir crazy trapped in this crevice." _

"_I understand, you're a dragon, you gotta stretch your wings and fly." _

Hiccup said trying to comfort the Night Fury. He then opened the barrel of fish, the Night Fury's stomach grumbled loudly. The Night Fury licked its lips.

"_Is that mackerel?" _

"_I suppose-_"

The Night Fury then stuck it's head in the barrel and began to hungrily chomp away at fish. Within a few seconds, every last fish in the barrel was eaten. Hiccup then finished his sentence.

"_-Soâ€|" _

The Night Fury then looked over at Hiccup who seemed to be a little stunned.

"_Are you okay human?" _

"_Noâ€|no, I just forgot how quickly dragons can eat." _

The Night Fury gave Hiccup a sad look, the dragon then regurgitated a whole mackerel.

"_Thanks Night Fury." _

Hiccup said as he began to feast on the mackerel. Within a few minutes, Hiccup scarfed down every last bit of mackerel excluding the bones.

"_So what kept you human?" _

"_I passed out in a nearby villageâ€|they don't suspect anything butâ€|they want me to go to this initiation thingâ€|" _

The Night Fury snarled and snapped it's jaws in annoyance.

"_Ehâ€|initiationâ€|that to me means humans killing dragons." _

Hiccup sighed in agreement.

"_You're probably rightâ€|but I need to fool these idiots so I can make you're new tailâ€|" _

The Night Fury processed Hiccup's dilemma.

"_I understand humanâ€|but rememberâ€|they kill dragons for sportâ€|please promise me no matter what you won't kill any dragons."_

The Prince nodded in agreement.

"_As long as I live I shall never slay a dragonâ€|"_

Hiccup said as he reclaimed the barrel of fish.

"_I must return to the village Night Furyâ€|before the humans suspect me."_

Hiccup then left the Night Fury in the crevice. Hiccup wanted to stay, but he couldn't. The Night Fury watched as Hiccup climbed back up the crevice walls. The Prince glanced back sadly down at the injured dragon. Hiccup recalled the careless actions he took the previous night. He nearly got the Night Fury and himself killed.

"_I did thisâ€|"_

Hiccup said with tears beginning to form in his eyes.

"_I'm gonna fix thisâ€|I need to fix thisâ€|I will fix thisâ€|"_

* * *

><p>THE GREAT HALL</p>

It was early in the morning the next day and Hiccup casually walked down the dirt path road leading to the Great Hall. Hiccup had the good fortune to have Old Wrinkly give him some clothes that he 'found' one day. It wasn't anything to special. Just a lime-green tunic and a brown vest that matched his boots and a pair of dark green wool pants. Hiccup carried a basket and a dull-plain looking sword on his side. Old Wrinkly had told him he'd need these things, for what reason Hiccup did not know. Anyway as Hiccup continued on his route he stopped for a moment to admire the doors of the Great Hall. He then took a deep breathe in and slowly pushed them open. Nobody was there yet, not even Gobber the Belch, well then again it was only 5:45 in the morning so Hiccup didn't expect everyone to be there yet. Hiccup smiled for a bit, he at least had some time to himself now. So quickly Hiccup lit a few torches and brightened up the dark desolate hall. He removed his Dragonese book from his tunic and began to casually draw in it. Within a few minutes he had drawn an accurate representation of Gobber the Belch and underneath, the drawing it read in Dragonese and I quote '_The Moron I'm going to Trick'_. Hiccup chuckled a bit lightheartedly at this, but then the door opened again. The Prince glanced upward from his sketches to see Gobber the Belch. Hiccup quickly hide away his Dragonese book and casually began to whistle as if nothing had happened. Gobber the Belch made himself a cup of mead and drank it casually in front of Hiccup.

"Morning ya nameless Viking, I didn't think you'd show up."

"I'm full of surprises."

Hiccup said casually, the emerald eyed boy then watched as the Young Hooligans slumped into the room. Bags under their eyes. The first was Fishlegs, who seemed to be almost sleep-walking with every step he took. Fishlegs was followed by Snotlout and his gang of miscreants who tried their best to even stay remotely awake. Afterwards were the Terrible Twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut, who were physically beating each other up to stay awake. Finally was Astrid who seemed the most prepared, the most awake and the most skilled out of all of Hooligans. None of them really seemed to notice Hiccup, they were too tired to. But all of that was about to change, Gobber got out a very large bugle. He blew into it a few times. The loud fog horn quickly got the Hooligans alerted to their surroundings. Gobber the Belch smiled at the Hooligan warriors to be.

"Good you're all here and awake."

The young Hooligans muttered a few grumbles of annoyance under there breath.

"First order of business, we have a new recruit, boyo get up here."

Gobber said motioning to Hiccup, for a moment the Prince hesitated but then ultimately got up and stood before the young Vikings. To be honest, the young Hooligans really didn't seem to notice Hiccup, they were to dead to the world to even care or notice. Hiccup smiled a bit, perhaps he could just blend into the background while he was in this village. Hiccup was about to sit back down when Gobber put a meaty arm on his shoulder and whispered.

"Well, go on, tell e'm something 'bout yourself."

Hiccup again was quiet for a moment, he then said.

"Hello thereâ€|I don't have a name so call me what you like, I'm from the east and I like sword fightingâ€|"

None of the Hooligans again really seemed to care or acknowledge Hiccup. This was great as far as Hiccup was concerned, maybe he could leave this place marginally unnoticed . Gobber then motioned for Hiccup to sit back down, he did reluctantly. The Blacksmith then clapped his hands together. He happily said.

"Right then, your first lesson begins now! Get you're lazy bones to Hooligan Harbor now. Hop to it then, there's not a moment to lose."

Many of the young Hooligans groaned as they slumped up and began to zombie walk out of the Great Hall. After a few minutes, they reached the Hooligan Harbor. Gobber then ordered them to slum their way onto a long narrow Viking Ship.

"Get on their, ya worthless sniveling babies, were heading North East!"

"Where to?"

Wartihog asked nervously. Gobber the Belch only chuckled darkly.

"Ohâ€|hoâ€|ho, you'll see."

Everyone there swallowed hard, nobody knew where this mad man was taking them. The Blacksmith then put his fat stubby legs onto the narrow vessel and ordered the other Hooligans to follow him onto the ship. The vessel was long with a six rows of benches and a large clear area in the front, obviously for a navigator. There were three oars on each side, and not much room to move around. Hiccup was the last to get on along with Fishlegs. At first Hiccup was fascinated by the boat, he'd been curious for a while on how these vessels glided upon the water like a Cauldron. But then Gobber the Belch screamed.

"Now start rowing you whimpering babies, before I whip ya into shape!"

With that nine Hooligans started rowing, Hiccup was hesitate at first, but quickly grabbed onto the oar to help Fishlegs. Fishlegs after only a few strong rows was already red in the face with exhaustion, Hiccup could tell, he didn't exactly have a whole lot to offer in the muscle department, despite his size. But Hiccup easily saw that Fishlegs was probably smarter than the majority of Vikings on this boat combined. After Hiccup and Fishlegs got into a comfortable rowing pattern, the Prince asked in between rows.

"Hello thereâ€|what's your name?"

Fishlegs between his deep breathes managed to mutter out the words.

"Fish-Fishlegs."

Hiccup smiled as he then said.

"How ya doing Fishlegs?"

Fishlegs to be honest was stunned by this; nobody really talked to him or took him seriously. With a husky exhausted smile, Fishlegs responded.

"Fineâ€|thanks."

There was silence for a moment.

"So what's your name?"

"Don't got one, call me what ya like."

"Ohâ€|ummâ€|okay."

Fishlegs didn't say anything after that, what person didn't a name. But Fishlegs just shrugged it off and counted his blessings, this nameless boy may not have had a name, but he wasn't attempting to burn him alive in an open fire so that was a plus. After that the two were quiet, everyone on the boat grew eerily silent. A dense grey fog was beginning to roll in from the dark corners of the Barbaric Archipelago. The ocean itself seemed to be getting gradually darker. High rocky bluffs began to protrude expectantly out of the sea. But one bluff caught the eye of every young Hooligan there including Hiccup it was a mountainous steep bluff in the shape of a dead man's

skull. Hiccup swallowed hard, he recognized this bleak place, the dragons had taken him here on many occasions. The Prince turned his head to see the stiffening faces of the Young Hooligan's to be, they were all terrified of this place. But onward they rowed, not wanting to upset Gobber the Belch, and eventually they landed on the dry plain looking shores of the tiny island. Gobber the Belch hopped off the small vessel and proudly looked upon the bleak area. He took in a deep breath and smelled the bittersweet air.

"Ahhhhhhâ€|Do you smell it in the air?"

"The rotting Fish guts?"

"Or the slimy sea air?"

The Terrible Twins said disgusted, the smell emanating from this island was to foul even for them. Even the other Vikings became a little nauseous when that rotten stench reached their nostrils. Gobber seemed to only take in the smell as if it was heavenly.

"Bothâ€|Now this is very importantâ€|SO GET INTO LINE YOU MISERABLE TADPOLES!"

Gobber screamed with anger as the Hooligan recruits then got into line. The Blacksmith then raised one fat finger.

"NOW PAY ATTENTION!"

Screamed Gobber the Belch as his voice roared like a lion.

"This is your first military operation, your first step to becoming proud members of the Hooligan Tribe and Fishlegs will be leading you."

Everyone there excluding Hiccup groaned painfully and annoyed.

"Oh, not Fishlegs, you can't put him in charge, Sir, he's USELESS!"

Roared Dogsbreath the Duhbrain, most of the other Hooligans nodded in agreement. Fishlegs tried to look away and wipe his nose against his sleeve as he sunk slightly into the sand. Snotlout then boasted.

"Anyone would be better than Fishlegs, even the new guy would be better than Fishlegs!"

Gobber exploded with rage.

"SILENCE!"

He cried.

"The next one to speak has limpet rations for another THREE WEEKS!"

After that, there was absolute silence. Gobber the Belch took a moment to collect himself, the Blacksmith took a deep breathe in and then said.

"Fishlegs, will be leading you, why because he's the only among you whose not an IDIOT!"

Gobber said referring to the shenanigans of a few nights ago; he gave a painful glance toward Snotlout.

"And also because I said so, and that's the way things go with us Vikings! Where do ya think ya are!? THE REPUBLIC OF ROME!?"

Gobber then began to pace back and forth.

"Now, today isn't about leadership, today is about proving yourself to be a Hooligan Warrior. It doesn't matter who's in charge, today is about the ancient tradition of the Hooligan Tribe."

The Blacksmith paused dramatically.

"First you must catch a new-born dragonâ€|. and eat it."

Gobber said with a malicious smile, the looks from the various Hooligans ranged from licking their lips with hunger or gagging with disgust. Hiccup was among the looks of the disgust. The Blacksmith began to pace back and forth again. The Prince was beginning to grow uncomfortable being around these dragon murdering idiots.

"Now dragons are what set us apart from the rest of the world. Most people have to worry about wolves or bears in the wilderness. But it is only the Greatest of Vikings who fight dragonsâ€|who dare to face the most dangerous creatures on earth.

Gobber spoke with that funny mad glint in his eyes as he spat solemnly into the dry sandy shores.

"There are five parts to initiation into the Hooligan Tribe, they will test you're skill, bravery and courage. BUT ONLY ONE OF YOU MAY PASS, AND HAVE THE HONOR OF KILLING A DRAGON IN FRONT OF THE WHOLE TRIBE!...The first part if you wish to enter the Hairy Hooligan Tribe, you must catch a dragon. That is why I've brought you to this scenic spot."

The Blacksmith then pointed upper wards at the skull-like formation.

"Just take a look at Wild Dragon Cliff itself."

All nine of the teenagers tipped their heads backwards to face the top of the cliff. It was an odd dull grey color that loomed dizzily above world. This was the dragon nursery; many different breeds of dragons would often lay their eggs in the various nests inside. Then when a dragon reached a favorable size they would leave the caves and live there wild adventurous lives. The Dragons in Hiccup's pack took Hiccup here a few times just for the fun of it. While Hiccup looked back on those memories with fondness, he found it difficult to remember said fondness when you're talking about killing and eating poor defenseless dragons. Hiccup swallowed hard, thankfully he could tell the dragons inside the cliff were sound asleep, he could tell by the ominous low rumble of their unified snores. The Prince could feel the vibrations in his boots, nobody else seemed to notice.

"Now, do you see the formation of caves halfway up the cliff in the shape of a skull?"

Gobber asked, it was kind of hard miss, the young Hooligans nodded.

"Inside those caves right now areâ€|Eh give or take three-thousand young dragons, all beginning their first few weeks of winter sleep."

Everyone lit up with excitement, Hiccup tried to look excited to but it was really hard for him. The Prince obviously having to live amongst dragons, knowing there culture, language, etc., he knew considerably more about dragons then anyone else there. And from what the Prince knew about dragons, going up to a cave of three-thousand young dragons, being a friend or foe, you do not disturb the sleep of any dragon no matter the size or age. It reminded him of a hunting trip the pack took Hiccup on. Once on a hunting trip Hiccup had watched a group of Terrible Terrors devour a deer within a few seconds. Bones included. So as you could imagine, from Hiccup's perspective, this was madness. No one else seemed concerned; Hiccup rolled his eyes at the anxious Hooligans to be , typical ignorance among Vikings, it almost annoyed the Prince.

"Now, in a few minutes, I want you to take you're baskets and start climbing the cliffâ€|Once you are in the cave entrance you're on your ownâ€|I am to large to squeeze my way into the tunnels."

Tuffnut leaded into to his sister, he then whispered.

"I'll say, it's a miracle he can even squeeze into anything."

The Terrible Twins chuckled lightly. Gobber didn't seem to notice.

"So you will enter the caves, quietly- and that means everyoneâ€|unless ya want to become the last winter meal for three thousand starving dragons, HA HA HA HA!"

Gobber laughed heartily at his own dark joke, everyone else only seemed to sweat.

"So you all will pick up one sleeping dragon, lift it gently into your basket and then quietly leave the Calliban Cavesâ€|So, any questions"

Gobber said with a smile, nobody had any questions.

"Right so off ya go then, ohâ€|and in the unlikely event you do wake the dragons and you'd have to be incredibly IDIOTIC to do that, run like thunder for the entrance, dragons don't like cold weather, the snow will stop them in their tracksâ€|probably."

"Well that's reassuring."

Hiccup said to himself. Gobber went on cheerfully.

"I need not tell you, anyone who returns without a dragon will fail initiation and be thrown out of the Hooligan Tribe and placed into permanent exile. There are no failures in our Tribe."

Hiccup smiled, exile sounded fun, anything would be better than to be in a tribe of complete dragon killing lunatics. But he owed it to the Night Fury, The Prince had to save that dragon's life and if he had to do some things that he wouldn't be proud of; then so be it. But he would not kill a dragon, not as long as he walked on this bleak desolate world, would he ever do that. Gobber then gave the Hooligan salute.

"In half an hours' time you will be on your way to being full members of the Hairy Hooligan Tribe; or breakfasting with Thor and Odin in Valhalla with dragons teeth in your bottoms!"

Screamed Gobber with horrid enthusiasm.

"DEATH OR GLORY!"

He yelled. The Young Hooligans mimicked the salute while saying.

"DEATH OR GLORY!"

Hiccup wanted to say 'You bunch of Nimrods, if you yell any louder your gonna wake up those dragons before we even start', but he didn't want to get pummeled into the ground by Gobber the Belch. The Blacksmith then moved out of the way and went to go find a comfortable rock to sit on and eat his clam and tomato sandwich. All eyes turned to Fishlegs who seemed to be sweating up a storm.

"Soâ€|Ummmmâ€|yeahâ€|errr."

Fishlegs had trouble trying to hold a straight face, he was so nervous. Gobber pretty much put him on the spot and the husky blonde boy wasn't used to being the center of attention. Snotface Snotlout smiled gleefully as he shoved Fishlegs out of the way, and took charge.

"Okay, listen up."

He whispered in a sadistic menacing fashion.

"I'm in charge, not Fishlegs, and anyone who says otherwise gets a knuckle sandwich from Dogsbreath."

Dogsbreath the Duhbrain grunted happily as he pounded his fists together in a fierce way.

"Show e'm what I mean!"

Dogsbreath then kicked Fishlegs in the stomach while he was still down, Hiccup eyes narrowed with rage and symphony for Fishlegs. No one else seemed to care; they were to focused on Snotlout. Nobody objected, nobody except for Hiccup, who smiled a smug grin as he said.

"HEY! New guy pay attention."

Snotlout hissed at Hiccup, who turned his eyes to face the great bully of a boy.

"Rope yourselves together; the best climber should go first."

Hiccup only smiled, he slowly began to walk up to Snotlout.

"Why that be you won't itâ€|Snotarse Snotlout, you're the best at everything aren't ya."

Snotlout grinned his teeth in anger; it was difficult to tell if Hiccup was laughing at him or not because of just the confident smugness of his attitude.

"That's right new guyâ€|I AM, Bash him Dogsbreath."

Dogsbreath nodded before he aimed a straight punch at Hiccup, but then to the amazement of everyone there. Hiccup dodged Dogsbreath's punch, again Dogsbreath tried to punch the small boy into the ground and again Hiccup dodged. The Prince smiled nervously, this brute of a boy was strong, but Hiccup had an advantage, he was strong and acrobatic.

"Really, you're having this fool fight your own battles Snotlout? I thought you were the best at everything?"

Hiccup said with a smile, the other Young Hooligans looked on in shock at the situation Snotlout was in. Astrid starred on with suspicion, but then she shook her head dismissively as she continued to watch the fight as Dogsbreath couldn't even get a solid punch on Hiccup. Snotlout then joined the fight he attempted to grab Hiccup in a bear hug so Dogsbreath could easily punch Hiccup to death. But Hiccup jumped over Snotlout and landed his skinny feet on his helmet, and then he jumped off right as Dogsbreath punched Snotlout in the face. Hiccup laughed for a moment at Snotlout's dismay, but the Prince's chuckle soon faded once he got a look at Snotlout's enraged red face. Hiccup then burst out laughing again.

"You're face! (Uncontrollable Laugh) Ya look like the ass end of a north bond yak!"

"He's dead."

Speedyfist whispered to Tuffnut. Snotlout then charged at Hiccup like a raging bull, the Prince oddly enough only just stood there laughing. Then when Snotlout was only a few feet away from grabbing Hiccup and probably murdering him, the prince barrel rolled out of Snotlout's way. Snotlout then slammed into mountainside head first and fell to the ground disoriented. Everyone there looked at Hiccup, who then walked over to Fishlegs and helped the husky blonde up.

"Up and Adam, Fishlegs."

After Hiccup helped Fishlegs up, all the young recruits eyes turned to him. Hiccup smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know why you're all looking at me, he's in charge."

All eyes turned to Fishlegs.

"Ummmmâ€|Right, rope yourselves together; the best climber should go first."

Fishlegs said timidly. Wartihog then asked.

"Wellâ€|what about Snotlout."

Hiccup then said.

"Right, somebody wake up Snotlout."

Astrid rolled her sky blue eyes.

"Do I gotta do everything around here?"

Astrid then walked over to Snotlout and picked him buy the collar of his black vest. She then punched him in the face seven times. Snotlout got up groggily, still angry at Hiccup, but his anger seemed to have subsided to an extant. Fishlegs then timidly ordered everybody to rope themselves together. Hiccup was last to be tied on, next to Fishlegs. He really didn't seem to care who he was tied to or where, Hiccup just wanted this to just end. Despite, his calm collected smug attitude, he was nervous, nervous about killing baby dragons. Hel, nervous about said dragons killing him and everyone else in the process. Anyway, Hiccup was tied behind Fishlegs and the blonde husky boy behind Dogsbreath.

"Ohâ€|brilliant."

Muttered Fishlegs.

"I'm about to enter a cave full of man eating reptiles, tied up to seven complete lunaticsâ€|excluding you of course."

Fishlegs said glancing over to Hiccup. Hiccup smiled.

"Hey, I'm just glad I'm not one of the seven complete lunatics."

Fishlegs then said.

"Hey, thank you for fending off Dogsbreath and Snotlout earlier; ya didn't have to do thatâ€|"

"It's alright Fishlegsâ€|but going back to watch ya said earlier, I don't think the dragons are gonna be that big of issue."

Hiccup said backwards glancing at the large spiraling mountain. It was then the climb began. Ten Teenagers began to climb up the mountainside. It was a perilous climb, the rocks were slippery and far between. The other Vikings were overexcited with glee, and making the ascent far too quickly. In fact Tuffnut actually grabbed onto Ruffnut's foot and nearly pulled her down.

"Get your hand off my foot you idiot!"

"Get your foot off my hand!"

Tuffnut and Ruffnut continued to yell at one another but eventually Tuffnut missed his footing and fell of the mountain along with his sister. Luckily Tuffnut fell onto Dogsbreath who caught him by the back of his trousers and heaved him back onto the rock again. Ruffnut

fell a few feet more than her brother but Hiccup managed to reach for her arm and pull her back onto the rock.

"There ya go, wouldn't want ya to fall back down and be a pretty little stain now would we?"

Hiccup said nervously as he tried to keep his footing. Ruffnut blushed a delicate shade of red before she began to climb back up to her annoying brother. Astrid rolled her eyes again and continued to focus on the climb. After much climbing, they finally made it to the caves of the cliff, Hiccup glanced down at the sea pounding on the rocks down below and Gobber the Belch sleeping on a dry patch of dirt.

"Untie the ropes."

Ordered Snotlout, but without the usual bark that he had in his voice. His mind was too busy popping with excitement over the ever present dangers ahead. Fishlegs upon reaching the top asked weakly.

"Soâ€|who goes in first?"

Everyone looked around, none of them wanted to go in first. Snotlout then grinned a malicious smile.

"How about the new guy because if any of the dragons are awake, he'll be the first to know about it."

All eyes turned to Hiccup, the Prince took a deep breath and he said. The Prince of Dragons was many things, but not a coward.

"Fineâ€|I'll go."

Hiccup then began to squeeze his way into the tight rocky tunnel. The tunnel was dark long and twisty with all kinds of jagged rock formations. The tunnel was dripping with moisture and constantly changing in size. Sometimes it was large enough for the Hooligans to walk up right. Other times it was so narrow and claustrophobic that the young Vikings could only just squeeze through. Squirming on their stomachs like worms in the wet soil. After what seemed like an eternity of walking and crawling into the heart of the cliff. The stench of dragons grew stronger and stronger, until it became unbearable. That is when the tunnel opened out into a gigantic cavern. The cavern was filled with more dragons then any human alive could imagine have existed. Dragons of all shapes and sizes, from Terrible Terrors to premature Monstrous Nightmares, they all littered the walls and most of the cavern floor. They lit up the room with an explosion of color and size. Hiccup had a wide smile of happy disbelief, they were more dragons here then there were in the Red Death's Lair. There were dozens of species Hiccup had heard of and countless more that he never knew existed. Some deadly, some friendly all asleep, Hiccup started sweating when he remembered why he was here. To capture one of these remarkable creatures and eat it, he had to come up with some sort of plan to free the dragons they were about to capture, but he could deal with that later. Hiccup looked at the dragons; he gazed at the massive piles the Deadly Nadders were in, the Monstrous Nightmares roasting like giant bats on the ceiling walls. Hiccup kept telling himself they were still asleep, but there

unified snores were so loud and so deep that it seemed to penetrate right through Hiccup's body and vibrate around his insides. Causing his insides to churn and forcing his soft meaty heart to be beat at the same tempo. If oneâ€ just one of these countless dragons were to wake up, it would spell death for the Young Hooligans. Hiccup then said under his breathe.

"I won't think about, just take a deep breathâ€ I will not think about it."

Just then the other Hooligans entered the cavern, Snotlout looked back to Speedyfist.

"Hey Speedyfist, do ya got a light?"

Snotlout asked in a voice no louder than a whisper. Speedyfist chuckled softly.

"Da ya really need ta ask?"

Speedyfist said as he went into his pockets in search of a some homemade flare. He had a nasty habit of setting things of fire and would often cause a ruckus. He even sometimes went around tipping Yaks along with Tuffnut and Ruffnut. But anyway after digging into his pockets, Speedyfist handed Snotlout a small flare.

"That's all I got, Gobber confiscated the rest after I burned down Mildew's sheep farm."

Hiccup sighed; maybe it was because his eyes were more adjusted to the darkness after living in dark places most of life, but he thought of the idea of a flare to be utterly ridiculous. There were glow-worms and Fire-worms that lit up the cave entrance with a dim light. But even Hiccup had to admit that the flare did seem to comfort him a little. The light helped Hiccup cope with the thoughts of him not being eaten alive by young dragons. None of the other Vikings were thinking about it though. Ignorance can be bliss in situations like this. Their eyes were popping with excitement, hands over their noses to keep out the smell, searching for the biggest dragon they could find that could fit into their baskets. Dragons also represented status; if ya got a Nadder you were considered an able warrior with loyalty and smarts. If ya got a Monstrous Nightmare, you were considered a fierce Viking with not much happening in the brain department. The same went for the Gronkle's only if ya got a Gronkle you were smart, tough and had a soft side. If ya got a Zippelback that meant you were a stealth fighter with personality issues. If ya got a Night Fury, you were considered the greatest thing since Beowulf, Thor and Baldr all mixed into a blender. Anyway Snotlout had been making a fuse about finding a bright red Monstrous Nightmare.

"We'll would ya look at that, a Monstrous Nightmare, the greatest killing machine on the planet. Cool to look at, stealthy and great fightersâ€ just like me."

Snotlout then picked up the Nightmare and plopped it into his basket. Wartihog and Dogsbreath were fighting over a bright brown Gronkle. They were both looking at the dragon happily, but when they both grabbed the beast at the same time, Wartihog said.

"I saw it first, I called it."

Boasted Wartihog, Dogsbreath the Duhbrain then said.

"No ya didn't I saw it first."

"You did not; you were too busy eyeing the Zippleback."

Wartihog and Dogsbreath looked at each other menacingly in the eyes. They began a loudly whispered fight over the Gronckle. After a few seconds Dogsbreath won the fight and stuffed the dragon into his basket. Tuffnut and Ruffnut were busy fighting over a Zippleback.

"What do you think you're doing?"

Asked Ruffnut in anger.

"What? I grabbed it first."

Tuffnut whispered innocently. The twins began to fight over the dragon.

"Did not!"

"Did to!"

"Did not!"

"Did to!"

"Did not!"

"Did to!"

It was then the Terrible Twins both dropped the Zippleback, it's scaly body fell menacingly to the cavern floor. The Zippleback opened its four evil crocodile eyes. Everyone in the cavern held their breath. The Zippleback starred in a few directions randomly. The dragon's twin heads it snapped a few times at its other head. It was difficult to tell whether or not it was awake or not from its blank lifeless expression. Hiccup breathed a sigh of relief when he saw the Zippleback drift back to sleep. Amazingly, none of the other dragons woke up, a few groggily grumbled but most were in such a deep sleep that they barely even noticed. Perhaps these dragons were so dead to the world, that nothing would wake them. Everyone in the room slowly let out their breath. With quiet anger Hiccup went to pick up the Zippleback and a slight more yellowish Zippleback. Then he handed the two dragons to the Terrible Twins.

"You get this one and you get this one."

He said giving the dragons to Ruffnut and Tuffnut, it was actually somewhat difficult for Hiccup to let go of those dragons and hand them to these complete maniacs but Hiccup did. Hiccup pointed at the two of them.

"Now that's the last I better here about this."

Hiccup then walked away to go find himself a dragon. The Twins waited

until Hiccup was out of earshot and then Tuffnut said to Ruffnut.

"Hey! Yours is bigger!"

The two began to quietly fight again. Astrid rolled her eyes.

"Mutton Heads."

Astrid said as she plopped a Deadly Nadder into her basket. Speedyfist kept letting out prayers to Loki, the patron God of sneaky exploits as he picked up a small Gronckle. Wartihog then went and found himself a bright grey Zippleback as well. Hiccup edged forward cautiously and kept looking for the seemingly most unconscious looking dragon. The Prince then glanced down to see a rather large Monstrous Nightmare that was icy cold to the touch. Hiccup smiled lightly, you see you can tell when a dragon is asleep or in a sleep coma when it's icy cold to the touch. Dragons can stay in this state for hundreds even thousands of years. Hiccup grabbed the small Nightmare and maneuvered it into his basket as quickly as he could.

"I did it, I did it, I did it."

The Prince chanted happily to himself, at least now he wouldn't raise much suspicion. Everything was going to plan so to speak. All he had to do now was manipulate the Blacksmith, fix the Night Fury's tail and leave this forsaken place. Hiccup looked over at the only one in the group that didn't have a dragon and that was of course Fishlegs. Everyone who had one now seemed to be making their way down toward the cave they came in. Fishlegs was nervously approaching a pile of naughtily entangled Deadly Nadders, on very loud tip toes. If you thought the Terrible Twins were bad at Burglary they were, but Fishlegs was even worse than the Terrible Twins put together. Hiccup stopped dead in his tracks.

"Fishlegs don't do it. It's not worth it. Fishlegs please, don't do it."

But Fishlegs was fed up with Snotlout and being pushed around by everyone else. He was going to himself a really cool dragon. Then he was going to pound that dragon into the dirt he didn't say anything about eating it though. Fishlegs then got down on his knees and grabbed the tail of one of the Nadders. He then gently yanked on the tail end. The entire pile of Deadly Nadders came crashing down in a furious collapse. Everyone Viking in the cavern gave a horrified gasp, most of the Nadder's snapped crossly at each other before drifting back to sleep. But the largest ugliest Nadder in the pile creaked it's reptilian eyes open and blinked a few times. The Nadder starred forward sightless, and ready to fall back to sleep. But then Fishlegs, who had been standing there frozen for the past few minutes, let out a sneeze. A horrible sneeze that echoed throughout the caverns, the brute of a Nadder starred sightlessly ahead but then it opened its eyes fully dilated. Its tail filled with large prickly spikes opened up. Fishlegs ducked as the Nadder fired its tail spikes at him, and narrowly missed the husky Viking.

"Oh dear Thor."

Whispered Speedyfist, the Nadder's head suddenly whipped around to face Fishlegs. It's jaw snapped violently, the dragons wings unfolded to their greatest extent. The Nadder then advanced forward and began to shriek loud cackles that began to make the other dragons stir. Hiccup then shouted.

"Run!"

Hiccup then grabbed Fishlegs arm and dragged him away, the Vikings ran for the exit like madmen. Fishlegs and Hiccup were the last ones to get there. They had two minutes start on the dragons because it took a long time for the Nadder to wake up the rest of the dragons. But Hiccup could hear a furious rage as the dragons started to pour into the tunnel. In Dragonese they shrieked.

"_Kill the humans that plague our caves! Eat there flesh, feast on their bones! Kill the swine!" _

Upon hearing that, Hiccup ran forward a little faster. The Dragons were smaller and could move more swiftly then the recruits and even see better in the dark, but they were held up when the tunnel got smaller and they had to fold there wings back to squirm through.

"I-I Haven't Got a Dragon!"

Fishlegs breathed queasily. Hiccup looked over at Fishlegs slightly annoyed.

"THAT! Should be the least of your worries!"

Hiccup said as he squirmed frantically on his elbows when they entered a narrow portion of the cave. The cackles of the dragons getting louder and seemingly closer.

"They're gaining on us!"

Fishlegs then screamed out of stubborn panic.

"NO DRAGON!"

"OH FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!"

Hiccup snapped, he loosed his basket and then tossed it to Fishlegs.

"Here! If it's worth more then you're life take mine!"

Then the Prince loosened the basket from Fishlegs's back before heading off down the cave again. Hiccup then turned and went back into the darkness of the cavern. Even as the roaring was getting louder.

"What are you doing?!"

Fishlegs asked frantically as Hiccup returned only a few moments later. Hiccup let out an arm that Fishlegs grabbed onto to help haul him through. There was a sleek Monstrous Nightmare on his tail, Hiccup grabbed a rock and hurled it at snout of the beast. The Monstrous Nightmare squealed in pain as it retreated for one vital

moment. They turned a corner and then they could see light from the end of the final tunnel. Fishlegs rushed forward toward the light as Hiccup squirmed through the last bit of darkness. But then a Deadly Nadder sank its fangs into Hiccup's left foot. Hiccup was so desperate to get out that he barely noticed the beast on his foot; in fact he actually dragged the Nadder along with him out of the caverns. But then as Hiccup's head made it back outside, the Prince saw the familiar face of Gobber the Belch. Gobber the Belch hauled Hiccup by the head and shoulders out of the cave. The Blacksmith then whacked the Nadder on Hiccup's leg away with one fell swoop. When Gobber got Hiccup fully out of the cavern he yelled.

"Jump!"

Gobber then stunned one dragon with one blow from his good hand.

"What do ya mean jump!?"

Hiccup said as he glanced down miles of open sea and the rocky bluffs spaced in between. He hesitated for a moment. The drop was dizzying.

"No time to climb down!"

Gobber said as he violently shoved a rock into a Gronckle's mouth and then bouncing two Nadder's against his gigantic belly.

"JUMP!"

Hiccup took a deep breath in and leapt down of the cliff, it wasn't like he had his flight suit handy. He couldn't glide his way through the sky and to safety. But Hiccup manned up and dived head first toward the sea. Narrowly the Prince plunged through the air, when Hiccup hit the water it didn't feel like water, more like hitting an icy rock. It vaguely reminded him of the time he fell into the water when he was first designing his flight suit and a Zippleback had to go fish him out. Hiccup gasped for air, as he took a good look around and was immediately drenched by the gigantic splash of Gobber the Belch who landed a few feet away. With furious shrieks the premature dragons swarmed out of the cave and began to dive bomb the floating Vikings. Hiccup dived down again as the dragons hovered over him, afraid to enter the water. Dragons loathed the cold, especially cold water. Eventually Hiccup had to resurface, with relief he watched the dragons fly to the skies above to scream Dragonese insults.

"_Weak choppers!" _

"_Tear their wings off!" _

"_Feast on their flesh!" _

Hiccup then swam to shore along with Gobber the Belch and the rest of the Hooligan recruits. The Hooligans prided themselves on being exceptionally good swimmers, but it's hard to stay afloat when you have a trapped terrified dragon on your back. The Hooligans scrambled over the beach, the safety of shores only put the Hooligans into a false sense of security. Tuffnut shacked his fist in the air.

"Yeah you better fly away dragons. Just you try and get me, I dare you!"

A dragon not put off by the cold pre-winter air came shrieking down. He landed on Tuffnut's back and started savaging him, sinking it's fangs into Tuffnut's shoulder.

"OW! OW-OW! I am hurt, I am very much hurt!"

Tuffnut screamed as he tried to get the dragon off his back. Gobber came in with a rock club prophetic. He bashed the dragon off of Tuffnut. It was more painful for Tuffnut because half the time Gobber severely missed the dragon and instead hit Tuffnut. The dragon let go of Tuffnut and flapped away. But a whole wave of dragons replaced that one, all flying down ready to attack. Miniature fire balls shooting down from their mouths. Talons spread to ready to pounce. Teeth sharpened to a razors edge. Gobber the Belch stood, legs spread apart, from his belt he grabbed a large double-headed ax. The Blacksmith whirred it round and round, he through back his head and yelled a blood thirsty cry. That echoed throughout the sea stacks and even scared off some of the dragons. The hairs of every young Viking there stood on end. But the dragons had the advantage in numbers, they just kept on coming. Gobber then let go of the ax. Spilling end to end, the ax soared upwards it hit the biggest dragon of the lot, handle end. The Dragon was simply knocked out, but not dead. The other dragons began to rethink their strategy. Some of them scrambled over each other in a haste to fly back to the cave. The others came to a halt, hovering uncertainly screaming in defiance but keeping their distance.

"Waste of a good ax."

Grunted Gobber.

"Head for the boat, get it outta see before they come back."

Nobody needed any more encouragement other than that. The Young Hooligans pushed the boat out to sea and piled on Gobber the Belch then proudly got back onto the boat, as the Hooligans made their escape. By the end of it all, many of the young Hooligans were exhausted. Somewhere in the middle of the sea, Gobber decided it was best they took a break. Breathing heavily, exhausted from the harsh swim, and some of them with minor injuries, what they all needed now was a break. But what they got instead was more of Gobber the Belch's yelling. But not before the Blacksmith very carefully continued heads again, to make sure he hadn't lost anyone. Gobber the Belch had spent an unpleasant few minutes at the bottom of the cliff after he got up from his power nap. He was wondering why there was such a terrible racket coming from the cave. Also what he was going to say to Stoic the Vast if Gobber walked up to the Chief and said. "It went great! They all died horrible deaths and are all drinking mead with Thor in Valhalla." But the Blacksmith for whatever reason didn't think that was tacked or sensitive enough. But then again, speaking with tacked or sensitivity where not Gobber's strong suits. He preferred to bash people on the head and ask questions later. After a few minutes he came up with. "It went great! They all died pleasant deaths and all drinking mead with Thor in Valhallaâ€|sorry about that." Secretly he was relieved that none recruits died in the Caliban Caves. But still, the Blacksmith was not in the best of moods. He then exploded with wrath, as the young Hooligans sat shivering violently from the cold

waters .

"NEVER! Never in fourteen years have I come across a bunch of hopeless barnacles as you lot. Which of you useless mollusks was responsible for waking up the dragons?"

All eyes turned back to Fishlegs and Hiccup. Fishlegs was sweating, wheezing and shivering at the same time. He dreaded the thought of being yelled at by Gobber the Belch. With a deep intake, Hiccup raised his hand and said.

"I wasâ€|"

All eyes turned over to Hiccup in disbelief, 'did he just cover for Fishlegs?' was what they all thought simultaneously. Gobber sighed again, before exploding.

"Oh that's brilliant!"

He bellowed.

"Just brilliant! The new recruit who had so potential, some hope, some pride, ends up like the rest of you magnificent barnacle brains! Excluding you Fishlegs. At the tender age of sixteen you all do your best to annihilate yourself and the rest of you in a simple military exercise."

No one said a thing after that, but Gobber went on.

"In addition to the Limpet rations ordered by Stoic the Vast the rest of you are on limpet rations for another three weeks."

Everyone groaned annoyed.

"You're all lucky I'm letting you eat these dragonsâ€|you all do have you're dragonsâ€|I HOPE."

Gobber said crossly, everyone nodded meekly. Fishlegs looked down at his basket and then to Hiccup who was also nodding meekly.

"Right then, were returning to Berk. Full speed ahead."

The Viking Long boat then drifted toward the familiar shores of Berk.

* * *

><p>Authors Note:

**Wow that was a mouth full, I always keep my promises 10,000 words plus. Also guys in the next week or so I'm gonna be changing my Avatar picture. (If you haven't guessed it's the main character of my other project 'Christo', William Romulus Murphy) So they be on the lookout. Also thank you again for your support, none of this would have been possible without you guess. Expect a lot more; expect more chapters, longer chapters and all that good stuff. Thank you and have a nice day! **

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 7: Nicknames

BERK

Rain began to drop from the sky, slowly at first but then faster than anything you can imagine. Hiccup and the other eight Hooligans miserably continued to row through the murky water. Gobber the Belch continued to yell at the young Vikings, but it was more of a somewhat gleeful yell than anything else.

"Even though that was a complete fiasco, it was not a total disaster; you are now on your first steps to becoming a Hooligan Warriors, but remember only one of you will have the honor of being truly excepted into the tribe."

Everyone on the narrow Viking boat seemed too lit up a little with glee. All except for Hiccup, who was sideways glancing out to the open sea, he only heard every third word Gobber was saying. The Prince had done it, he had done what the blacksmith had wanted him to do, he went on this horrible dragon murdering quest, nearly got eaten alive by three-thousand dragons and was sitting in a boat with ten complete morons he didn't even like. Well except Fishlegs, he seemed like a nice enough guy. Everyone else, was a complete arse, especially that Snotlout guy and his little gang of miscreants. Hiccup was optimistic though; he could now at least work with the Blacksmith and begin to make a new tail for the Night Fury. Fishlegs gave a sharp nudge to Hiccup. Hiccup was a little confused, he was ready to call out him out on it, Fishlegs gave a subtle point in Gobber's direction.

"Now, bring a good sword or an ax tomorrow! Tomorrow we begin the second step of initiation, dragon training."

The Young Hooligans to be, eyes lit up with excitement, Hiccup only grew tense and balled his fists. This people really were arses, how would they like to be killed for sport. How would they like to be forced into a cage and treated like a monster? But the Prince kept his cool and tried to remain calm, that is until Snotlout leaned back and said smugly.

"Smart work back there, Useless, can't wait to see you on the battlefield!"

"Useless?"

Hiccup asked annoyed.

"That's you're new nickname, The Useless New Guy, and the Worthless Fishlegs, you guys make quite a team!"

Hiccup wanted to say something, but then Gobber boomed.

"Silence! This is you're initiation not a pleasant day out in the country! Silence or you'll be eating lug worms for the rest of your lives!"

Everyone on the boat gagged, lug worms made limpets look like yak

jerky. When everyone was silent, Gobber the Belch continued more calming.

"But first, I presume you all have your dragonsâ€|"

Everyone nodded, including Hiccup. Gobber then clapped his hands together.

"Splendid! There are however four more aspects to your initiation, we'll dive into those latter. Now when we get back to Berk, we can begin the slow painful process of skinning them alive and then baking there insides."

Hiccup gave a morbid look, a look more morbid then the one he gave during the talk about the lug-worms. The rest of the Hooligans were curious, none of them never had dragon. Most of them thought it tasted kinda like chicken. The young Hooligans joy turned to dismay as Gobber then said.

"Right, so who among you is going to cook the dragons?"

Everyone groaned, especially Tuffnut. Cooking took time and effort, and most Young Vikings, only put most of their effort into killing various things.

"Cooking's a girl's job. Get some girl to do it."

Ruffnut smiled nastily.

"I nominate Tuffnut."

"Yeah! Wait what?"

Tuffnut said confused. There was a lighthearted chuckle at Tuffnut's expense as Hiccup stood a crossroads at what to do. He could just let those dragons die horribly and not raise any suspicion. Or he could do something really stupid and risky. Hiccup took a deep breathe in, stood up and said.

"I'll do itâ€|"

All eyes turned to Hiccup once again. He could tell what they were thinking; the guy who beat up Dogsbreath and Snotlout wants to cook? The Prince awkwardly scratched the back of his head and smiled.

"Yeah, ya know, I mean, there's not enough bread making Vikings out there, or small home repair Vikings. I mean come on; sometimes ya gotta set back and take one for the team I guess."

Gobber nodded solemnly.

"I guess it would make up for your fiasco in the Cavesâ€|you got the job boyo."

Hiccup smiled again awkwardly before sitting back down, he then went back to rowing with Fishlegs. It was a poor excuse 'not enough bread-making Vikings', but the prince couldn't let any dragons die on his watch. After a few long hours of drifting and rowing, the band of Hooligans eventually made it back to the remote isle of Berk. By the

time the young Vikings made it back to Berk, they were soaked to the bone by the constant slow by relentless rain. They docked over in Hooligan Harbor, which like the Great Hall was a quiet and vacant. Gobber still had said one final thing as he slowly walked of the long boat.

"Now remember, you can all officially call yourselves members of the tribe after you pass initiation. You'll be able to serve on the front lines in war, kill dragons and do what Viking Heroes have always done since anyone can remember. Just try not to screw it up, another fiasco like that and I'll have to change me skives."

Gobber then faced the young Hooligans as they began to hurriedly rush off the long-boat, they tried to look like proper Hooligans. All except for Hiccup who still was staring off into space, wishing he was somewhere else. Before Hiccup could finally leave this Nightmare, Gobber did the complicated Hooligan salute and shouted.

"Heroes or Exiles?!"

"HEROES OR EXILES!?"

Yelled ten boys and girls fanatically back to the blacksmith. Everyone then dispersed, and the young Hooligans began to make their way back to the village of Berk. Hiccup was still staring off into space, he didn't seem to have noticed that everyone else had already begun to make their way back to the Hooligan Village. Gobber hung back to pat Hiccup on the back, confused Hiccup asked.

"What is it?"

"Don't take me for a fool boy, I saw the way Fishlegs was sweating up a storm like Thor in a Hurricaneâ€|why'd ya cover for him."

Hiccup sighed for a moment.

"Because no one else would, alrightâ€|please don't punish Fishlegs, that guy has enough problems as it isâ€|"

The Prince said with honesty in his eyes, Fishlegs was probably the only one out of the group of Hooligan misfits that he could actually stand and like to an extant, come to think of it Fishlegs was his first human friend. Gobber only smiled, his slack jaw showing.

"Punish?! No, ya have me wrong be, I'm here to congratulate youâ€|"

"Iâ€|wait? What?"

Hiccup said confused.

"It takes guts to take the blame for another personâ€|and to be honest, I can't stand most of the arse's I call students. Except for Fishlegs and by extension youâ€|"

Hiccup smiled a bit.

"Thanksâ€|that's really kindâ€|so is there still a spot for open for a Blacksmith's Apprentice?"

Gobber chuckled a bit as he patted Hiccup on the back with his good hand again.

"Come by tomorrowâ€| today's not good, I gotta plan tomorrow's lessons! Also you need to cook up some nice hefty dragon meat."

Gobber said with a laugh, Hiccup put on a false grin. Never before had his heart constantly rise and fall in the span of two minutes. The Blacksmith was indeed a peculiar person. Gobber the Belch eventually stumbled off as Hiccup slowly collected his thoughts. He sat down on the wooden harbor, and removed the basket from his back that held a scared tiny dragon. Hiccup had thought that the dragon nesting inside the basket had died, for it had not moved in who knows how long. The Prince peered inside, he couldn't get a good look at the dragon, but he could clearly see that some sort of dragons was slowly breathing. It appeared to be in a sleep coma, dragons can hibernate for long periods of time, some even hundreds of years. Hiccup had thought about letting the poor creature out of its basket imprisonment into the real world. Better the dragon die miles away trying to return home then get eaten alive by bloodthirsty savages. The Prince thought it over and against his better judgment; he decided to keep the little dragon, as not to raise any suspicion. He then began to walk back over to Hooligan Village; the Prince had the fortune to run into Fishlegs who was sitting miserably by Hooligan Harbor, looking over his basket, a guilty look on his face. Fishlegs murmured to himself.

"I hate being a Vikingâ€| "

Hiccup walked up to Fishlegs and sat down next to him. It had become a bit difficult seeing how what started as a mere drizzle had turned to horizontal driving rain that had the strength of one of the gale force winds. The Prince then asked.

"What's the matter Fishlegsâ€| ?"

"What, after a narrow escape from horrible death first thing this morning? Or maybe the limpet rations for the few weeks or so."

Complained Fishlegs.

"Followed by complete rejection by the junior half of the tribe, nobodies gonna even side-ways glance at me for years after thisâ€| except for youâ€| but then again, you're just a weirdo like me."

Hiccup only smiled and laughed.

"Being normal is overrated; besides Fishlegs weirdoes like us are what make life exciting. Would you rather be a normal person like the rest of those Snot eating morons? Or would ya rather be a weirdo, who's different and unique."

Fishlegs smiled for only a split second, he then looked over to his basket, and he frowned again. He then reached for his basket and handed it over to Hiccup, as the dragon inside plunged wildly, attempting to get out. Puzzled, Hiccup asked.

"What's this for?"

"You can have this dragon back if ya like Hiccupâ€| I warn ya, there feisty little creatures when there wet and crossâ€|"

Fishlegs said miserable, he rambled on.

"Gobber's gonna go off like a typhoon when he finds out you don't have a dragonâ€|"

Hiccup smiled and took the basket out of Fishlegs's hands and placed it back on the ground next to him.

"But I have got one."

The Prince said, Fishlegs stopped as he didn't seem to fully understand the situation.

"I know it is yours really."

Fishlegs said with a weary sigh.

"I think I'll find myself a boat and just sail off until I reach some place civilized, Rome perhaps. I've always wanted to go to Rome, and I haven't got a hope in Valhalla of passing initiation anyway-"

"Rome's overrated, besides the food's horrible."

Hiccup interrupted trying to lighten the mode; also he knew from experience but that's another story for another time. Anyway, the Prince then got straight to the point.

"No, you don't understand, I gotta another one in my basket."

Hiccup insisted as he then went for the basket and placed it in Fishlegs's hands. Meanwhile, Fishlegs's jaw dropped.

"How?"

"I got it when I went back into the tunnel."

Hiccup explained.

"Well blister my barnacles, you're really luckyâ€| so what kind is it?"

Fishlegs asked curiously, he had always had a fascination with dragons. That was probably the only thing Fishlegs had over the other recruits, he knew what stats and abilities each dragon had.

"A Monstrous Nightmareâ€| No, No wait a Timberjackâ€| No, No wait, waitâ€| a Nadder."

Hiccup pulled his basket right behind his back, he rolled his eyes.

"Probably just a Terrible Terror or a Commoner Garden, besides who cares?"

The Prince said as he began to walk away slowly, Fishlegs quickly pulled his basket over his shoulders and followed after Hiccup. He began to make an argument about how a dragon determines your status here on Berk. The Prince was only half listening, his mind was elsewhere. Hiccup needed to pay the Night Fury a visit sometime. He could only imagine what that dragon was going through. Also he had begun to reconsider risking his life to get Fishlegs a dragon, Hiccup needed to maintain a low profile; he didn't want to go around making friends. But then again, he did like a Fishlegs, he was a nice guy. On the other hand this may turn out better in the long run. Who would think that, The Prince of Dragons, would be posing as a Viking Warrior, no one possibly could and nobody seemed to be suspecting a thing. So on the whole, Hiccup was fairly pleased with himself. Things were looking up. That is until he came across the other Hooligans to be. The rest of the Hooligans were littered around the town entrance, examining each other's dragons. Judging one another, based on what dragon they caught. Hiccup sighed; he really didn't want to deal with Snotlout. He had attempted to sneak by the group, but Snotlout had stopped him.

"Let's see what pathetic creature the Useless has got."

"Maybe it'll be a bread making dragon!"

Yelled Wartihog from a far, the rest of Snotlout's gang laughed cruelly. Snotlout then yanked the basket off of Hiccup's back and pulled off the lid. What happened next, nobody could of saw coming. Snotlout let the basket drop to the ground. His face in abject horror, everyone then gathered around to see a Whispering Death, curled up in a tiny spiky ball. Its spiked body carefully breathing short fast breathes. Everyone backed away from the vicious looking dragon, except for Hiccup. Hiccup looked at his hands; he was wondering how he hadn't had a thousand tiny puncture wounds littered across his hands after picking it up practically blind in the darkness of the Caliban Caves. The Prince went to go collect the basket, carefully not to disturb the Whispering Death's sleep.

"What's wrong with you all? You look like you guys have seen the face of Hel herself ."

The Prince wasn't terrified more fascinated by the little prickly dragon, he had never seen a Whispering Death before. Whispering Death's were large brute like dragons that didn't get along with anyone, dragon and human a like. Often the Dragons in the Caves would tell Hiccup stories about how a herd of them once sunk a whole island in one afternoon. The Night Fury often scoffed at these stories about Whispering Deaths, he wasn't to fond of the creatures, nobody really knew the reason why. Hiccup looked around to see everyone spaced far away from him, Fishlegs hiding behind a barrel said.

"Whispering Deaths are a death omen. Anyone who catches, or even sees one will die soon."

Again Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"Oi you're all bloody mad! Superstitious nonsense, it's asleep and a baby nonetheless. You're all gonna let a Whispering Death, not a month old scare the pants off you guys?"

Hiccup said as he departed, nobody looked at the Prince in the same light as before. Some of them looked at him as if he was a dead man. Hiccup was pleased with this terrified looks, it reminded him of a few nights ago, when these same people were looking on in abject horror at the Prince of Dragons. He always relished in the fear. He turned around for a second to face the still cowering Hooligans.

"Oh yeah, I almost forgot, try to leave you're dragons at Old Wrinkly's place, I'll make you some dragon mutton."

Hiccup said before finally waving goodbye. Everyone there was stunned. Ruffnut spoke what everyone else was thinking.

"He's brave..."

Astrid scoffed.

"Or just incredibly stupid..."

The Prince smiled, despite everything, this was looking to be a fine day. Hiccup then returned to Old Wrinkly's hut, Mulch and Bucket where working to repair Old Wrinkly's door.

"Does this the door frame go here Mulch?!"

"That's a corkscrew! I'm holding the door frame! Get over here and help me!"

Bucket and Mulch were up to their usual shenanigans as Old Wrinkly watched from afar. Old Wrinkly was sitting inside his cluttered little hut, drinking some tea while he poked at a fire with his poking stick. When Hiccup returned the old man asked.

"How did it go boy?"

"Went well, got a dragonâ€|as well as fear, respect and a friend."

Old Wrinkly nodded, as he sipped his tea.

"What kind of dragon did ya get?"

"Whispering Death."

Old Wrinkly nearly choked on his caramel tea, Bucket and Mulch would have fainted, if they had heard what Hiccup had said. Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"Oh come on, not you to Old Wrinkly. Grant it a dragon that looks horrify, but no matter how hideous a dragon is it doesn't mean death."

Hiccup said as he took off his basket and placed it by the fire. He then sat down and began to fiddle with some of the stuff on Old Wrinkly's filthy table top. Old Wrinkly took a moment to collect him, he then whispered.

"Ohâ€|Odin no, I don't believe that moronic folklore, it's a dragon, no more deadly than the sea or the wind. Nor more evil then fire. If

you agitate it then yes, the sea will sallow you whole and the wind will blow you away. Same goes for a dragon. I'm just shocked you actually got one; most of the youth go for either the plug ugliest of the dragon world or the most beautiful. The Whispering Death is somewhere in between, if anything that dragon should be more related to someone without a way in life."

The Prince nodded in agreement, he had never really thought of dragons like that, let alone the Whispering Death. Old Wrinkly went on.

"The Whispering Death, tunneling all around with direction in life, hoping to find some meaningâ€¦but sometimes, it never doesâ€¦"

Hiccup thought it over for a moment. In a weird way, he was like a Whispering Death; he never met his parents and tried constantly to seek the approval of the other dragons in his pack. Even though he had there respect and even though he was seen as one of their own, he was just empty inside. Like a Whispering Death trying to find his way through the rough land underneath everyone's feet. Old Wrinkly blew out smoke rings from a beautifully decorated pipe he had pulled out from under his tunic. Hiccup grabbed the poking stick from Old Wrinkly's hands and began to the poke the fire, after what Old Wrinkly said, neither of them spoke for a while. After Bucket and Mulch finished repairing Old Wrinkly's door Hiccup said.

"What does that make meâ€¦?"

"What?"

"Everyone has a specific rank around here for killing dragons, eating e'm catching e'mâ€¦what does that make meâ€¦"

Old Wrinkly took a long time to think about it. He then chuckled in a wheezy way over his pipe. The Prince looked at him approach fully. Old Wrinkly hurriedly turned the laugh into a cough.

"I don't know, someone interestingâ€¦ummâ€¦uniqueâ€¦a-

"A weirdo."

Hiccup said with a chuckle, he then looked at the tiny little dragon trapped inside of the basket.

"You wouldn't believe how small those things are, I always thought Whispering Deaths grew to be a hundred feet long."

Old Wrinkly blew out some more smoke rings.

"They can beâ€¦but size is all relative, Nadder's, Gronkle's, even Monstrous Nightmares and Whispering Deaths are all super small compared to a real Sea Dragon."

Hiccup sat back up in his chair, his attention fully grasped.

"What you mean like a Scauldron?"

Old Wrinkly shock his head dismissively.

"Noâ€| a real Sea Dragon, , a real sea dragon is fifty times as big as even the largest Whispering Death. A real Sea Dragon can swallow ten Viking ships with one gulp and not even notice. A real Sea Dragon is a cruel careless mystery, like the mighty ocean itself. One minute, calm as a scallop, the next raging like an octopus."

Hiccup was reminded of the Red Death or some sort of Alpha. He didn't say anything about his life as the Prince though. The Prince then got up.

"Well, Old Wrinkly, I have a friend to go check on. I'll be home for supper."

Old Wrinkly waved goodbye as Hiccup walked out the new built door, he opened it slightly, only to have the door nearly crash down on top of him. Hiccup jumped away out of shear panic. Old Wrinkly sighed and shook his head annoyed.

"Looks like those two sea-weed brains are gonna have to come back tomorrow and fix that door againâ€|it's a shame, it looked quite nice."

Hiccup after, getting over his quick jump scare made his through the destroyed remains of the door he began to make his way back into the dense forest and to the cove. There was hardly anyone outside, on such a dreary rainy day. There were a few stragglers here and there getting food and supplies for the upcoming brutal winter. Hiccup as naturally as he could went back to the tiny hut where all the fish were held and secured a basket full of mackerel. He made sure, to check for any eels. Dragons had a natural fear of eels, Hiccup never asked why, mostly because whether an eel was mentioned by the pack it would usually end with the death of a dragon after it was unable to control it's fire. So Hiccup had often steered away from conversations about eels. After Hiccup made sure the basket had no eels, he began to make his way to the cove. The Prince had a lot on his mind, so he wasn't exactly paying much attention to where he was going. He needed to figure out how to make a prosthetic tail for the Night Fury, and also cooking a meal of unsuspecting dragons (which he didn't want to do obviously) and do all of this without being caught or having anyone figure out who he is. While thinking about all of this, The Prince failed to notice a woman with short brain hair and bright emerald eyes emerge from one of the huts. As he was walking, the Prince accidentally walked into a woman carrying a box of chopped up vegetables. They both fell to the ground; the woman's vegetables fell all over the ground. Hiccup went up to the lone woman, he helped her up.

"I'm so sorry miss; I wasn't paying attention..."

Hiccup said as helped the woman to her feet; she too seemed a bit stunned by the whole situation. Instantly Hiccup helped the woman up and he quickly began to pick up the woman's vegetables. In a quick haste, he handed them to her. The Prince then looked into her eyes, her bright green eyes. He then awkwardly handed the woman her vegetables.

"Here missâ€|sorry about that."

The woman only chuckled trying to lighten the mood.

"It's fine, I suppose."

Hiccup oddly enough felt a weird sense of belong next to this woman, like he knew this woman. The Prince was pretty sure he had never threatened her before on a dragon raid, so who was this person.

"Soâ€|miss."

"Ohâ€|where are my manners, my name is Valka."

Hiccup then realized who this was.

"Yes, Old Wrinkly told me about you."

Valka bit her lip.

"Ohâ€|you've met my fatherâ€|"

Hiccup only smiled again.

"Met him? He's the nicest guy around!"

Valka gave Hiccup a peculiar glance, most kids around Hiccup's age would probably run away from Old Wrinkly after he used his amazing 'Soothsaying' abilities. Most of which involved the exact day and year you would die. The Prince went on.

"He's great; the guy fixed me up and then took me in."

Valka remembered this boy from the incident the other day. But noâ€|she thought to herself, there was something more, something familiar about this boy.

"Well I best be off, I got someplace to be."

Hiccup said before he dashed off, the basket full of fish bouncing like a bashi-ball on his back. Valka only stood there and watched Hiccup run offâ€|stunned and confused. Who was this boy?

* * *

><p>Authors Note:

Hey Friends, long time no update, well until now basically, look I'm sorry this to so long and for how short it is and the lack of updating in general. My life has been pretty busy these last few weeks and I just didn't have the time to write this. But I'm gonna make it up to you guys. I swear to you guys the next update will be at the earliest, Friday January 9**th**** of 2015. So Happy New Year and Happy New Update, expect several more in the future.
**

8. Chapter 8

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 8: Toothless

Berk

Hiccup continued to run when he reached the outskirts of Berk. He made it to the brisk and lively brush of the forest. The Prince then went back to small fox hole where he'd left his helmet and armored plating. His first instinct of course would have been to put his armor and his helmet on, and relish again in the pride of being the Prince of Dragons. But Hiccup thought against this action, if anyone were to accidentally catch him putting any of this stuff, he would most definitely hunted down and killed. So Hiccup just decided to place his belongings inside the barrel with the fish, all except his sword for self-defense of course. The Prince continued to walk along a somewhat laid out dirt path, enjoying the scenery, that is until he heard a large thump. Hiccup instantly recognized this as someone throwing an ax at a tree. Sure, enough when Hiccup walked a few meters further, he saw Astrid practicing her ax throwing. The Prince whispered under his breathe with his face cracking a smile.

"The Lass with Sassâ€|"

Hiccup watched as he leaned against a tree, begrudgingly Astrid tossed her ax from a fair distant toward a large oak tree. Each time she threw that ax, she hit her target almost perfectly. Almost. Her swing was either a little too high or too low. Sometimes a little too far to the right and other times the left. The Prince looked at her formâ€|her attractive form, and he could see that Astrid's form was a bit off. When she tossed her ax again, Hiccup then broke the silence and finally said.

"You're doing it wrong."

Astrid lost her concentration, and this time didn't even hit her target. The Hofferson Girl turned, she was both equally parts annoyed, surprised and angry.

"How long where you standing there?"

Hiccup smiled.

"Long enough to know your swing is terrible."

"Really?"

Astrid retrieved her ax, and folded her arms. She tensed up.

"Ya wanna test that theory?"

Hiccup dropped his basket of fish and walked up to Astrid, cautiously and slowly.

"Calm your horses; I'm just trying to help ya out."

"I don't need your help."

Hiccup sighed, he took a deep breathe.

"Maybe it would be better if I introduced myself. I'm nameless so call me what you like-

"A few names come to mind."

Astrid said annoyed, Hiccup then responded.

"Ya see, this right here, this isn't an introductionâ€|ya gotta actually introduce yourself-

Astrid raised her ax to Hiccup's neck. This was incredibly awkward for the Prince, the girl he'd practically proposed to the other day was now holding him at ax point. The worst part was he was actually nervous, almost as if he was putty in her dainty Viking hands.

"Ya haven't earned that yetâ€|"

Hiccup nodded meekly, he began to sweat profusely.

"So does that me you willâ€|umâ€|.let me help you?"

The Prince said awkwardly, a girl had never held him at ax point before, well maybe once on the isle of the Bog Burglars. But in Hiccup's defense she sneaked up on him, and she was only four feet tall. Anyway, Hiccup carefully walked over to Astrid, he then put one hand on her back and another on her stomach. Caught off-guard, Astrid pushed her away.

"Get your hands off me! You filthy slug rash."

Hiccup grew puzzled, what had he done wrong? He only put her hands on her, it's not like he had stolen her mackerel or something. Astrid only grew more furious, how could he have been so stupid? How could that nameless Viking have been so naive? The Prince spoke his general confusion.

"Umâ€|okay, what was that about?"

The Prince asked confused.

"Don't you play dumb, you know exactly what that was about!"

Astrid said furious as she tried to hide her embarrassment. Hiccup stepped closer, Astrid only raised her ax. The Prince then said.

"For Thor's sake, I was trying to loosen you're back, you're back is so stiff when you throw that thing, you need to follow through more."

Astrid was about to yell at Hiccup when she realized, that he actually had a good point. Hiccup then stepped forward, Astrid then eased up a bit.

"No funny businessâ€|or else."

Hiccup was cautious; he had never been this confused in his entire life. He had grown up with dragons that slept on each other like wolves, sometimes in huge piles. But apparently a human being can't touch another human being without it being threatening. So Hiccup walked over to Astrid again and then carefully arched out her spine. Astrid blushed slightly; Hiccup seemed confused by the whole matter. He then pointed to a nearby tree about hundred feet away, it was narrow and a tough to hit target.

"You see that tree, the skinny one?"

Astrid nodded and said.

"Yeah."

"Hit it."

Astrid looked at him like he was mad, but she didn't question him. As Hiccup walked away, she took a deep breathe in and closed one of her eyes. She took aim and then tossed her ax with all of her might; it was a perfect swing that slammed right into the narrow tree. Astrid looked on in disbelief, she had actually hit it, and Hiccup smiled and gave a soft clap.

"Nice job!"

Astrid smiled; she then punched Hiccup on the shoulder. The Prince winced as he grabbed his arm.

"What was that for?"

"That was for touching me!"

She then stretched out her hand, expecting Hiccup to shake it. The Prince was confused by this gesture so Astrid had to literally grab onto Hiccup's hand and shake it for him.

"And that's for the advice."

The Prince smiled a bit, as he starred deep into Astrid's sky blue eyes. They were like small little light-blue pools. Hiccup scratched the back of his head nervously as he then asked.

"So have I earned your name yet?"

"Astrid!"

Hiccup nodded.

"Astrid's beautiful name."

The Prince said as he collected his things and Astrid then went to reclaim her ax, they both passed each other. Hiccup sighed, he had lost track of time, hopefully the Night Fury would understand. Astrid had to go home to; her parents were both out along with Stoic and his war party so she had to maintain the family hut. Just as Hiccup was a few feet away from Astrid, the blonde Valkyrie turned around and asked.

"Hey! you wanna do this again sometime?"

Hiccup stopped dead in his tracks, he turned back and simply said.

"Yes, I would."

The Prince then walked toward the cove, as the two finally departed ways.

* * *

><p>THE HIGH SEAS</p>

On the high seas of the Barbaric Archipelago, Stoic the Vast's ship the Lucky Thirteen, sailed along with three boats others beside it. On it's mast there was a painted dragon, with a sword running through it. Stoic the Vast looked over a map and the uncharted territory of the nautical map. He had a look of pure determination on his hairy face. Spitelout then put a hand on his brother's shoulder.

"Stoic, a fog approaches!"

Chief Stoic got up, he raised his gaze.

"I can almost smell them. They're close. Steady!"

The helmsman steadied the boat slowly as they approached a dense fog bank as tall and far as the eye could see. It towered from the sky like a bruised, daunting curtain, beyond this point nothing was visible. The many ships from several different tribes had tried to enter this fog in the hopes of destroying the dragon menace, very few came out alive. The four ships drift alongside the fog, skirting its solid edge, looking for an opening. On the decks of every boat, the Viking crewmen looked nervous. All too aware of what Stoic was planning.

"Take us in!"

The helmsman steered Stoic's ship into the fog. The men and women drew there various weapons, already they were sweating profusely. They prepared for the worst.

"Hard to port for Helheim's Gate."

Spiralout muttered under his breath, he too was terrified of the dangers that waited in the fog. The ships began to disappear into the whiteout, followed by the other three. Suddenly, a flash of light burst through the fog. The silhouettes of dragons hover above the water, the sounds of splitting and shattering wood plunge into the water, with another bright flash.

* * *

><p>Berk</p>

Hiccup continued onward through the brush of the forest outside of the village. He was almost to the Night Fury, the Prince could already hear the dragon's frustrated cries of anguish. The Night Fury had been trying to feel the joy of flight again all morning; the problem was obvious its tail was busted. Hiccup's heart sank the closer he got to the cove, despite his careless demeanor; he really did feel like this situation was his fault. He should have just left after he freed that Monstrous Nightmare, but no he had to be foolish and fight. Hiccup eventually made it back to the rocky crevice the Night Fury had unfortunately landed in. Once again the Prince made it to the isolated cove, he watched as the massive dark dragon attempted to fly. Hiccup's heart sank lower, he took away the thing that meant most to a dragon, the freedom of flight. Hiccup watched as the Night

Fury struggled in an attempt to get out of the cove. The Night Fury landed on one of the cove walls and made a poor attempt to climb it. But no matter how violently the Night Fury flapped its violent wings, the mighty dragon still could not fly. The Dragon peeled away and landed roughly on ground, the mighty Night Fury was trapped. Fate truly is Artistic. The Prince looked on in misery, tears formed in his eyes, this was his fault. Hiccup then got out a leather bold book, remembering that he could fix this. That he would fix this. The Prince quickly sketched the dragon, making sure to record the image so that he could devise of a way to help the dragon. Hiccup glanced at his drawing, everything perfect except the tail. Quickly, Hiccup erased part of the tail. The Night Fury glanced upwards at Hiccup, now noticing him for the first time. Hiccup looked downwards; the Night Fury didn't give a cold look, but more of a peaceful, but frustrated look. Slowly the Prince began to make his way down to cove-side.

"_Heyâ€|Night Furyâ€|" _

Hiccup said miserably in Dragonese as he got down from the mountainside. The Night Fury approached him; he sniffed the basket of fish on Hiccup's back. The Prince let go of the basket, after he removed his Prince attire from it of course and he allowed the dragon to feast. Neither of them spoke. Hiccup sat by the cove shore line and began to toss small stone into the shallow water. The Night Fury quickly finished, the dragon then glanced over at Hiccup, perplexed.

"_Humanâ€|what is the matter?" _

Hiccup put on a false smile.

"_Nothing is the matter." _

Hiccup said with a cracking voice, trying to force back tears. The Night Fury responded.

"_You blame yourself don't you?" _

The Prince began to tear up.

"_I doâ€|none of this would be happening if it wasn't for me. We would be back at the cave, hibernating. Now because of me you might never fly again." _

Hiccup said as he wiped some of the tears out of his eyes. The Night Fury then said.

"_Where you the one who plunked me from the sky and destroyed my tail?" _

"_Noâ€|but-_

"_It's not your faultâ€|get that through your head." _

The Prince smiled, remembering the conversation from earlier. Hiccup glanced over at the Night Fury, it bore its trademark toothless grin.

"_Thanks Night Furyâ€|" _

"_Anytime Human, where like kinâ€|" _

"_We are." _

Hiccup said with a smile, he then starred at the Night Fury's toothless smile.

"_Ya know, Humans like to give each other names so I hearâ€|" _

"_Go on." _

The Prince chuckled a bit as he tossed a rock into the cove.

"_Oh it's nothing, just a silly idea happening." _

Hiccup said trying to down play where he was going. But the Night Fury's curiosity had been reached.

"_What did you have in mind?" _

The Night Fury asked. Hiccup then responded.

"_Well, I was thinking, if I could give you a name, I would call you Toothless." _

The Night Fury gave a perplexed look.

"_Toothless? Why Toothless, I have teeth." _

The Night Fury then retracted his teeth a couple of times. Hiccup grinned devilishly.

"_Can you smile with your teeth?" _

The Night Fury then attempted to smile with its rows of sharp teeth, they retracted just before the Night Fury could crack a smile. Hiccup laughed.

"_Ya see that? You're Toothless." _

"_Fine Toothless it isâ€|" _

Toothless said admitting defeat, truth be told he actually kind of liked that name, but he didn't want Hiccup to know. With a devilish sneer the Night Fury then said.

"_Now I get to name you." _

Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"_Oh, this ought to be good." _

The Night Fury scanned his large reptilian eyes over Hiccup.

"_Well you're skinny, so how about Skinny, that's a good name." _

"_What? No?!" _

Hiccup protested, he had some muscle underneath his tunic and clothes. The Night Fury began to List off names.

"_How 'bout Harry, humans have hair." _

"_No." _

"_Fishbreathe?" _

"_No." _

"_Soft-sword." _

"_That's disgusting!" _

Hiccup and the Night Fury sat there for a majority of the afternoon, just listing off names for the Prince. But Hiccup felt like he already had a nameâ€œ|the Prince, that was his name. He only got that name nonsense in his mind because Astrid hadâ€œ|such a beautiful nameâ€œ|wait no. It's because she wouldn't give Hiccup the courtesy of telling him her name to begin withâ€œ|that's all.

* * *

><p>The Bottom of the Ocean<p>

Meanwhile, just off the coast of Berk, at the bottom of the Ocean, something monstrous lie. Something impossible, a real Sea Dragon, one such Old Wrinkly had been describing, lay sleeping on the seabed. This Dragon was indescribably huge, even bigger than the Red Death herself. This dragon had been there, sleeping for so long, it almost seemed to be part of the ocean floor now. A great green mountain, covered in shells, barnacles, some of his limbs half buried in the ocean sand and rock. Generation after generation of little hermit crabs had been born and die, just in this dragon's ears. This Dragon had slept for Hundreds of years, because he had rather a large meal. The Sea Dragon had the uncanny luck of catching a Roman Legion camping on a clifftop, they were completely cut off and the dragon had spent an enjoyable afternoon scarfing down the whole lot of them. From commanding general to lowest private, Horses Chariots, Shield and Spears, the entire lot went down the ravenous reptilian . While things such as things such as Gold Chariot wheels are a good source of fiber for a dragons diet, they do take a while to digest. The sea-dragon then crawled into the depths of the ocean and gone into one of the infamous dragon sleep-coma's. Dragons can stay in this state of hibernation for decades, some even hundreds of years like the large Sea Dragon before you. Half-Dead, Half-Alive, buried under fathoms of icy cold sea-water. Not a single muscle of this dragon had moved for three or four centuries. But the previous week, a Killer Whale had chased some seals expectantly deep was surprised to notice a slight movement in the upper eye lid of the dragons right eye. An ancestral memory stirred in the mammals brain and he swam away from as fast as his fins could carry him. A week later, the sea surrounding the dragon mountain which had at one point been teaming with life, was a great underwater desert. The only signs of life for miles and miles was the rapid jerking of both the dragon's eyelids, fluttering up and down as if the dragon had just now gone into a lighter sleepâ€œ|

* * *

><p>Author's Note:

**Hello Readers, I'm back with regular updates now, except normal update times again, every two weeks. I just want to say Thank You, I don't say that enough, thank you for your support, thanks for following, thanks for everything, and you've all been great I hope I can provide you with more chapters in the future, and I'm happy I'm returning to the original update cycle. Yours Truly Nobody's Hero98 . (Expect smaller updates, though 2000-4000 words at first then to the 10,000-12,000 word works) **

9. Chapter 9

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 9: An Ax to Grind

BERK

Hiccup began a depressing walk back to Berk; he hated to leave the Night Fury on his own. Especially when the dragon was so restricted, I mean flying was one of a dragon's main defenses, the reason it stayed alive. If someone found him, anyone, Toothless...oh Hiccup did not want to think about the consequences. It would be a fate worse than being eaten alive by the Red Death. The Prince tried to shake his paranoia off, Toothless was a Night Fury he could handle himself. But that feeling of doubt still hung in the back of Hiccup's mind. Hiccup then nearly slapped himself, he had forgotten, he had to cook nine young dragons before tomorrow. Again the Prince sighed; life was becoming ever more complicated. He was beginning to miss the long months of nothingness during the dragon's hibernation back in the lair.

After carefully putting away his Prince Attire back into the fox hole. Hiccup made his way back to Old Wrinkly's. The boy found eight baskets outside his home. Hiccup sighed, he needed a plan. At that moment, a tall Viking happened to be carrying a torn bag filled with fish. A few managed to slip out without him noticing, each one of various sizes. That's when a fiendishly clever thought crossed Hiccup's mind. The Prince went back to the docks and loaded up a barrel of fish. Then he made his way back to Old Wrinkly's hut, he then looked at the dragons, still squirming in there barrels. When he was sure nobody was watching, Hiccup released the dragons, by simply forcing the barrels open. Dragons of this size where mere vermin to Vikings, sometimes they were even mistaking for birds so Hiccup thought no one would care to harm one. The Prince thought correctly as the dragons began to fly into the distance, snarling and cackling as they began to fly their way back to the Caliban Caves. Hiccup smiled for a moment, at least they were able to fly free of this place.

After that was done the Hiccup began to prepare the fish, but he prepared them in such a way that you could hardly tell the difference between the fish and a baby dragon. Lastly Hiccup prepared the 'Whispering Death', or in this case something much more repulsive, an eel. Eel's always horrified Hiccup; he had lived off of dragon wise-tales about eels. The elder dragons in Hiccup's pack said if you ate one you wouldn't be able to control your fire and you'd die

horrifically as you're insides melt. Hiccup felt dirty every time he touched the long slimy snake-like fish. But after much preparation, Hiccup had done it; he had prepared the initiation meal.

* * *

><p>THE GREAT HALL</p>

The next day, the Prince walked toward the Great Hall with two large basket's hanging from his back. Hiccup was a little nervous truth be told as he carefully walked into the Great Hall, with a few well cooked 'dragon' meals on his back. Hiccup would be so in deep trouble if they found out. He found the young Vikings loitering around the Great Hall, just trying to pass the time.

"Okay...whose hungry..."

The young Vikings shot up into action, they were looking forward to a meal that wasn't limp pets. Very carefully Hiccup placed the food onto a few tables and watched as the young Hooligans made their way over to him, eager for their next meal. Hiccup put on a nervous smile as he sat down himself, he examined his meal. A blood eel, to Hiccup the thing looked more poisonous than a Whispering Death. To make matters worse, Snotlout and his gang of thugs decided to sit next to him. While the Prince figured out a long time ago that there bark was worse than there bite, he knew they weren't gonna make this easy for him.

"You eat first new guy, I hope it doesn't kill ya, unless you're a coward!"

Hiccup chuckled.

"You're calling the guy who kicked you're arse a coward?"

"I saw the way you were eyeing that Whispering Death, you're afraid to eat it."

A nervous laugh escaped Hiccup.

"What? I am not!"

Doubt escaped Hiccup's breath, Dogsbreath joined in.

"Then eat it."

Speedyfist and Wartihog where next to join in.

"Yeah eat it!"

Ruffnut and Tuffnut joined in, they were collectively banging their fists against a nearby table.

"Eat it! Eat it! Eat it!"

They chanted. The Prince glanced over at Fishlegs who had grown pale in the face, almost as if he didn't expect him to survive. Astrid honestly didn't seem to care; nobody noticed that she had already dived into her 'Deadly Nadder'. Hiccup took a deep breathe in and grabbed his knife. He chopped off the tail end and began to eat. For

a moment, everyone was silent. They expected him to honestly die on the spot. They all assumed that's what happened when you ate a Whispering Death. Then something unexpected happened. Hiccup took another bit, and another, in less than a minute he had completely devoured the 'Whispering Death'. Hiccup was shocked, he just ate an eel and he really, really enjoyed it. He then burped a hefty Viking burp, with a smile he said.

"That was good!"

The other young Hooligans looked absolutely terrified and somewhat disgusted. Hiccup then stood up.

"Well I'm off to work."

Tuffnut looked up at Hiccup.

"Work?"

"I'm Gobber's blacksmithing apprentice, why do you think I'm here?"

Hiccup strolled out of the Great Hall, and made his way to Gobber the Belch's blacksmith shop. It was about midday so Gobber was at lunch. This gave Hiccup ample time to look around and get a few for the place. There was a fire-pit in the far corner with a pump. In the front there was a large shop window, spread all across the room there were all kinds of metal works of wonder that made Hiccup's eyes light up. The Prince entered the shop and immediately smiled; Blacksmithing comforted the boy for some reason. It made him feel like he had control, that he could do anything. Build anything. The boy then found a room in the back far away from everything for him to start some designs for the Night Fury's tail. He got out a sketch book with some sketches he had drawn of the dragon and eventually stopped a drawing of himself in his Prince armor. Only without the mask and some of the finer details such as the retractable wings. He wanted to be feared again badly. It was then Gobber arrived, he entered the back room.

"Boyo!"

Hiccup jumped in a blind panic, he forgot all about Gobber the Belch.

"Gobber! hello, how are you?"

"Boy what were ya doing back here?"

Gobber asked suspiciously. Hiccup picked up his sketch book and flipped to a random page of some armor he once designed. The Prince shrugged his shoulders and said.

"Just doodling!"

Gobber nodded, he then tossed Hiccup an apron.

"Put that on, unless ya wanna get burned."

The blacksmith then tossed Hiccup a pair of gloves.

"That's incase ya lose a finger."

Hiccup put the gloves on and didn't question the blacksmith. With his slack-jawed smile the Blacksmith said.

"Well, let's dive right in!"

Gobber then started to work, Hiccup stood there rather confused by the whole thing.

"Umâ€|what, shouldn't you teach more or give me an introductionâ€|or something?"

"Blacksmithing is like swimming, ya don't take your time, ya just dive right in!"

Gobber then pointed to a pump that would add warmth to the fire and then to the fire pit. Hiccup walked over and began to pump, the fire began to smolder. Gobber then came by with a small bucket of water; he dumped the water into the pit. The Blacksmith with his free hand pulled out a sword that he had burning from the pit. He then walked over to an anvil and put the sword down on it. Gobber then used his hammer hand prophetic to pound the sword into a flat blade surface.

"Well? Ya gonna turn this thing or not?"

Gobber asked annoyed as he continued to pound away. Hiccup rolled his eyes before walking over and turning the sword by its hilt from one side to another. The metal pounding rang in Hiccup's ears as Gobber then asked.

"So where ya from boy?"

Hiccup hesitated for a moment. He looked over at a nearby map Gobber happened to have on the wall.

"Thule (Norway)â€|I kinda drifted here after a big fight with a local tribeâ€|"

"Ohâ€|what tribe?"

Again Hiccup hesitated.

"Lava-Loutsâ€|"

Gobber nodded again there was silence, Hiccup was grateful that for a moment he didn't have to come up with some horrible excuse.

"Got any family?"

Hiccup wanted to scream, how many questions did this guy have? Couldn't they have just worked? But at least this was a question Hiccup didn't have to lie aboutâ€|entirely.

"Over a thousand brothers and sistersâ€|one mother."

Gobber chuckled light-heartedly as he stopped his pounding on the sword.

"That's a big family; she must have a hard time keeping track of all of them!"

Hiccup didn't seem to think much of it, he put down the sword.

"Not really, in fact I'm the only adopted one of my kindâ€|she doesn't even know I existâ€|but if she did she'd probably be like 'Excuse me, I'm afraid you have brought me the wrong offspring, I ordered an extra-large killing machine with beefy limbs and skin-like armor on the sideâ€|this here is a talking fish-bone! I guess I'll just have to eat him aliveâ€|"

The Prince said referencing his 'mother' the Red Death. Hiccup had grown to spite her over the years. Gobber chuckled.

"Ya know, ya shouldn't say anything like that to your mother."

"If you're mother ate you're brothers and sisters I guess you'd be just as cheerful as you are right nowâ€|"

Gobber continued to laugh, until he saw the bitter resentment in Hiccup's eyes, the boy was serious.

"Ohâ€|well that's a little uncomfortableâ€|"

"Speaking of uncomfortable, I'd like a new conversation please."

Hiccup said annoyed, Gobber nodded.

"Alrightâ€|how's it going with the ladies?"

The Prince sighed.

"Yeah, way to get the mood back on trackâ€|"

"Ah C'mon, you've never had a crush?"

Hiccup thought about for a moment.

"Wellâ€|"

The Prince thought back to a time when he kinda had a crush on a girl.

* * *

><p>ISLE OF THE BOG BURGULARS

_2 YEARS AGO _

_The Prince of Dragons watched vigorously as they stole dozens of fish from a nearby fish hut. The dragons had effectively burned down the Bog Burglar village in the crossfire. The Prince smiled under his mask as he gazed upon the flames. Then out of nowhere a girl with two stetcher point swords and wild blonde hair leaped out of the flames and began to attack the Prince. Hiccup was caught off guard by the Bog Burglar. Hiccup got out his flaming sword and they began to parry blows. The flames danced around the two as they fought, eager to kill one another. The girl was able to actually cut through Hiccup's armor

at one point and get a clean cut to his right arm. The Prince pushed her away and smiled under his mask. _

"_You've got moxxiâ€|I love itâ€|" _

_ "Die you sniveling, dragon rider!" _

_ "Oh...sass to, I really love it." _

_ The Hyperactive girl only pressed on harder, seemingly unfazed by Hiccup's comment. Hiccup was actually able to parry the girl's swords out of her hands and toss them into some nearby flames. But then she started to punch him. She actually did get a few good swings on Hiccup. She then shouted. _

"_Take THAT, you locust-baking, half-troll, dragon worshiper!"

-

_ Hiccup pinned her down against a wall, finally after taking a lot of abuse. He got a good look at her features. The first thing he noticed was that she was only four feet tall. Her bright green eyes and her blonde hair that she wore like a pine tree. Her clothes were filthy and very plain in a lot of regards and she talked constantly.

-

"_Unhand me you snot-munching ankle bitter before I really get serious." _

_ Hiccup laughed at the overconfident little girl. _

"_Really? You're going to get serious, __I'd like to see that."

-

_ She then head-butted Hiccup and knocked him over in the blink of an eye. The girl stood over top of him, a small knife in hand, she brought it to Hiccup's neck. _

"_Huhâ€|I guess you succeededâ€|so miss-__

"_Camicazi." _

"_Camicazi, you might want to duckâ€|" _

_ Camicazi wasn't able to duck in time as the Night Fury came swooping in. The Night Fury fired a plasma blast, Camicazi dodged it before retreating, much to her dismay. Hiccup rushed over to the Night Fury and climbed onto its back. The dragon then took off, into the night to rejoin the larger pack. For a majority of the flight, Hiccup kept sighing dreamily with a goofy grin on his face. _

"_What is it human?" _

"_I think I might be in loveâ€|" _

* * *

><p>BERK</p>

PRESENT DAY

After taking a minute to think about it, Hiccup shook his head dismissively.

"Only onceâ€|and she was crazyâ€|"

Gobber chuckled again.

"All women areâ€|come to think of it, they probably say the same thing about you and meâ€|"

The Blacksmith stopped chuckling.

"But seriously, no one strikes your fancy now?"

Hiccup took a moment to think it over.

"Wellâ€|there is this one girlâ€|"

As luck would have it that very girl stood in the blacksmith's shop door. An ax in hand, the two blacksmith's turned.

"Hey."

It was Astrid Hofferson of all people. Hiccup nearly cursed under his breath as he hoped she didn't hear the conversation at hand. Astrid walked in very bored and nonchalantly she asked.

"Can I get this sharpened?"

Hiccup paused for a moment, he was thankful she was talking to Gobber. But Gobber only smiled a bit. The Blacksmith had put two and two together. Gobber the Belch smiled, he pushed Hiccup forward.

"Why yesâ€|my manly apprentice here will service all of your needs."

Hiccup glared back at Gobber with an expression that read 'what are you doing'. Gobber then put his hand on a barrel and picked up some nails. He then tried to come up with a clever excuse.

"I have toâ€|umâ€|errâ€|ohâ€|go getâ€|"

Gobber nearly tipped over the barrel as Hiccup and Astrid both gave him confused looks.

"â€|Someâ€|I'm just gonna go."

With that Gobber left the shop. Leaving Astrid and Hiccup alone, in the shop, together, alone (Get you're mind out of the gutter). The Prince smiled as he motioned to the leaving Blacksmith.

"My bossâ€|"

Astrid then examined her ax, Hiccup let out his hands to go pick it up. But Astrid held it away from his hands. She then handed it to him properly. Hiccup smiled.

"Okayâ€|razor sharp battle axâ€|coming right upâ€|"

"Careful, that's my mother's!"

Hiccup then carried the ax over to a sharpeners wheel. He began to sharpen the ax over the wheel.

"So how was your fi-erâ€|I mean Nadderâ€|Deadly Nadderâ€|"

Astrid looked at some of the swords hanging off the walls.

"A little over cooked, you must have burned it a bitâ€|"

The Hofferson girl said jokingly. Hiccup made a fake laugh and in a mocking tone he said.

"(Ha Ha) In other words, 'I'm doing it wrong'."

Took a sword off the rack and looked at her reflection. She smirked and then sneered.

"You're words, not mine."

Astrid said as she reached for a spear on a higher rack. Hiccup continued to sharpen the ax, Astrid then asked.

"Why are you working here exactly?"

"What as an apprentice, it's sort of an on the sideâ€|I'm mostly here because of a friendâ€|and to learn, become one with the steel."

Hiccup then cut the ax a little too much; he managed to chip off part of the ax blade. He gasped faintly, thankfully Astrid didn't notice. Astrid then went into the backroom, mostly out of curiosity.

"I wouldn't go in thereâ€|"

Hiccup said as he tried to find a replacement ax-head. Thankfully, Astrid didn't oblige to what Hiccup had to say as she walked into the backroom. She looked at Hiccup's journal sitting on the table. The girl then picked it up and began to flip through the pages. Astrid couldn't read any of it, because it was entirely written in Dragonese. But there were a lot of interesting drawings.

"This yours?"

Hiccup glanced over to see just what Astrid was referring. His Dragonese book, the Prince swallowed hard, as he retrieved an Ax head and rushed back to his workstation. Hiccup then placed the Ax head on a wedge and tightened it.

"What's it written in?"

"Ummâ€|errâ€|Finnic."

Hiccup said hurriedly, as he screwed on the ax handle. Hopefully Astrid wouldn't be able to tell the difference between ax heads.

"Ohhh...Personally, I think everything should be written in Norse, would make things much easier. Call me old fashion, but I'm more of a

get an ax and lop its head off kinda girl, it's kinda the Viking wayâ€|"

The Prince rolled his eyes as he finished tightening the handle.

"Go Vikingsâ€|"

Astrid then closed the book and walked out of the room.

"Gods, I can't wait to get started tomorrow, that's when we really get into it."

Hiccup was confused by all this, as he went back to sharpening the girl's ax.

"Yeahâ€| I'm so excitedâ€| for youâ€|"

Astrid walked up to Hiccup as he continued to sharpen her ax.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothingâ€| it's just Iâ€| um, can't wait to start killing dragonsâ€| ya knowâ€|"

The Prince said with a nervous grin on his face, Astrid smiled back and punched him in arm. Hiccup winced slightly.

"More like you're decided whether or not to have a side of yak jerky or lambâ€|"

"What do ya meanâ€|?"

"We start real training in the morningâ€| we'll be fighting dragons."

Astrid said with clear excitement. Hiccup nearly broke the ax blade again. In fact he nearly went pale, more so when he handed Astrid her ax. She gave a few good swings and messed around with it for a minute.

"This feels differentâ€|"

"Ohâ€| I tightened it, re-balanced it; we're a full service shopâ€|"

Astrid smiled again; she brushed back her blonde hair and said.

"Hmmmâ€| thanks."

"Sureâ€|"

The two then went their separate ways. Hiccup needed a moment to breathe, he would need more then whit's to get himself out of this mess tomorrow. With a sigh he went to the backroom and retrieved his journal before exiting the shop.

* * *

><p>Authors Note: Guys, I wrote this in an afternoon, school, my personal life, everything has been hectic, so yeahâ€|I just hope you all enjoy this. I've really been trying to get back into regular updates, but it's been so hardâ€|but please just enjoyâ€|Yours
Nobody'sHero98

10. Chapter 10

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 10: Lesson 2: Learning on the Job

BERK, CHIEF'S HUT

Valka was cleaning the chief's hut, she was a shield maiden, and all though she was trained for combat, and could even best the majority of the village in a sword fight. Her job was to mostly maintain the house. She hated it. Often times she dreamed of going to isle of the Bog Burglars that place sounded exciting from a woman's perspective. When she was a child she often wished of just being able to grow wings like a dragon and fly away. Truth be told, Valka had a soft-spot for the winged beasts, they may have been dragons, but they were like anything else in her mind, they could be tamed. Nobody just knew how to train a dragon. When she was maybe twenty years younger, Valka often dreamed of being alone on an island left to her own devices. The island could have had dragons for all she cared, Valka still would have been happy. But then she met the love of her life, Stoicâ€|who was a bit embarrassing in his attempts to 'woe' her, especially when he accidentally lit twenty flowers and gave them to her. Though in the end his attempts worked, he had won her over. They were happily married for three yearsâ€|then Hiccup was born. Valka sighed; she always got into a slight state of depression when just the thought of Hiccup crossed her mind. She tried to take her mind off of Hiccup by cleaning the back room. The Haddock residence happened to have a small room in the back where Stoic kept many of his tokens from war, Valka's old boots, dragon's fangs, old jugs of milk, nik naks, and family portraits. Valka was cleaning the back when she came across an old family portrait. She looked at one portrait in particular, again to fell into depression.

"Hiccupâ€|"

Valka pulled the painting out behind a few old shields and other portrait's. This portrait was very similar to the one Old Wrinkly had in his hut. Only this shield portrait was a bit dustier. With a quick breathe she blew off some of the dust. She got a better look at it, in the portrait she was holding her child in her arms, fragile as can be. Even though there time together was short, it was some of the best time in Valka's life. Then something odd popped into her head, that boy, that drifter from earlier today.

"_Well I best be off, I got someplace to be." _

There was something familiar about him, something distinctly familiar. She brushed it off as her just missing her son. Valka went onto clean the backroom, with that unknown boy still scratching at the back of her mind.

* * *

><p>THE ARENA</p>

Hiccup got up in the early hours of the morning yet again for another day of training. After yesterday's fiasco, Hiccup just wanted to lay low for a little while, he didn't want to cause any waves. He needed to focus on Toothless, and finally get started on the dragon's new tail. Hiccup carried a knapsack with a few meal worms that Old Wrinkly had cooked up for them, Hiccup was still on Limpet Rations and the old man had told him meal worms were a bit more tolerable. He also carried a flash-point sword at his side, only it wasn't all that decorated and the blade needed to be sharpened, but then again Hiccup had found it at very short notice. You see Gobber was cleaning a few swords in the back and when the Blacksmith wasn't looking, Hiccup swiped one from behind his back. Anyway, the Prince arrived at where Gobber had told him, the majority of his 'training' would take place, if you call Dragon Killing training. Oddly enough Astrid was already there, fiddling with her ax. She seemed slightly happy to see Hiccup, but the Prince tried not to notice. A few minutes later, everyone else arrived. Gobber oddly enough was the latest to arrive, but seemingly the most enthusiastic about this whole thing.

"Now, today is when we began you're real training, you will kill dragons like the Sons and Daughters of Thor, since anyone can rememberâ€|and this is where the magic beginsâ€|"

Gobber raises a massive iron gate at the entrance of a vast stone area.

"Welcome to Dragon Training!"

Hiccup was actually awestruck for once in his life, he was a bit intimidated to step forward and enter the stadium. It was you're typical steel caged Viking arena, the steel cage was so no dragon's could escape. The Stadium itself was a large circle that was were the young recruits would be practicing. There was what appeared to be cages in the back that housed Odin knows what horrifying dragons. The walls were covered in scorched silhouettes of blasted Vikings. It was a grim but all inspiring place, like a battlefield. The Prince and Astrid stepped forward as the rest of the recruits piled in. Astrid, while she was proud and excited, did look a wee bit nervous as she said to herself.

"No turning backâ€|"

The terrible twins looked around gleefully.

"I hope I get some serious burns."

Tuffnut said with a sadistic grin. Ruffnut slyly responded.

"I'm hoping for some mauling, like on my shoulder or lower back."

Wartihog replied.

"I wanna get my arm blasted off, get a hook, I've always wanted a hook."

Speedyfist looked a bit squeamish as he asked.

"What's with you, always wanting to always lose a limb, I would die on the spot if I lost an arm."

Dogsbreath the Duhbrain and Snotlout stepped forward. Snotlout then responded.

"Battle scars, they show just how much of a Viking you are."

Astrid looked back, seemingly wanting a horrible gaping wound.

"Yeah, it's only fun if you get a scar out of it!"

The Hofferson girl then looked to the Prince, who seemed to be just trying to not listen to this conversation. He seemed on edge, put off by this conversation. Hiccup had enough scars in battle to know that getting a cut here or a shattered arm wasn't honorable. Astrid was about to put an arm on Hiccup, when he turned around and simultaneously grabbed Astrid's petite Viking hand.

"Yeah, no kidding right? Pain!"

He smiled happily as he let go of Astrid's hand.

"Love it!"

Gobber stood in front of the recruits and announced in his thunderous voice.

"Let's get started! The recruit who does best will win the honor of killing his first dragon in front of the entire village..."

Snotlout snickered, seeing an opportunity to be well! Snotlout.

"Seeing how the useless, woke up the dragons the other day does that disqualify him or?"

Snotface Snotlout's gang laughed and cheered a bit, Ruffnut and Tuffnut joined in just for the fun of it. Dogsbreath raised his hand and asked.

"Can I transfer to the class with the cool Vikings?"

Hiccup only smiled as he unsheathed his flashpoint sword and examined the blade. He seemed to be debating whether or not to humiliate Snotlout by slicing his belt off of his trousers. But before he could decide, Gobber threw a supportive arm around Hiccup and ushers him along. With cheery confidence he said.

"Don't worry, you're small and weak looking no offensive. That'll make you less of a target. They'll see you as sick or insane and go after the more Viking-like teens instead."

The Prince rolled his eyes, he just wasn't sure if it was because Gobber called him small and weak looking. Or if he referred to the dragons in the 3rd person, Gobber then stuck the Hooligan Recruits in line with the others right next to Astrid and Fishlegs. He then

continued toward eight massive reinforced doors. Terrible roars and bellows issue from within.

"Behind these doors are just a few of the many species you will learn to fight."

Hiccup glanced over to Fishlegs, he had never seen him this happy before, the other day he was hunched over like a sea-slug caught in a fish trap but now he was happier than a mollusk. Fishlegs bounced and laughed with excitement, barely able to contain himself. Gobber motioned to the first door.

"The Deadly Nadder."

Under his breathe Fishlegs muttered.

"Speed Eight. Armor Sixteen."

Fishlegs did this every time Gobber motioned to another door with a dragon sealed behind it.

"The Hideous Zippelback."

"Plus Eleven Stealth. Times two."

"The Electrifying Skrill."

"Attack Twenty. Armor Seven."

"The Raptor Tongue Stealth Dragon."

"Plus Twenty Stealth. Attack Ten."

"The Monstrous Nightmare."

"Firepower Fifteen."

"The Terrible Terror."

"Attack Eight. Venom Twelve."

"CAN YOU STOP THAT!?"

Gobber yelled annoyed with what Fishlegs was doing, immediately Fishlegs became silent. He then motioned to the last door.

"Andâ€| the Gronckle."

Fishlegs couldn't resist the urge so he quietly said to himself.

"Jaw Strength, Eight."

Gobber then pulled a nearby lever, raising the cross beam on the last of the doors. The recruits including Hiccup turned pale. Hiccup would have been happy to see another dragon, but this was a dragon caged, and locked away. Imagine being locked away, starved, no room to move, let alone fly and then you're let out back into the world. But still you were practically chained down to that cage, it was enough to get

anyone angry, especially a dragon. A dragon would turned into nothing more than pure concentrated aggression. But maybe, just maybe he could reason with it. Speedyfist raised his voice expressing the general concern.

"What are you doing?"

"Setting the Gronckle free!"

Snotlout continued the general concern.

"Whoa, wait! Aren't you gonna teach us first?"

Gobber smiled his slack-jawed grin.

"I believe in learning on the job!"

With a few loud thuds at the door, the Gronckle thundered out of its prison. Charging into the ring like a raging bull. Reasoning with this irate dragon was the last thing on Hiccup's mind. He and the rest of the recruits scrambled away in every direction. Except for Ruffnut and Tuffnut who rush toward it, like pumped up lunatics, Gobber watched from the sidelines of the arena. Gobber the Belch seemed uncharacteristically calm about this whole situation. He went on with his 'Lesson'.

"Today is about survival. If you get blasted you're dead. Quick, what's the first thing you're going to need?"

Wartihog with a panicked look on his face said.

"A Doctor?"

Fishlegs stood petrified for a second as he muttered out.

"Plus five speed?"

Astrid finally came to the right answer.

"A shield."

Gobber smiled from the sidelines.

"Shields. Go."

The recruits then scrambled for shields, finding them scattered on racks around the ring. Gobber went on as the dragon hovered diligently over the recruits. Hiccup looked upwards; the Gronckle was studying them, picking them off one by one. The only question was who was going to be picked off first.

"Now, you're most important piece of equipment is your shield. If you must make a choice between a sword or a shield, take the shield."

The Prince chuckled a bit, shield's where a cowards way out of a fight as far as he was concerned. But nonetheless he got one...just to be safe. Wartihog struggled to lift his shield, Gobber helped him and sent him running off to join Snotlout's gang who were staring the Gronckle down. Everyone pretty much had a shield already,

excluding the terrible twins. The twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut stood amidst with a few dozen shields. But only a skull painted one stood out to the two of them. They both grab it. Tuffnut pulled on his end.

"Get your hands off my shield!"

Ruffnut gestured to the scattered shields littered about.

"There are like a million shields!"

"Take that one; it has a flower on it. Girls like flowers."

After hearing Tuffnut's comment, Ruffnut uses the shield to BASH, her brother violently in the face. But Tuffnut doesn't let go.

"Oooops, now this one has blood on it."

Ruffnut said annoyed. The Gronckle still hovering over the arena, eyes Ruffnut and Tuffnut, and takes aim at the distracted twins. Lava charged in the dragon's mouth, it fired away. The lava hit the shield and is blasted out of both the twins' hands. Tuff and Ruff spun around like tops before falling down disoriented. Gobber sighed; he didn't have much hope for the twins.

"Tuffnut, Ruffnut, you're out!"

They both got up covered in a little bit of ash. With a confused dazed look on both of their faces, Tuffnut asked.

"What?!"

Ruffnut followed.

"What?!"

The Gronckle scooped up a pile of nearby rocks and swallowed them. Rocks were part of a Gronckle's diet and the poor dragon hardly got any while it was in it's confinement. The teens gather on the far side of the ring. They stared down the large reptilian beast as it flew menacingly over them. Gobber then from a safe distance instructed his students.

"Those shields are good for another thing. Noises. Make lots of it to throw off a dragon's aim."

With their various weapons, the recruits began to pound on their weapons. From the dragons perspective the Vikings became blurry targets. The noise began to make the dragon almost sickly. Everyone was doing this, except for Hiccup. Hiccup would have been an easy target for the dragon but the noise caused such a confusion in the dragons eyes that it could hardly focus at all. The remaining seven Vikings began to circle the dragon, the noise starting to take its toll on the beast.

"All dragons have a limited number of shots. How many does a Gronckle have?"

Of the top of Snotlout's helmet he said.

"Five?"

Fishlegs corrected him.

"No, six."

As Fishlegs celebrated for a moment, he failed to notice the Gronckle target him, its yellow eyes narrowed. Gobber then yelled from afar.

"Correct that's one for almost all of you!"

As Fishlegs held up his shield for a moment, the Gronckle blasted out of his hands. Fishlegs then began to run away with his hands in the air, screaming like a girl. Hiccup didn't seem all that concerned after a while, he had gotten over the pure shock that he had to fight a dragon, and now just wanted this to end. Oddly enough, even though Hiccup was standing there without a care in the world, the Gronckle didn't even try to attack him. Hiccup had spent the majority of his life with dragons, the scent or presence of dragons probably came off him like it would any other dragon. A dragon would never attack another dragon, unless it absolutely has to, so Hiccup did not even register as a threat to the hovering Gronckle. Gobber the Belch, obviously not knowing, this spotted Hiccup and shouted.

"Boyo, get in there!"

Hiccup made a few weak sounding bangs with his shield. The dragon began to hover around looking for a new target. It eyed Snotlout and his gang; they were in an army like formation trying to make as much noise as possible. While the vision of the dragon blurred it fired off one shot. Snotlout jumped out of the way as the shot hit Wartihog, Speedyfist and Dogsbreath, knocking there shields to the ground.

"Wartihog, Speedyfist, Dogsbreath, you're all out."

The Gronckle then moved onto another target. It eyed Astrid, Snotlout, who had not been hit by the Gronckle's blasted felt like he had overcome a great threat. He felt invincible for a moment, and what do you do when you feel invincible for a moment? You try and hit on a girl. Astrid was on her heals, bouncing, ready to dodge a blast. Snotlout then appeared and tried to hit on the Hofferson Girl.

"So anyway, I'm moving into my parents' basement. You should come by sometime to work out. You look like you work out-

Astrid cartwheeled out of the dragon's way as the Gronckle fired another molten blast. This allowed a shot to shoot past her and hit Snotlout's shield. The Jorgenson is blasted onto his back. With that the Gronckle was down to its last two shots.

"Snotlout! You're done."

Gobber said with a hint of happiness in his voice. Astrid rolled beside Hiccup, who just stood there, not taking any of this seriously.

"Looks like it's just you and me, huh?"

"Noâ€| just youâ€| "

Astrid rolled away, not a split second later, a lava-slug from the Gronckle knocks Hiccup's shield clear off of his arms. He didn't even see it coming. Hiccup is exposed. Gobber then said with a loud booming voice.

"One shot left!"

Hiccup tried not to panic, he knew the worst thing to do in this situation is panic. The Prince sheathed his sword, trying to be calm and not slice and dice the nearest thing in two. So, The Prince stood there for a second, dragon's sensed movement, if he moved then the dragon would follow. Hiccup looked over at Astrid who had now began to swing her ax in defiance. The Gronckle only got more aggressive, as Astrid actually got a good swing on the beast with the top of her ax. While it did nothing to the heavily armored beast, Hiccup stood there terrified. Past experiences flashed before his eyes, of dragons being horrendously killed with such weapons. He remembered the time when he was eight years old and dozens of dragons died before him on Lava-lout Island. Without thinking, Hiccup knew he had to get the dragon's attention. So he chased after his shield trying desperately to reclaim it as it rolled across the ring. The sudden movement sent the Gronckle chasing after him, leaving Astrid in the clear. With a worried expression Gobber yelled.

"What are you doing!?"

The Gronckle drives straight toward Hiccup, pinning him against the wall. It opens its mouth and cocks its tail, ready to fire point blank. In Dragonese Hiccup managed to say.

"_Please don'tâ€| I'm on your side._"

The dragon seemed to die down a bit as it's aggression decreased. But just then Gobber the Belch lunged in front of the Gronckle and looks its mouth at the last second. Causing the Gronckle's head to jerk back and fire against the stone wall above Hiccup's head. The Gronckle and Gobber wrested for a moment as the Blacksmith forced it back into its pen.

"And that's sixâ€| "

Forcing it back into its prison and sealing it back in, Gobber annoying said to the beast.

"Go back to bed, ya overgrown sausage! You'll get your chance, don't you worry."

Gobber then turned back to the recruits who all looked terrified, some of them might have been scarred psychologically by this fight with the Gronckle. Not to be confused with the kind of scars you get in battle. The Blacksmith then raised one fat finger and said.

"Rememberâ€| a dragon will alwaysâ€| "

Gobber the Belch turned toward Hiccup.

"Always go in for the kill."

The blacksmith tried to hoist Hiccup to his feet, but the Prince took those words harshly. In his mind it was 'humans always, go in for the kill.' Hiccup without turning, walked out of the arena, not saying a word as Gobber tried to stop him. But he didn't listen, Hiccup wasn't about to be told that his family were a much of Nightmare killing machines.

* * *

><p>Authors Note:

**What?! An update already Nobody'sHero98 are you okay? What's happening? You never update that fast? Well my followers and friends, I want work faster and more efficient to give you guys updates. March is gonna have at least one more update, because I wouldn't want to spoil you guys. Also, I've been told I need to go back and fix the spelling errors in the earlier chapters. Now I'll be right on that soon, but in the meantime, enjoy the story. **

11. Chapter 11

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 11: The Book of Dragons

BERK

"_Damn Vikings, bunch of dim-witted, pathetic excesses for warriors, 'Dragons always go in for the kill', to think I was enjoying myself hereâ€|no moreâ€|I need to focus on getting off this rock." _

Hiccup said in his native tongue as he painstakingly put on his prince armor, the prince had run out of Gobber the Belch's lesson after the slide comment he had said about dragons. Also he needed to just have some time to himself, humans where such petty little things. Only a few of them it seemed had anything of value to say, and even then they would probably turn around the next minute and say something incredibly stupid. With the exception of Old Wrinkly, Hiccup was pretty ignorant towards humans.

"_Of all the things I could have been born, a dragon, a fish, a Thor forsaken sea-cucumber, but no I get born a human. It's down right insulting." _

Hiccup said as put his mask on and began to venture through the forest. He took out his well decorated flame sword and began to just mindlessly swing away at any and all bushes and trees, just to vent his anger. The Prince after much walking made it to the cove, again Toothless was trying fish and failing miserably. The Prince sat next to the dragon and began to toss stones into the cove waters, far away from the Night Fury of course. While eating the meal-worms old Wrinkly had prepared for him...they weren't half-bad actually. The Night Fury lifted its head and glanced over at Hiccup, it then wandered over.

"_What's wrong?" _

Toothless asked in Dragonese. Hiccup sighed as he sat on the sandy

shores of the cove.

"_It's nothingâ€|" _

"_Yet I'm having a hard time believing you." _

"_Ughâ€|fine it's the humans, I'm just sick of hearing about how 'dragons are a menace to humans' and all that rubbish." _

Hiccup said very bluntly. Toothless then responded by saying.

"_It's only a matter of perspective, humans are humans, they view us as monsters because we're different. Same goes for dragons." _

The Prince laid flat on the ground as he glared up at the sky.

"_But there perspective is wrong; we only do what we can to survive, and they just happen to have all there food stored in a nice easy to take pile." _

Hiccup said with a chuckle. Then he sighed, Toothless then looked back at Hiccup.

"_You can't change hearts and minds in a day human, it takes time, maybe someday humans and dragons will live peacefully but until then this is life." _

The Night Fury said doubtfully, even he did not exactly like how humans and dragons constantly clashed. Whether it was because of all the deaths or those deaths closest to the him, Hiccup nor the Night Fury really knew at that time. Hiccup nodded in agreement.

"_It's really hard to keep playing it cool, it's a good thing these Vikings are dumb as dirt or else I'd be dead. I just gotta suffer through it I guess." _

The Prince said as he sat back up, the Night Fury then smiled a Toothless grin.

"_That reminds me, I got the perfect nameâ€|Chucklehead." _

Hiccup at first gave a bitter look, but then began to laugh his head off like a Terrible Terror who had just heard a funny joke.

"_Chucklehead?(laughs uncontrollably) Chucklehead?" _

Hiccup with a smile still stretched across his face then asked.

"_Where did ya get that idea of a name from?" _

"_From watching youâ€|" _

Toothless said silently, he didn't look the least bit amused, he had spent all morning coming up with that name, and it fit him so well. Hiccup stood up after a good laugh but not before patting the Night Fury on the back and saying.

"_Keep trying, Bud." _

The Prince then walked back to Berk, with a new outlook on this whole predicament and a funny joke to get his mind off of things. Meanwhile the Night Fury slummed by the lakeside and began to ponder more names.

* * *

><p>BERK</p>

Hiccup after dispatching his Prince attire and getting back into his Viking clothes made his way over to Berk. The Prince strolled over to Gobber the Belch's workshop; fortunately Gobber was there, talking to Bucket and Mulch.

"So the door fell after a few hours after ya made it, what kind of wood did ya use?"

Mulch shrugged his shoulders, and replied.

"Don't ask me it was Bucket who got the wood."

"Well Bucket, where did you get the wood?"

Bucket then said.

"Oh, I had for a while, years in fact, I just wanted to get rid of it, it was crawling with pests."

Gobber the Belch and Mulch both simultaneously slapped themselves. Apparently they had used rotten wood crawling with Odin only knows what kind of pests. The Blacksmith then sighed and said.

"Go into the woods next time and chop down tree, they're everywhere."

The two Vikings nodded, and then walked off. Hiccup then arrived at the Blacksmiths hut. Gobber the Belch folded his arms and said very smugly.

"Well, well, if it isn't Mr. 'I'm too good for my employer's dragon lessons'."

"Is that really necessary?"

The Prince asked showing false sadness, Gobber the Belch smiled and unfolded his arms to pat Hiccup on the back.

"Yes, also I just wanted to mess with ya."

Hiccup smiled a bit and then said.

"Look I'm sorry it's just that-

"You're distracted."

The Prince hesitated for a moment, he was more angry than anything that Gobber was teaching him how to kill dragons. But not to raise any suspicions Hiccup nodded and said.

"Yes, I'm distracted, so I was thinking, maybe I could sit this one out and focus and making stuff in the shop, it's like I said, ya know not enough bread making Vikings or small home repair Vikings."

Gobber the Belch's eyes narrowed, he then patted Hiccup on the shoulder a few times.

"Oh, know you're trying to get out of it, I see what's going on."

The Prince swallowed hard, did he somehow figure out Hiccup's 'little' secret, the blacksmith then sputtered out.

"Ya-ya, ya do?"

Gobber the Belch then said with a chuckle.

"It's painfully obviousâ€| I see the way you look at Astrid."

Hiccup gave a look of confusion for a moment, that was not what he was expecting to say the least. The Prince then said wearily with a small red blush on his face.

"Okayâ€|sure, let's go with that."

"I knew it; I'm very keen on these things."

Gobber the Belch responded, The Prince rolled his eyes at that thought.

"We're completely different people with completely different agenda's, besides she's a Viking, I'mâ€|from Thule, it just couldn't work out, ya know long distance relationships and all. Besides I could never settle down."

Hiccup went on for too long trying to defend himself. It was clear that he liked her; she was in fact the 'Lass with Sass'. But he merely regarded this in the same way he regarded Camicazi, a crush. Give it a week or two, and a few beatings by said girl after he gave her flowers, and he'd be over her. The Blacksmith still chuckling, gave Hiccup a punch on the arm.

"Eh, I'm only busting you're chops boy, but don't run out on my lessons anymore or else I'll have to put you on lug-worm rations."

The Prince then smiled again as Gobber motioned for him to come into the blacksmith's shop. Hiccup worked that afternoon with Gobber the Belch. All seemed well, everything seemed to be working in his favor and everything was alright. Gobber even taught him one of the best and fastest ways to fix a sword handle. But the Prince kept playing around with that idea of him and Astrid. He was humoring himself for the meantime. Though whenever he tried to concentrate or think about something else, his thoughts would drift back to her. All afternoon Hiccup played with that though, even after he went home to Old Wrinkly's to see Bucket and Mulch working on the old man's door yet again. Night was approaching and an ever present storm was looming overhead. Though it seemed Thor was hesitant to have it rain. Hiccup walked inside the hut, after narrowly avoiding the two Vikings

bickering about how to properly put a door together, Hiccup was back inside Old Wrinkly's hut. Old Wrinkly was sitting by the fire blowing smoke rings again.

"Hello boy, how are you?"

"I'm fine Old Wrinkly."

Hiccup said as he sat by the table and took out his Dragonese book, he flipped to the back pages, where he had schematics for tail designs for Toothless. In practicality however, the Prince wasn't sure how many of them would work. The Prince went onto doodle in his Dragonese book for a while before Old Wrinkly said.

"Ya like to draw a lot don't ya?"

"Ya, I guess."

"I never had the talent for art; it takes a more creative person. If anything, I'm more rational then not."

Old Wrinkly said with a smile, while he may have seen himself as more rational; others thought he was as nutty as Loki in a typhoon. The Old man then took out his long pipe.

"Now my daughter, she's an artist."

"Oh, Valka, yeah I meet her the other day. She seems nice."

Hiccup said glancing up in the Old man's general direction. Old Wrinkly peered over Hiccup's shoulders to see he doodling in his Dragonese Book. Curiosity over taking him, the elderly man asked.

"So, what are you working on boy? If you don't mind me asking."

The Prince shut the book immediately and then responded.

"Nothing, just a silly idea happening is all."

"I see, you're a very private person aren't you?"

The Prince thought it over for a bit.

"I guess I've always been a little hostile towards people."

"Why?

Old Wrinkly asked as he leaned over in his seat. Hiccup thought it over for a moment. There were lots of reasons for him being upset. Being hated by his own human kind, never feeling truly accepted amongst the dragons even though he clearly was. Having your own family slaughtered in numerous ways right in front of you was another thing. Never meeting his parents was another reason. All that rage and wrath, just kind of weighed down on Hiccup. He would guise everything as the Prince but on the inside Hiccup was nothing more than a shy scared boy just trying desperately to seek everyone's approval. Hiccup put his Dragonese book into his vest pocket.

"I'd rather not talk about it, it's private."

The Prince said not even attempting to make eye contact with Old Wrinkly. Old Wrinkly nodded for a moment.

"Wellâ€|you'll talk about it when you're readyâ€|"

Hiccup with a now miserable look on his face, began to make his way to the door.

"I'm heading outâ€|I need time to thinkâ€|"

The Prince said as he left Old Wrinkly's hut just as Bucket and Mulch were putting the finishing touches on Old Wrinkly's door. Mulch was visually measuring the placement of the door and Bucket was placing the big hunk of wood in the door frame.

"Gentlyâ€|Gentlyâ€|Gentlyâ€|and perfect!"

Bucket placed the door down and Mulch swiftly screwed in the hinges. After screwing in the door hinges, the two were done. They had completely Old Wrinkly's door. It was then the feeble looking old man made his way to the door and admired it for a moment.

"Very nice, good job boys."

"Do we get a reward now Mulch?!"

Bucket asked merrily, Mulch sighed again, but then Old Wrinkly pointed a long bony finger upwards.

"Um...You still need to re-shingle my roof."

Old Wrinkly said plainly. Bucket and Mulch looked up to see the roof of Old Wrinkly's hut. A few shingle's fell down as they starred and a few aggressive looking birds cackling at the Vikings down below. The elderly man smiled and said.

"I'll go fetch the ladder."

Bucket and Mulch where nearly balling their eyes out. When would this nightmare end? Around night time the Prince was still deep in thought not really paying attention to the world around him. He had circled the entire village twice and was approaching a third time. Hiccup began to think about all life had thrown at him and began to wonder if he was even worth all the trouble. But the Prince tried to take his mind off things and look on the bright side of things.

"At least it can't get any worseâ€|"

With a flash of lightning and a strike of thunder, it began to poor. The Prince looked upwards at the heavens.

"Really?"

The Prince then realized he'd be drenched if he went all the way back to Old Wrinkly's so Hiccup glanced upwards at the Great Hall. He figured it be a good place to lay low for a while. Hiccup was walking down a narrow dirt path on his way to the Great Hall. He was hoping

to catch some alone time, but Fate was not to kind to the Prince. After walking up the tall stone steps, Hiccup made his way into the dimly lit Great Hall. He wasn't to soaked but part of him seemed to shiver a bit.

* * *

><p>THE GREAT HALL</p>

With a storm brewing outside, Hiccup made his way to the inner chambers as the Great doors of the hall began to rattle on their hinges. Again fate had decided to throw Hiccup a curve ball, as he saw Gobber and the young recruits sitting at one of the tables, talking about today's training. This day just kept on getting better by the minute.

"Alright. Where did Astrid go wrong in the ring today?"

All the recruits glanced at each other confused, Astrid had performed the best out of all of them. They looked at her from there spots at the table, eating there lipids by the glow of the fire pit. Astrid with a very self-conscious look on her face said.

"I mistimed my somersault dive. It was sloppy. It threw off my reverse tumble."

Everyone from the group's eyes rolled. Ruffnut then said sarcastically.

"Yeah. We noticed."

To which Dogsbreath responded.

"We did?"

Snotlout grabbed Astrid's hand. Astrid gave a look of pure disgust.

"No, no, you were great. That was so 'Astrid'."

Astrid pulled her hand away from Snotlout. Hiccup continued to approach. Gobber then said.

"She's right, you have to be tough on yourselves."

The Prince then stepped on a loose floor board, and it made a devilish creak. All eyes turned to Hiccup, who gave a somewhat sheepish look, but to be fair they had found him at a venerable time. While staring at Hiccup, Gobber the Belch asked.

"Where did nameless over there go wrong?"

Hiccup tried to take a seat at the table while Snotlout and his gang moved around to make sure the Prince doesn't get a seat. Speedyfist then said.

"He smells like eels?"

Ruffnut then said.

"He showed up."

Wartihog was next.

"He walked out on the lesson."

Tuffnut followed with.

"He didn't get eaten."

The Prince eventually rolled his eyes and gave up trying to find a seat at that table as the recruits kept closing the gaps. So Hiccup sat at the vacant table next to them. Astrid glared back at him, taking Gobber's words a bit more seriously than the rest of the recruits.

"He's never where he should be."

Hiccup held his head down low momentarily; the words hurt even more when they came out of her mouth. The Blacksmith smiled down at Astrid.

"Thank you, Astrid."

Gobber the Belch stood up, and then said.

"You need to live and breathe this stuff."

The Blacksmith then pulled out a giant book out from underneath his tunic, and laid the overly huge sized book in the middle of the table. Every recruit looked over in somewhat wonder. But Hiccup was downright amazed, as he was with everything dragon related.

"The dragon manual. Everything we know about every dragon we know of."

Hiccup stood up and glared in wonder as a rumble of thunder shock the hall. Rain poured down from the outside. Gobber listened carefully for a moment before strolling off.

"No attacks tonight. Study up."

The Blacksmith said as he exited in the storm, leaving the teens staring at the book. Almost all of them gave a you got to be kidding me look. Tuffnut was the first to speak with disapproval.

"Wait, you mean read?"

Ruffnut followed up.

"While we're still alive?"

Snotface Snotlout slammed his fists on the table and said.

"Why read words when you can just kill the stuff the words till you stuff about?"

Snotlout's gang jeered in agreement. Fishlegs was practically frolicking with joy, he could barely keep his excitement under lock.

"Oh! I've read it like, seven times. There's this water dragon that sprays boiling water at your face. And there's this other one that buries itself for like a weekâ€|"

The Young Hooligans stare at Fishlegs a little weirded out, he had gone on for too long. Tuffnut got up from his seat and then responded.

"Yeah, that sounds great. There was a chance I was gonna read thatâ€|"

Ruffnut followed after her brother.

"But nowâ€|"

Snotlout got up and his gang followed after him.

"You guys read, I'll go kill stuff."

The others follow with Fishlegs in tow, far too caught up in what he was talking about.

"Oh and there's this other one that has these spines that look like treesâ€|"

The Prince and Astrid where the last to leave, for a moment they didn't say a word to each other. Hiccup was about to pick up the book when Astrid stood up and said.

"Heyâ€|"

Hiccup glanced up casually at her, and put on a face that poorly hid his conflicted mind. It was so much easier as the Prince when his face was covered with a helmet and his voice near impossible to hear.

"What's you're deal?"

The Prince tried to look away as he muttered under his breathe.

"What are you talking about?"

"You nimrod, you can kick Snotlout's arse in a heartbeat, you know you're way around a sword and an ax. So what happened today?"

Hiccup took a deep breathe in as he put both his hands on the table.

"What's are you saying?"

"My point is you're not a coward, you even ate a Whispering Death, but in the arena you choked up."

Astrid said confused, the Prince began to chuckle, trying to evade the situation.

"Would you believe I'm all talk and no fight?"

"Noâ€|"

Astrid responded.

"You're avoiding my questionsâ€|"

"It's a personal thingâ€|"

Hiccup said grimly. Hatred in his eyes, Astrid could tell it wasn't directed at her. Rather than continue to poke the bear, Astrid decided to leave well enough alone and left the Great Hall. Leaving Hiccup alone, the Prince sighed. Never before in his life had he felt so confused and helpless. Glancing back at the book Hiccup picked it up and found a nice spot to read. Of course after lighting a few good candles so he could read clearly. Opening the well decorated book, Hiccup began to pour through the pages of illustrated dragons. All the while, the storm still boomed outside. The hall was a vacant dark place, save for the few candles Hiccup pulled together.

"Okay, show me what you gotâ€|"

The Prince began to read aloud to himself.

"Dragon Classifications. Strike Class. Fear Class. Mystery Class."

Hiccup turned the pages and landed on one in particular.

"Thunderdrum. This reclusive dragon inhabits sea caves and dark tide pools. When startled, a Thunderdrum produces a concussive sound that can kill a man at close range. Extremely Dangerousâ€|kill on sight."

The Prince's eyes drifted to a lurid illustration of decapitated Vikings. Hiccup did have one thing to say, humans did at least get all there facts correct. But as for the 'Kill on sight' thing you could probably imagine how the Prince felt about that. Hiccup flipped to another page, and another dragon.

"Timberjack. This Gigantic Creature has razor sharp wings that can slice through full grown treesâ€|Extremely Dangerousâ€|Kill on sight."

The more Hiccup read, the more the illustrations seemed to come to life. Then again Hiccup had seen most dragons and person and had a clear understanding of what they looked like, personality and behaviors.

"Scauldron. Sprays scalding water at its victim. Extremely Dangerous-

The storm outside raged onward against the shuttered windows in a seemingly maniacal voice almost as if the harsh winds were saying.

"_Let us in. Let us in._"

Hiccup was startled for a moment, but pressed on.

"Changewing. Even Newly hatched dragons can spray acid. Kill on sightâ€|"

Fed up with the whole kill on sight mantra, Hiccup began to flip through the pages. It's almost like watching a blur of dragons.

"Gronckle. Zippleback. The Skrill. Bone Knapper. Whispering Deathâ€|Burns its victims. Buries its victims. Chokes its victim. Turns its victims inside out. Extremely Dangerous. Extremely Dangerous. Kill on sightâ€|Kill on Sightâ€|kill on sight."

Hiccup then landed on a very specific page.

"Night Fury."

Unlike the other pages, this one was not filled with as much content, no image, save for a few sparse details. The Prince then read to himself.

"Speed unknown. Size unknown. The unholy offspring of lightning and death itselfâ€|Never engage this dragon your only chance, is to hide and pray it does not find youâ€|"

Hiccup reached into his vest and pulled out his Dragonese Book. He opened it to a drawing of Toothless. The Prince then smiled a bit.

"Unknownâ€|I'm gonna keep it that wayâ€|"

The Prince said before yawning, sleepily. He rubbed the bags under his eyes and began to find a comfortable position to sit and sleep. He was tired to say the least, and was too lazy to go back to Old Wrinkly's especially with a storm outside. So Hiccup slept there in that position and dreamed an ever so pleasant dream.

* * *

><p>HICCUP'S DREAM

THE RED DEATH'S LAIR

_The Prince laughed happily as he dreamed of being back in his element. Back in his Prince armor, feared by all. Hiccup, flew on the back of the Night Fury who in this dream still had his full tail. All the Prince could do was smile and laugh as he and the Night Fury flew through the foggy heights surrounding the Red Death's lair. But then Hiccup heard something, he heard the laughing of a girl. The Prince turned his head to see a girl in similar armor to himself riding on the back of a Deadly Nadder. She like Hiccup seemed to be having the time of her life. The Prince and the Night Fury landed on top a rocky ravine, and watched the girl in armor on her Deadly Nadder. Hiccup in his dream like state didn't even bother asking who or what but more just watched in amazement and confusion. The Nadder did three somersaults in the air before landing on the same flat ravine as the Prince. Hiccup dismounted Toothless and wandered over to the girl as she did the same. Hiccup then took off his helmet almost instinctively, which was weird because he usually kept it on. The Prince got a closer look at her. She was about his height and her armor seemed a bit more spiked and well put together than his. But

then the most shocking thing happened when the girl removed her mask. Hiccup went wide eyed and lost for words as he saw none other then Astrid Hofferson dressed in similar armor. Astrid then walked over to Hiccup and kissed him on the lips and nearly took his breathe away.

—

—It was then Hiccup seemed to wake up and return to reality—or so he thought. He appeared to be in a bed now and his armor was off to the side. The Prince smiled again though, he seemed to be back in familiar territory. Back in his home, with thousands of other dragons, with a glad smile Hiccup sat up in the bed and glanced over to see the Night Fury draped off the ceiling like a bat, snoring heavily. But then a thought hit Hiccup—why was there a bed in the Red Death's lair? Hiccup usually slept with the dragons on the cold stone ledges. It was then someone from behind wrapped their arms around Hiccup and hugged him from behind. The Prince glanced over to see it was Astrid, again Hiccup went wide eyed. With a smile on her face, she asked in Dragonese of all things. —

"—What is it my love?" —

—Hiccup gave a look of plain fear and then screamed in horror.—

* * *

><p>THE GREAT HALL</p>

After a few hours of sleep, Hiccup woke up with a jolt. The Prince looked around, it was morning, and the rain had stopped. Thankfully he was still in the same chair he was last night. The Prince gave a sigh of relief before leaning back in his chair and saying.

"I need to get off this rock..."

* * *

><p>Authors Note: Hey Guys I'm back after a busy couple of months I'm back to updating the Prince of Dragons. You may now begin the celebratory cheers. Also, Guys I can't thank you enough for your support in all of this. Thank you all you beautiful people. (P.S. Hiccup more lusts for Astrid in the beginning of this before he begins to love her, just an FWI)

12. Chapter 12

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 12: Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third

Lesson 3: Advanced Weaponry

BERK

THE ARENA

Hiccup was slow to get out of the Great Hall that morning, he kept thinking about his 'disturbing' dream with Astrid. What made it worse was that Dragon Training was in the morning. He made sure to arrive slightly later then normally, just to make sure he and Astrid weren't

the only one's there. Thankfully Fishlegs was there for once, and Hiccup spent part of the morning talking to him about Monstrous Nightmares. Astrid watched from a far, when either Hiccup made eye contact with her, he quickly darted his head away. Everyone else arrived a few moments later and dragon practice soon began again.

Carefully the Prince ran his fingers across the outline of his shield. He was paying more attention this time around. Though he realized something this morning, there had to be other ways to take down a dragon so to speak. Non-violent ways. The Prince had not really thought about it, but dragons did have an Achilles' heel in other regards, they had to. But Hiccup didn't have much time to think about it as a ball of fire came hurling at him. The Prince skillfully dodged it with a barrel roll. Gobber the Belch from the top of the Arena shouted.

"Nice dodge there nameless! But surely you can do better then that!"

"It's not that I can't, it's just that I don't want to!"

The Prince mumbled softly to himself. Hiccup glanced upwards to see a Deadly Nadder, nimbly running around in a maze-like arrangement of moving walls. The Hooligans recruits scrambled like rats being chased by a nimble cat. Gobber the Belch continued to call out various order from the top of the Arena.

"Today's all about attack!"

The Blacksmith said as the Nadder hoped from wall to wall, sending the recruits scurrying. Gobber countinued as he watched with some kind of sadistic satisfaction.

"Nadders are quick and light on their feet. Your job is to be quicker and lighter."

Snotlout and his gang stumbled in.

"Move out of the way useless, I got this!"

Snotlout said as he pushed the Prince aside. It was a wonder why Hiccup hadn't put him out everyone's misery. Almost stepping over Hiccup in the process. But one cold look from the Prince's eyes made them avoid him. The Nadder spotted Snotlout and his gang, they stood there ground and tried to disorient it by banging there shields. But the Deadly Nadder was on a madman's charge toward the miscreants. Trampling them over like grown man fighting over a Bashi-ball. The Prince was carefully studying the dragon, trying to pinpoint or think of an effective way of taking it down without harming the poor creature. That's all it was a poor creature, driven wild and feral from being trapped in a cage for years at a time. Hiccup didn't even bother trying to communicate as not to raise any suspicion so he played this game of cat and mouse for now. The Nadder spotted Fishlegs ample rear cowering behind a wall. The Deadly Nadder flicked open it's tail spines, like a spiked snare trap and took aim at Fishlegs. Out of panic, Fishlegs screams and lifts an entire wall to shield himself from the spray of bone spines. He then dropped the wall, but the Nadder kept pressing on, Wartihog and Speedyfist watched in amazement.

"Whoa, I always assumed Fishlegs was a weak spineless jellyfish."

Said Wartihog to which Speedyfist replied.

"There's something you don't see everyday."

Fishlegs continued to run as the Nadder shot it's spins at him yet again, this time piercing his tiny shield, the Ingerman shouted back to the Blacksmith.

"I'm beginning to question your teaching methods."

Gobber the Belch didn't seem to be really listening to Fishlegs's complaints and instead shouted.

"Look for its blind spot. Every dragon has one. Find it, hide in it, and strike."

The Terrible Twins rushed in, diving and rolling up to the Nadder's nose. The Nadder sniffed the air, the dragon didn't seem to notice them. Tuffnut and Ruffnut while rolling up to the dragon where smashed together, to close for comfort. After taking in one good sniff of Tuffnut, she gagged due to his repulsive smell, Ruffnut nearly belched and whispered to her brother.

"Do you ever bath?"

Tuffnut groaned aggressively and said.

"If you don't like it, then just get your own blind spot."

"How about I give you one!"

Ruffnut said as the two shoved one other around, getting into each others faces. Their movement and they're loud yelling gives them away to the dragon. The Nadder hearing them attacks, snapping it's jaws at both of them. Gobber watched with a hint of laughter in his voice.

"Blind spot? Yes. Deaf spot? Not so much."

Hiccup kept wandering the maze like structures around him, listening closely to the shrill shrieks of the Nadder. It was then the Prince caught sight of Astrid, Snotlout and his gang. Astrid gave a fierce look at the Prince before whispering.

"Oiâ€|over hereâ€|"

Astrid said as she put a finger to her lips and gestures for him to hide, the Prince happily obliged. A moment later, the Nadder leaped over the walls, surprising the young recruits as it landed in front of Astrid. The blonde Viking somersaulted into the dragon's blind spot, confusing it. She rears back to strike, just as Snotlout leaped in, protectively sweeping Astrid behind him. Astrid was sedulously annoyed at the Jorgenson boy.

"HEY!"

She shouted.

"Watch out babe. I'll take care of this."

Snotlout tossed his ax at the Nadder and missed horribly. Astrid glared at him, and his gang let out a few well deserved chuckles. The Jorgenson boy immediately began to defend himself.

"The sun was in my eyes, Astrid. What do you want me to do, block out the sun? I could do that, but I don't have the time right now!"

The Nadder tears off after her, knocking entire walls down in pursuit. The Young Recruits scrambled, but there sense of direction was a bit off as disorienting maze walls kept falling down. What made it worse was all the dust that went flying around. Hiccup, who had been avoiding most of the fighting, managed to somehow run into Gobber's spot at the edge of the maze. Astrid leapt and dived around the collapsing maze like a highly trained gymnast. Hiccup was all struck and lost his concentration just watching her. The Prince shock his head, he needed to focus. Hiccup tried to run out of there when he came to a dead end, he turned to see Astrid followed by the Nadder.

"Look out!"

She called as the maze-walls continued to collapse like dominoes as Astrid leapt into the air and landed on top of Hiccup. They're both in a limb-tangled mess. Her ax caught in his shield. From a far, Ruffnut and Tuffnut poke fun at the awkward position the two are in. Tuffnut shouted.

"Oooh! Love on the battlefield!"

"She could do better."

Ruffnut responded as the Nadder gained its barrack's and began to close in, from a cloud of dust. The two continued to struggle to get out of this entanglement. For Hiccup this was extremely awkward, especially seeing how he had some feelings for this girl. Astrid did not seem to harbor these same feelings as they tried to break free from one another. For the Prince, this was probably one of the only times in his life where he was speechless and did not have anything clever to say.

"Justâ€|let meâ€|why don't youâ€|"

Was all Hiccup could stammer out, as the Nadder spun around and races toward them like a Velcro-raptor. Astrid managed to untangle herself from Hiccup, but her ax was still caught in the Prince's shield. She even planted her foot on Hiccup's torso in order to yank it free, but it was still burrowed into Hiccup's shield. The Prince went wide eyed, after what he saw next. The girl he had feelings for, just spun around and swung her ax/shield at the Nadder. This scored a direct hit on the Nadder's nose. It yelped and scurried off miserably.

"Well done, Astridâ€|"

Gobber the Belch said with a smile as he hobbled off to wrestle the Nadder back into it's cage. Hiccup got up rather appalled by the girl

now. She only saw fury when she looked at a dragon. Nothing else, just the barbaric killer instinct. What made it worse was when she glared at him. Those hate filled eyes turned to the Prince and the Valkyrie said to him.

"Is this some kind of a joke to you? Our parents' war is about to become ours. Figure out which side you're on."

Astrid was about to walk off, thinking her words had given the Prince something to think about. But Hiccup made a low chuckle, that turned into a full fledged laugh.

"Yeahâ€|it's a joke, parents' I don't got any. Even if I did, I don't want to die fighting a fools war against an army off dragons. Never have, never will. The thing I call my mom is a stone cold harlot. My brothers and sisters are all whom i care about and they're a hundred miles away. I grew up having to fight tooth-claw-and nail to just keep what I have and I didn't crawl through Hel just to be judged by a limpet eating, good-for-nothing, puny wrench like you! You'll never will this so could war, you harlot!"

Hiccup said as he direct his words at Astrid, he didn't mean all of it. He was just angry, and he was a bit more honest then he usually was. Astrid rightfully so began to insult Hiccup right back, calling him ever name in the Norse alphabet, while Hiccup did much of the same. The ends didn't justify the means, as the two got into a heated argument. Everyone just watched to scared to say anything. Gobber was still wrestling the Nadder back into it's cage, to do anything about the two arguing young warriors. Everyone just watched perplexed.

"Should we say somethingâ€|ya know before they kill themselves?"

Speedyfist said to Dogsbreath, who shock his head dismissively.

"Noâ€|I want to live to see dinner."

Snotlout then nudged Wartihog on the shoulder.

"The useless is toast, my babe's gonna kill him."

Wartihog chuckled a bit as Tuffnut and Ruffnut where just egging the two on like they normally did. Ruffnut shouted.

"Kick his arse."

Tuffnut followed up with.

"Punch her!"

"Show e'm who's boss, Astrid!"

"Make her feel the pain, Nameless!"

Fishlegs shock his head with a sigh, he really was surrounded by morons and barnacle brains. Gobber after locking the Nadder away hobbled over to Astrid and Hiccup who already had there weapons drawn waiting for the opportune moment to rip each other apart.

"Aye, calm your horses! You two just can't get out you're swords and axes and fight to endâ€|here anywayâ€|"

The Prince and Astrid still death starring each other, lowered their weapons so they could hear what the Blacksmith had to say.

"Now...I think this is a wonderful time to begin Lesson 3â€|Advanced Weaponry fighting."

Gobber the Belch got into a very triumphant pose.

"Now as you all know Vikings pride themselves with being some of the best fighters known to manâ€|and you must be proficient in all weapons. For war purposes and what not. So let's hurry off to the beach, and then you two can rip each other's guts out."

* * *

><p>BERK, THE LONG BEACH</p>

BLACK HEART BAY

Astrid and Hiccup both death starred each other until they got to Black Heart Bay on the east side of the island. Black Heart Bay was a traditional spot where the Hooligans had the other Tribes set up shop so to speak during Thor's day Thursday, along the long beach. But that was only once every seven years. Now it was a quiet wide open location with nothing but sand and a few rocks for about a mile. Gobber the Belch sighed happily as he said.

"Ayeâ€|I remember the first time I began advanced weaponry, I was a natural. Couldn't beat Stoic though, that guy was a more of a monster then, then he is now if ya ask me."

The Prince wasn't listening he was to fixated on beating Astrid. Fishlegs approached Hiccup, and gave him a rather nervous looking.

"What are you doing?

"Fighting Astridâ€|"

"Have you gone mad, she's the best weapons expert on the program, she even beat Grabbit the Grim, one of the best sword-fighters this side of the Archipelago. She's never lost a fight...expect for maybe the Prince of Dragons, but then again, the Prince is a psychopath who crushes skulls for fun."

The Prince smiled, not only because Fishlegs remembered the crushing skulls rumor that Hiccup had started a few years back. But because Fishlegs had no idea that he had bested her before during the raid. Hiccup was thinking this fight was gonna be a cake walk.

"Never beaten, huh? Well Fishlegs, there's a first time for everything..."

Fishlegs only sighed in response.

"Okay ya madman, just keep looking in her eyes, keep your sword up at

all timesâ€|and say a big prayer Thor the Thunderer, because you're gonna need all the help you can get."

Astrid stood there watching in anticipation, she twirled her ax around like a baton just waiting. The young Hooligans gave her encouraging cheers, she was favored to win. Dogsbreath leaned into Snotlout.

"This will be a massacre."

"Yeah, for the useless, my babe's gonna kick his arse."

Snotlout responded, Astrid only rolled her eyes. Though she'd come to expect the praise, after all she was one of the more promising on the Hooligan Training Program. Gobber went on.

"Since you two are determined to rip each other's guts out, you two will begin lesson 3."

The Blacksmith said pointing at the two of them. Gobber then motioned them to step forward and be equally spaced apart. Hiccup smiled as he sheathed his blade.

"With Pleasureâ€| "

Astrid readied her ax and said with fierce cold determination.

"I'm gonna rip you limb from limb and throw you to the 'gulls."

"Don't bet on it."

The Prince said, she really was the Lass with Sass. Gobber approached the two of them and said vaguely.

"Now, I want a traditional clean Viking, no maiming, no killing, and no cheating. You save all that for the battlefield. The first person to say 'Submit' loses the fight, but other then that, have fun."

Fun was the last thing on the two warrior's minds. Astrid and Hiccup both starred each other down coldly, for a moment. The Prince gathered his footing and approached Astrid. It was then Astrid lunged forward in an attempt to slice at Hiccup. But Hiccup merely dodged her swipe. He barely even acknowledged her presence, instead Hiccup just admired his blade. Astrid then had a go at the Grimbeard's Grapple which worked just as well with an ax as it did with a sword. Hiccup only had to tilt his hand slightly to the left to block her attack. Everyone's jaws dropped, Astrid Hofferson one of the best young weapons experts in the Archipelago was being bested by a nameless Viking. Gobber nodded and clapped merrily, but still tried to lower Hiccup's self-esteem with a hardy.

"Good job nameless, now if only you could do that against some dragons."

Hiccup didn't pay Gobber the Belch any mind and went back to pondering ways of how to non-violently take down a dragon. Dragons did have some obvious docile elements as every man and animal had. But how could Hiccup exploit it just enough to make it look like he had taken down a might beast or at the very least not raise any

suspicion and not harm the dragon in the process. Astrid was fuming at how little Hiccup was paying attention to the fight, she hadn't fumed this much since her fight with Grabbit the Grim and he was one of the best sword fighters in the Archipelago. For a moment the Viking Valkyrie heard his dreaded voice again, the voice of the Prince rattled in her mind.

_ "Oi, lass you're slipping, you're letting someone other then me kick you're arse to the curb? That's so depressing." _

Astrid's strikes then became more furious as Hiccup only continued to block and guard. The Prince was getting rather bored so he just decided to end it, with a few flicks of his wrist and a few well timed strikes Astrid was now on the defensive. It was then Hiccup tripped her onto the dry cold sand. The Viking Valkyrie fell with a thud. She was about to get up when the Prince held his sword to her head. Astrid glanced upwards, with a slightly smug look Hiccup said.

"Say submit..."

Astrid was very hesitant, everyone on the sidelines looked at Hiccup in a new light. He was tough, tough enough to beat Astrid. Murmurs started amongst the crowd of young teens in admiration of Hiccup. Gobber the Belch only continued to stare onward at the fight, he nodded reflectively, Hiccup had some fight in him after all. Giving a heavily defeated look Astrid then said.

"I submit..."

The Prince smiled meekly, this helped him in a way. He was beginning to get over the Hofferson girl. Hiccup let out a hand to which Astrid ignored as she helped herself up. Astrid went over to the group of Young Hooligans mostly to lick her wounds as Fishlegs approached Hiccup followed by Gobber the Belch.

"You-you, you-

"Yes me."

The Prince said pointing at himself as Fishlegs stammered on.

"You just beat Astrid, Astrid Hofferson in a fight."

"Yeah, I did, she wasn't all that."

Gobber the Belch patted Hiccup on the back, and with a hardy laugh said.

"Good job, we'll make a Viking out of you yet, nameless."

Hiccup forced a smile even though he wanted to vomit at what the Blacksmith just said. The rest of the day went as scheduled, the Young Hooligans fought each other all day until sundown which was when Gobber decided to call it a day. Feeling as though the young Hooligans had been worked hard enough, Gobber decided for just tonight to invoke there limpet rations. Which really didn't affect Fishlegs or Hiccup so they just kind of shrugged it off. The rest of the Hooligan recruits on the other hand were practically slobbering all the way back to the village. Since it was a few hours until

dinner, Hiccup decided to go check on Toothless. So he inconspicuously got another barrel of fish from the food storage hut, strapped it onto his back and began to make his way to Toothless. As the Prince carried the barrel on his back to the Cove.

* * *

><p>THE COVE</p>

Hiccup smiled as he saw the Night Fury sleeping upside down from a tree like a large bat. The Prince, not wanting to disturb the Night Fury's blissful sleep Hiccup simply placed the barrel of fish by the dragon before wandering off to the side of the cove. Toothless opened his grass green eyes and glanced downwards at the barrel of fish and then to Hiccup. The Prince was busy drawing in the sand with a narrow stick. What was he drawing? None other then Toothless. Hiccup continued to draw just minding his own business. Toothless appeared behind him, watching carefully.

_ "I've always wanted to know...how do you do that?" _

_ "Do what?" _

_ "That thing with the lines?" _

_ "Oh, you mean draw, you have you're talents I have mine." _

Hiccup replied in Dragonese as he continued to draw Toothless in the sand. Toothless wandered off, the Prince thought it was because he wanted to eat his fish. A moment later, the Night Fury appeared with an entire sapling, drawing lines in the sand. The Night Fury rushes here and there, making haphazard lines in the every direction. Finally, Toothless stops to examine his work. He seemed please. The Prince smiled a bit.

_ "Abstract, I like it..." _

_ "It's supposed to be you..." _

Hiccup glanced at the various swirling lines.

_ "It looks exactly like me." _

The Prince said happily, that's what Hiccup was at the moment happy. He hadn't had exactly a whole lot of fun with the Night Fury or any other dragons for a long time. It was always, raid that, pillage this, fish for these. Hiccup and Toothless never had the time to just sit and let it all sink in. Having a good time. In a way you could say, they needed this. Hiccup stood up to take in the sprawling scribble, it really was interesting, even if it looked nothing like him. Though he accidentally stepped on one of the lines, the dragon growled instantly.

_ "What are you doing, I spent a lot of time on that..." _

Toothless snarled annoyed. Hiccup smiled, he forgot how sensitive the Night Fury could be at times. Just to have a little fun, the Prince lightly stepped on it again, invoking the same reaction from Toothless.

_ "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to..." _

The Prince then began to step carefully in between each line, turning round and round until he unwittingly bumped into Toothless. Toothless snorted, there face to face. Wanting to be polite, Hiccup extended his hand slowly. The Night Fury hesitated, but ultimately closed the gap and presses his muzzle against the Prince's hand. The two shared a smile.

_ "Okay then let's eat." _

The Prince said with glee as the Night Fury ran over to the barrel in a Flash. Hiccup raced over and began to dine with the Night Fury.

* * *

><p>BERK</p>

Gobber and the young Hooligan recruits are seated at the top of an abandoned catapult tower, toasting campfire food around a roaring bonfire. After there performance in the arena and on Black Heart Bay, Gobber decided to be a little more lenient with the limpet rations. Hiccup wasn't hungry, The Prince had already eaten ten pounds of mackerel so he was good for a spell. The Prince spent his time drawing in his sketch book, he would go back and fourth between drawing a tail design for Toothless and sketching various residents of Berk. Mostly the one's he liked, Old Wrinkly, Fishlegs, Valka and Gobber were the only one's he could really stand. Everyone else was either a smelly rube, was about as stable as a prison full of escaped convicts, had the personality of a timber wolf or basically any other metaphor that was cruel and distasteful. Except for maybe Astrid...he glanced over at the Hofferson girl was still in rage over being beaten by Hiccup. The Prince got out a charcoal pen and began to carefully draw her face. What was it about her? He hated everything about this girl, but at the same time, he was drawn to her. All the while he half-listened to Gobber the Belch's ramblings.

"...and with one twist, he took my hand and swallowed it whole. And i saw the look on his face..."

Gobber could not deny this next part.

"I was delicious. He must have passed word, because it wasn't a month before another one of them took my leg."

Speedyfist shivered at the thought.

"Can we please not talk about amputation, it gives me the willies."

Wartihog halfheartedly punched Speedyfist.

"Oi, lighten up."

Dogsbreath interjected.

"You probably taste like arse anyway Speedyfist, so no dragon would want to eat you anyway."

A small chuckle across the group was shared at Speedyfist's expense.

Fishlegs was more fascinated with Gobber's story.

"Isn't weird to think that your hand was inside a dragon. Like if your mind was still in control of it you could have killed the dragon from the inside by crushing his heart or something."

Angrily Snotlout yelled.

"I swear, I'm so angry right now. I'll avenge your beautiful hand and your beautiful foot. I'll chop off the legs of every dragon i fight...with m face."

Snotlout said as he postures to Astrid. The Hofferson girl rolled her eyes as she looked across the bonfire to see Hiccup doodling, his eyes ever so often glancing upwards at her. The Blacksmith with a face filled with food shock his head.

"Un-unh. It's the wings and the tails you really want. If it can't fly, it can't get away. A downed dragon is a dead dragon."

Hiccup gave a horrified look, instantly he closed his book. Gobber the Belch stood up and stretched.

"Alright, I'm off to bed. You should be too. Tomorrow we get to the big boys. Slowly but surely making our way up to the Monstrous Nightmare."

With a playfully taunting look in his voice, Gobber the Belch said.

"But who'll win the honor of killing it?"

Gobber the Belch hobbled off. The Teens reflect. Tuffnut motioned to himself and stated in a very matter of fact kind of way.

"It's gonna be me."

Tuffnut began to roll up his sleeve.

"It's my destiny. See?"

Tuffnut rolled up his sleeve to reveal a red dragon tattoo on his arm. Everyone gave a somewhat interested look.

"Oi, ya got some ink there Tuffnut?"

Wartihog asked, Fishlegs gasped.

"Your mom let you get a tattoo?"

Tuffnut boasted.

"It's not a tattoo. It's a birthmark."

Ruffnut rolled her eyes and said.

"Okay, I've been stuck with you since birth, and that was never there before."

Tuffnut defended himself.

"Yes it was. You've just never seen me from the left side until now."

Dogsbreathe began to ponder.

"It wasn't there yesterday. Is it a birthmark or a today mark?"

Hiccup got up and left, his mind thinking of all sorts of ways to craft a tail for Toothless. Astrid watched him, unsure of his intentions.

* * *

><p>THE FORGE</p>

Hiccup entered a small room in the back of the stall. He began to fill it with various drawings and other such things. He lights a candle and lays his Dragonese book on his desk and opened to the page with his sketch of Toothless. With a determined look, Hiccup began to redraw the missing tail. Finally the Prince began to get to work, the creaking leather bellowed. The stone forge glowed with every pump. Tongs pull intricate iron-pieces from the coals. They're dropped onto the anvil, twisted, lightly hammered, and dunked into a water barrel. The pieces are carried to Hiccup's workbench and laid out in place on a one-to-one schematic. He began to piece things together until finally he made something incredible. It's a high intricately made, almost exact copy of the Night Fury's tail fin.

* * *

><p>THE COVE</p>

The Prince arrived at the cove yet again with a smile on his face. He had come to the cove in such a hurry he didn't even change into his Prince armor. He had a surprise for the Night Fury. Just to be nice, Hiccup had also brought the dragon his breakfast. On his back was the basket, and in one arm a tail-fin. Hurriedly he let go of the basket on his back and popped the top like a jar. Toothless approached sniffing the air, he seemed more focused on breakfast then the strange object in Hiccup's hands.

_ "Is that salmon...I'm pretty sure it's salmon." _

The Prince rolled his eyes, he was more focused on breakfast then the news Hiccup had. Though maybe it would be better if he surprised the Night Fury. Hiccup thought to himself as he played along.

_ "Yeah, Oh thank you human for bringing me, my breakfast." _

The Night Fury gave Hiccup a blank and slightly annoyed stare, a low growl escaped the dragon. Hiccup thought it was best to restate his sentence.

_ "I mean...Hey, Toothless. I brought your breakfast, I hope you're hungry." _

The Prince said with a forced smile in a joking manner. Toothless nodded approvingly.

_ "Thank you, human..." _

The Prince rolled his eyes.

"_Yeah, yeah." _

Hiccup said as he kicked over the bucket and the fish spilled out. Toothless approached, settling in to devour the fish. The Prince finding it hilarious as always how quickly the Night Fury devoured everything went on.

_ "We got some salmon..." _

Toothless swallowed the salmon in one gulp.

_ "We got some nice Icelandic Cod..." _

The Night Fury then proceeded to swallow the Icelandic Cod. The Prince then realized something.

_ "Uh...oh..." _

Toothless was about to ask what was wrong but the dragon realized something was off when he nabbed on something slimy and slick. The Night Fury chewed it a few times and spits it out. With a terrified cackle the Night Fury screamed in horror at the eye. Eels tasted kind of like lug-worms to a dragon...also they gave them a nasty ailment called eel-pox, very deadly. The Prince then tossed the eel away so Toothless would stop freaking out.

_ "No. No. No. It's okay...out of sight, out of mind..." _

_ "Please make sure there are no more horrifying eels." _

The Night Fury said terrified, almost ready to plasma blast the pile of fish. Hiccup made, sure to his personal delight, there was another eel that he decided to put in his vest pocket for later. With a reassuring grin, the Prince said.

_ "No more eels." _

The Night Fury feeling reassured decided to focus on the remainder of fish. With Hiccup sneaking up behind the dragon, and holding the prosthetic fin and waiting to open it like a large fan.

_ "Okay. That's it. That's it, just stick with the good stuff. And don't mind me. I'll just be back here...minding my own business." _

The Prince said slyly as he cautiously approached the injured tail with his prosthetic. But every time he got near it. Toothless slightly sweeps his tail like a cat, the dragon was far to distracted with eating his fish.

_ "It's okay." _

Hiccup said as held onto the tail trying to be patient and collected, and definitely not take off the other tail fin out of rage. He then got on top of the dragon and dropped his knees on top of the tail.

The Prince then began to strap the tail on. Toothless, who had his head forced into the bucket of fish, juts up. He slowed his chewing and shocked his tail slightly. His eyes go wide, it feels as if his tail has returned to him. As Hiccup began to tighten the straps around the tail. Toothless rose his wings and stretched out his right tail fin. While the Prince admired his handy work, unaware of what Toothless was about to do.

_ "There, Not to bad. It works." _

The Prince said smiling as he pulled back the Tail Fin. With a pounce and a mighty flap of his wings, Toothless took off. Flying upwards, Hiccup was a bit shocked at first. He held on for dear life as the dragon began to fly lopsided. The Prince began to crawl toward the folded prosthetic. He reaches it and yanked it open. The flared, fan-like appendage catches air, stabilizing the twisting tail. With an excited grin, Hiccup shouted.

_ "It's working!" _

Toothless smiled happily, it had been so long since he felt the feeling of flight. The wind between you're ears, the adrenaline rush, and the feeling of freedom overwhelmed the dragon. The Night Fury arcs just short of hitting the ground and climbed...high into the air. Hiccup was high as a kite, metaphorically speaking.

_ "Yes! Yes, we did it!" _

Toothless glanced back at Hiccup, busily holding the tail open while trying to hold on. The Dragon lost his balance again and Hiccup couldn't keep up with the large strike class dragon and with a loud whoomp, Hiccup is thrown thrown the tail in the intense force of a turn. The Prince screamed as he bounced across the pond's surface and Hiccup takes a dive. Without Hiccup to operate the tail, Toothless does the same, plunging into the pond with a massive cannonball. Hiccup resurfaces, roughed up, but beaming. The Night Fury appears a few seconds later. They both wash up on dry land and Hiccup shouts a very triumphant.

_ "Yeah!" _

The Night Fury ran up to Hiccup, and knocked him down like a large dog would it's owner licked him a few times. The Prince began to push the dragon away, while laughing.

_ "Toothless, stop you're getting slobber all over my clothes." _

-

_ "Sorry...it's just I few again...we can leave this place." _

Sadly the celebration was short lived. The Prince spoke the reality of the situation.

_ "Um...Toothless, I hate to get you're hopes up but I still need to make some adjustments...I mean let's face it, you weren't exactly in tip shape right there..." _

The Night Fury smiled again.

_ "Yes, but human, thank you. I can't thank you enough. It's been so

long since I felt the joy of flight..." _

The Prince nodded and scratched the Night Fury on the spot behind his ears he couldn't quite reach.

_ "I haven't gotten us off this rock yet, you can thank me then." _

Hiccup said with a smile, the Night Fury and the Prince spent the rest of the morning making plans and eating the left over mackerel. Soon, so very soon, they would leave this horrible place.

* * *

><p>BERK, ARENA</p>

Hiccup had returned to Berk after having his breakfast with the Night Fury. Now he was back to his dragon training. The Prince merely rolled his eyes when he heard they were back to Dragon Training. He was hoping to kick the rest of the recruits arse's to the curb with a flick of his wrist in Advanced Weaponry practice. But sadly the Gods had other plans for Hiccup, and by extension so did Gobber the Belch. Gobber the Belch stood next to them, observing them as he narrated the lesson.

"Today is about teamwork. Work Together and you might survive."

A Large double-wide door opened up. Green gas seeped out through the cracks. The door blasted open and a cloud of smoke engulfed the ring. Swirling around the paired up teens. Astrid with Ruffnut. Dogsbreath with Snotlout. Speedyfist and Wartihog with Tuffnut. Fishlegs with Hiccup. All of them carrying buckets of water, poised to toss them. The Prince was on edge, Zipplebacks were known to play with there food before killing it. What made it worse was the dreadful singing that only he understood. Each head took turns singing a verse.

_ "We__ tell the mighty Big Blue Whale_

_ His life is over soon,_

_ With one swish of this armored tail,_

_ We put out the sun and moon..._

_ The winds and gales quivering,_

_ When We begin to roar,_

_ The waves themselves are shivering,_

_ And trembling back to shore." _

Hiccup knew that song well, it was the Supper Song. A devilish song that only meant trouble. The Supper Song was sang when a dragon wanted to toy with it's meal rather then outright kill it. Now Hiccup was usually on the other side of the Supper Song what with being the Prince of Dragons and all. But now he was on the other side things were a bit more...terrifying. Gobber the Belch spoke, thankfully his voice was loud and charismatic enough to take Hiccup's mind off the

singing.

"Now, a wet dragon head can't light its fire. The Hideous Zippleback is extra tricky. One head breathes gas, the other head lights it. Your job is to know which is which."

Gobber the Belch said as he walked of backgrounds will lecturing his students, giving them a hint of encouragement. The green gas oozed in like a phantom as it separated the teens from one another in a hazy mist. The smoke encircled them, cutting them off from each other. The Young Recruits listen and watch for any sign of the twin-headed dragon. Now Hiccup was level headed enough to deal with a Zippleback, they were playful at heart and always told the best jokes. But Fishlegs was a bit more timid about the whole thing. He muttered to himself dragon statics.

"Razor Sharp, serrated teeth that inject venom for pre-digestion. Prefers ambush attack, crushing its victims in its..."

The Prince did not what to hear what Fishlegs had to say, with a tense quite voice he said.

"Fishlegs, would you kindly, stop that and focus?"

Meanwhile Speedyfist, Wartihog and Tuffnut were wandering aimlessly around in the smoke. Speedyfist muttered his prayers to the Norse Gods in an attempt to calm himself. Tuffnut was darting his head all over the place in an attempt to locate the Zippleback. Wartihog had his head on a swivel, turning left and right constantly just to make sure the Zippleback didn't turn around and nip at his arse. Dogsbreath and Snotlout weren't fairing much better. Snotlout kept singing to himself in an attempt to calm himself down. Dogsbreath then pointed to a large shadowy figure off in the distance, and grunted confidently. Speedyfist emerged from the shadows still muttering prayers. Followed by Wartihog and Tuffnut.

"C'mon the Zippleback can't take all of us out, there's safety in numbers."

Snotlout said trying to sound confident, the Jorgenson Boy did have some tactical understanding of war. He was a Viking after all and besides weapons fighting it was one of the only other things he was trying good at. The four other boys nodded in unison and formed a large group. Snotface Snotlout was back to muttering to himself again as he said to himself.

"If that dragons shows either of his faces, I'm gonna-

Snotlout and the rest of the group spotted an approaching shape in the green gas. Out of fear Snotlout pointed and yelled.

"There!"

All five boys hurled there water out of there buckets and into the fog. A few seconds later, Astrid and Ruffnut emerge soaked to the bone.

"HEY!"

Astrid yelled.

"It's us, idiots!"

There's a slight chuckle at the Viking girls' expense.

"Your butts are getting bigger. We thought you were a dragon."

Tuffnut said with a moronic grin on his face. Snotlout played off of that and said to Astrid.

"Not that there's anything wrong with a dragon-esque figure."

Astrid approached Snotlout and punched him in the face. Ruffnut tosses her bucket at Tuffnut and he falls over. The remaining guys have a laugh at Snotlout's and Tuffnut's dismay. That is until Tuffnut is drawn deep into the dark grey fog by something, he screamed in panic. The laughter stopped, suddenly a large tail swept Wartihog, Speedyfist and Dogsbreath off there feet and onto the rock hard ground. The Blonde Valkyrie froze for a moment.

"Wait..."

Ruffnut freezes as well. The Zippelback's tail swept from out of the fog yet again and took them both down. Spilling there buckets of water. Tuffnut ran out from the smoke, running over his sister in the process while screaming. Hiccup and Fishlegs arrived on the scene noticing, the puddles of spilled water.

"OW! OW! I'm hurt! I am very much hurt!"

Tuffnut screamed as he ran past the two. Fishlegs summed up the entire situation.

"Chances of survival are dwindlingly into single digits now."

The Prince nodded in agreement, as the singing of the Zippelback continued to rattle his mind.

"In other words, were boned."

Then the snake like head of the Zippelback slithered one of it's heads out of the oozing smoke. It almost seemed to be smiling. Out of pure fun the Zippelback decided to toy with Fishlegs curving it's head left and right. Hiccup backed up a few paces as Fishlegs was left in a panic. He kept stumbling backwards nearly spilling his bucket of water in the process. Fishlegs out of pure fear hurls his water at it, completely dousing the head. It leers and opens its mouth...spewing gas into the area. Fishlegs nervously chuckled before muttering.

"Oh...Wrong Head."

The Zippelback head then decides to blast Fishlegs with a dosage of it's gas. Which kind of smelled like rat poison with a slight hint of rioting fish corpse. Fishlegs panics and runs away, arms in the air. Gobber the Belch from the sidelines yells.

"Fishlegs!"

The Zippelback head continued to spray Fishlegs as he ran away. Until the twin-headed dragon noticed the Prince. Firstly the dragon head smelled him, the second head emerged startling Hiccup. The second head snarled a bit before sniffing Hiccup again, some of the other dragons Hiccup had faced off had noticed this smell and thought twice about attacking him. The Zippelback was thinking about doing the same thing. But Hiccup didn't want to raise any suspicion so he said under his breath in Dragonese the best dragon insult he could conjure up, that sort of sounded like a cough mixed with a sneeze and a slight whistle.

"You're both a small tongue, black tooth, shite eater." —

The following was one of the worst things you could ever say to a dragon. In fact it was so horrible the Zippelback actually backed it's heads up in utter confusion. A human just spoke Dragonese and insulted them nonetheless? The dragon like smell of Hiccup did not even make the Zippelback think twice now, in either of it's heads the dragon was so offended. The head that sparked fire began to spark, while making odd clicking sounds with it's tongue and mouth. Gobber then shouted to Hiccup.

"Nameless! Do it now!"

Not wanting to harm the beast Hiccup thought fast. The Prince sighed as he tossed the water out of the bucket, with the least amount of force possible...it arcs and drops short of the dragons sparkling mouth, before falling back to earth in a disappointing puddle. The Zippelback seemed to grin even more, Hiccup sighed as the flaming head slithered down to Hiccup's head level. All the Prince could conjure up and say was.

"Oh...come on..."

Hiccup said trying to sound convincing. The second head gurgled a bit and snarled a bit, before lunging straight at Hiccup, it's wings spread in the back. The first head looking over as the second head began to spark in the mouth again. It appeared the Zippelback was savoring the kill to come. Gobber rushed out ready to defend his blacksmith apprentice/student.

"Nameless!"

But then something interesting happened, do you remember that eel from earlier? Hiccup still had it on him, and upon getting a closer look at the Prince and having all four nostrils get a good sniff of the air, the Zippelback began to retreat back. The teens get to their feet, watching transfixed. Gobber the Belch stops dead in his tracks. They all watch as the Zippelback begins to back away from Hiccup. He stands and holds his hands out, as if the dragons really intimidated by the boy. Deciding to go with it, the Prince shouted.

"Back! Back! Back! Now don't you make me tell you again!"

The Zippelback retreats through its door and into its cage, hissing in fear. A few people watched in awe from the sidelines, including Gothi, the village elder with curiosity.

"Yes, that's right. Back into your cage."

Hiccup slyly opens his vest, revealing the eel from earlier.

"Now think about what you've done."

He tossed the eel inside the door, the Zippelback shy's away forcing it's heads up against the sides of it's confinement. Before muttering under his breathe so only the Zippelbacks four ears could hear.

_ "I'm really sorry about this. " _

The Prince said with sincerity in his voice as he slammed the door. Hiccup wiped the slime of the eel off as he turned around to see the Hooligan Recruits and Gobber, all slack-jawed. They stared at him perplexed. Fishlegs who was holding his bucket dropped it gingerly, it made a clank that seemed to be the only noise to break the awkward silence. With a smile, the Prince then said.

"Okay! So...are we done? Cause I got somethings I need to..."

The Prince jogged out of the arena, past the speechless group of Hooligan Recruits.

"Yep...see you tomorrow."

Gobber the Belch who looked even more lobster red then usual thought it was best to end today's lesson, after that odd situation. Nobody seemed to mind to much, though everyone seemed to be a bit more quite then usual.

* * *

><p>THE GREAT HALL</p>

Hiccup ran to the Great Hall, and decided to go to a quite corner, to think things through. That was single-handedly, the most stressful morning he's had in a long time. He began to understand a bit more that whole perspective thing the Night Fury was on about. The day with the Gronckle hadn't affected him that much because of in his mind he reached through to the Gronckle's docile side. The other day with the Nadder wasn't to bad either, it was mostly awkward. But the Zippelback, the panic, the fear, when a dragon wanted to kill you, you might as well be staring into the face of Hel herself. Though the Prince knew in his heart of hearts that dragons weren't evil maniac monsters...well most of them anyway. That Zippelback was probably just as terrified in some regards as Hiccup, more so now that there's an eel in it's confinement. The Prince sighed, at least he was making progress with the Night Fury's new tail. He went to the back of the Great Hall and sat by himself in a dark corner. Swiftly he got out his Dragonese book and a charcoal pencil. He began to make improvements on Toothless's tail schematic's for hours on end, just thinking of possibilities. Unaware that he was becoming the talk of the town. The Prince had forced a Zippelback into it's cage without even touching it. That was something worth talking about. A every known and then when Hiccup glanced up he saw people, various people young and old, just staring at him.

"So much for keeping a low profile..."

The Prince said to himself.

"I made it look to good...why did I have to make it look to good?"

Hiccup said as he burrowed his head in his Dragonese book and just continue on his merry way.

* * *

><p>ASTRID'S HOUSE</p>

Around lunch time, Astrid Hofferson was fuming, how could that skinny nameless Viking be better then she was at well...everything?! She had been training for this her whole life, practiced hours on end, and even nearly gave up her social life for this. But out of the blue this nameless Viking was seeming to be more and more promising everyday. Astrid thought to herself as she chopped up lunch, roasted mutton and some kind of horrifying creation Astrid called soup. While Gobber hadn't remove the limpet rations, what he didn't know couldn't hurt him. But truth be told Astrid wasn't the best cook, she could chop up mutton but when the Hofferson Girl tried to get a little more creative...let's just say her culinary creations would blend right in with Jormungand, Fenrir, and Hel. Astrid was home alone at the moment, her parents were still off on the search for the nest. Seeing how lessons been cut short and her chores were finished, Astrid decided to invite Ruffnut over for some 'girl time'. Ruffnut was in the living room sitting on wooden chair next to a table. She waited patiently as Astrid put the food on a tray and brought it to the table. They sat down and started to eat.

"Did you see the way I threw that bucket at Tuffnut? I hope he has a concussion..."

"Yeah...whatever."

Ruffnut rolled her eyes.

"Ugh...here we go again."

Astrid raised an eyebrow.

"What?"

"I ask you 'what's wrong', then you go on a rant about Snotlout, or your training, or your parents or that new guy-

Ruffnut was about to continue when Astrid snapped at her.

"That's not true..."

"Really, then what's wrong..."

Astrid said as Ruffnut folded her arms. The Hofferson girl hesitated for a moment.

"Well, this time it is."

"Big shock...well go on."

Ruffnut said as she began to devour her mutton.

"That nameless Viking, he annoys me. He just shows up and starts taking all the glory for himself."

The Terrible Twin giggle slightly as she bit into her mutton.

"So you, Astrid Hofferson, are jealous of the new guy. The other day I thought you came up to me and said...oh let me think..."

Ruffnut scratched an imaginary beard and then did her best impression of Astrid.

"I think the New guy's kind of cute..."

Astrid blushed a delicate shade of rosy pink as her lip curled slightly.

"Okay...that was before, but now, he's just another Snotlout..."

Ruffnut looked at the soup like thing that Astrid had prepared as Astrid began to drink the soup like water. The Terrible Twin picked up a spoon and began to stir it around.

"No, he's not, one, I'm pretty sure he bathes...two, he's so much more secretive."

Astrid nodded in agreement as she finished her bowl of soup.

"That's another thing...why is he so secretive? Hel, what kind of person doesn't have a name or anything. Also why is he always weary around dragons? How did he beat me in a sword fight?!"

Ruffnut just shrugged as she tried the soup, and nearly gagged it was so bad. Astrid nodded, thinking Ruffnut was agreeing with her, when in reality the Terrible Twin didn't have the heart to tell Astrid her cooking was terrible. The Hofferson girl replied.

"Exactly."

Ruffnut after getting over the taste of Astrid's 'soup' then said.

"Look...(gags) Astrid, if you want to bet the new guy in everything,(gags) just train harder...as I'm not gonna be able to train for the rest of my life...I think my stomach might have some major damage..."

The Terrible Twin said before vomiting in her mouth a bit. She covered her mouth, before running outside, as to not get any nasty products on the Hofferson's Bear skin carpets. Ruffnut ran out the front door, Astrid began to dine on her mutton but not before saying.

"Light weight."

* * *

><p>BERK</p>

After a few hours, Hiccup felt it was safe to leave the Great Hall so to speak. The watchers had finally left for some reason and hurried home. Hiccup did not know the reason until he got to the doors of the Great Hall. When he opened the gigantic doors he saw the reason why... rain. It was getting late and Hiccup didn't feel comfortable sleeping in the Great Hall again, not after his dream of the Viking Valkyrie the other night...So he tucked his Dragonese book into his vest pocket and made a break for Old Wrinkly's. After only a few seconds in the rain...Hiccup was soaked to the bone. But, he did manage to get to Old Wrinkly's house. He stood in the doorway and knocked ever so loudly. No answer. The Prince tried calling for the old man.

"Old Wrinkly! Old Wrinkly!"

He shouted at the top of his lungs. The Prince then peered inside the keyhole to see Old Wrinkly sleeping like a rock. Hiccup sighed, when Old Wrinkly slept he was practically dead to the world. In fact if it wasn't for his loud snoring you'd assume the old man was dead he looked so peaceful. Hiccup then pulled back and tried his only remaining option. Breaking the door...again. Hiccup tried punching the door, rushing into it, and even trying to loosen the hinges. He even tried the old unlock the door with a small object cliche to no avail. The Prince sighed defeated, he sat there by the door trying to keep himself dry.

"Unbelievable, I can defeat a Zippleback, yet I can't get through a bloomin' door?"

Then an amazing thing happened, the Norns must have smiled upon Hiccup because then a slender woman walked by carrying a basket. Jogging slowly, as not to slip on any puddles, this women was Valka. She had just finished visiting a few friends and was in a hurry to get home. That is when she noticed Hiccup sitting outside Old Wrinkly's home. Curiosity over taking her, and the interest she had in this boy, Valka decided to check on the boy.

"Excuse me...Excuse me..."

Hiccup glanced upwards and smiled.

"Hello, Miss Valka...don't mind me, Old Wrinkly's asleep."

The Prince said trying to not make the poor woman worry. Valka nodded understanding his situation, when Valka was girl she ran into the same problems Hiccup was running into at the moment.

"Couldn't wake him up could you?"

Hiccup shrugged his shoulders and raised his arms.

"Watcha ya gonna do?"

Valka paused for a tender moment.

"Would you like to come home with me? I have a warm hearth, hot fire, and anything's better then sitting out here in the rain."

The Prince immediately jumped on the opportunity.

"Gladly..."

The two slender individuals rushed to Valka's home as quickly as they could. Valka's home was noticeably bigger than the other homes by Hiccup's knowledge. It was somewhat familiar. They both ran up the hilltop the large hut was placed on and Valka hurriedly opened the door. Quickly she closed the door as Hiccup dashed inside. Valka's home was nice to say the least, bigger than Old Wrinkly's, there was no clutter and even an upstairs. Valka took off her wet coat and boots. She placed it by the burning fireplace to dry overnight. Hiccup did the same only he took off his tunic and his wet boots and socks. Valka then went into the kitchen, Hiccup followed her.

"Is there anything I can get you, dear?"

"No, I'm good thank you..."

Valka turned back around to see the cold shivering Hiccup.

"Oh, you must be cold, I don't have any guest beds or anything but, I could put you up in... 'his' room."

The Chief's wife said with a saddening look on his place. Hiccup didn't know why but something told him to comfort this woman.

"No... it's fine really, I'll sleep on the floor, by the fire."

"No, that would be barbaric, we're Vikings, not barbarians..."

Valka said proudly, but still with a hint of sadness as she led Hiccup upstairs. To a small room tucked off to the side. This was Hiccup's room. Still as nice and spacious as ever, Valka had kept some old memorabilia in the room for same keeping. But part of it was turned into a Guest Bedroom, and the Prince was her guest. Hiccup looked over at the old things that obviously had belonged to a baby or small child at one point. The Prince was overwhelmed with emotions for some reason. Something was changing inside of him, like a lock was beginning to open.

"Now... I hope this is alright."

Hiccup nodded. The Prince felt as if he needed to say something though.

"Um... miss... look, Old Wrinkly told me about Hiccup."

Valka smiled for a moment, as she wandered over to Hiccup's old things. She seemed to be trying to fight back a few tears.

"Hiccup... he was my love and joy... my husband tells me to move on but I can't... I simply can't..."

Valka said as she looked over Hiccup's old crib and attempted to imagine her child still sleeping soundly in it. The Prince scratched the back of his head.

"Look...I know how you feel, believe it or not. I never even met my parents. I was found by a tribe of fierce warriors on board a Roman ship about sixteen years ago. They adopted me...apparently I was stolen or taken away on some raid."

The Shield Maiden turned around instantaneously, Hiccup paused for a moment, confused. Hiccup gets nervous and turns his head a few times, there was a small scratch underneath his chin. A gift given to him by the Roman General so many years ago. Valka remembered, and then starred at Hiccup in disbelief. The Prince was confused by what was happening.

"Hiccup..."

She said with tears of joy in her eyes. The Viking Shield Maiden then hugged the boy, in a way only a mother could. Hiccup was a bit confused, he then remembered the story Old Wrinkly told him. The details matched up and his fondness for this woman made perfect sense. Could it be? Was this woman his mother?

"Mother..."

Hiccup said softly as he hugged her back. The Prince now began to cry tears of absolute joy. After so many years, he finally met his mother. His real mother.

"You've come back...after all these years."

* * *

><p>Author's Note:

Boy that was a tough one, guys this one if for you all. Thank you for everything, when I first started writing this story I didn't think it'd be were it is today. Even through my faults, sometimes long updates and spelling errors, you still like 'the Prince of Dragons'. That's all I've ever wanted, we're 225 favs in, 283 follows and 63 reviews. Guys I cannot thank you enough, and I hope this chapter tides you over for a bit, but know this much...MORE'S COMING SOON!

13. Chapter 13

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 13: Mother and Son

BERK

The mother and son hugged for moment, a joyful moment, but then doubt crept into Hiccup's mind. No. There's no way this woman could have been his mother. He never met his mother and it would be stupid to think anyone else was his mother. The Prince slowly pushed Valka away from him before saying in a low voice.

"I'm sorry...but I don't think I'm your son..."

Valka looked deep into Hiccup's eyes, he looked depressed. Still

convinced she was in fact his mother, Valka sat Hiccup down on a nearby chair and started to smile.

"You are my son, there is not a doubt in my mind."

"You say that, but...I have a hard time believing you. I mean I don't even know where to start, what to say, and it just doesn't feel right..."

"I know, it's a lot to take in..."

"Yeah...I know but...it's just..."

Hiccup said with his head still down, conflicted thinking about nothing except this situation right here. The Prince's mind just kept going back and forth trying to convince himself one way or the other. He went on.

"I mean it's not everyday you meet your mother on a random island in the Archipelago."

Valka thought it over for a moment, and smiled a pleasant smile.

"Hiccup...do you remember...how we used to sit outside, on the patio, every evening, me, you and you're father-"

Almost instinctively, Hiccup interrupted and said.

"And watch the sun set..."

Valka nodded happily, she waited a moment almost as if wanting Hiccup to continue. The Prince thought it over for a moment, a warm smile formed over his face.

"You and Dad would sing me this song on rare occasions as well...Can't remember what song...or how it goes though...but you and dad, would always light up after singing it. Always smiling merrily at each other..."

Hiccup smiled again, he was beginning to remember everything. Valka stood up and wiped away the tears that were forming in her eyes.

"Yes..."

"Yeah...It's blurry, but I think I remember..."

The Prince said barely able to contain his joy. Hiccup stood up to hug his mother again, his real mother. There was not a doubt in his mind that this woman was in fact his mother now. Valka had never felt this much happiness in years, she let go of Hiccup and looked into his eyes.

"Oh this is fantastic! Just wait until you're father see's you. I wonder if you take after him, or me...Oh we'll worry about that later, you'll move into our house, we'll be a family again and we'll have a big feast to celebrate."

"Umm...Mum..."

Hiccup said awkwardly as Valka went on.

"We'll, invite the whole tribe, when they see there heir has returned they'll be overturned with joy."

"Umm...Mum..."

The Prince was barely able to keep up with his mother she was so enthusiastic about Hiccup. Valka then looked at Hiccup's clothes.

"You'll need something nicer then...(gestures to all of Hiccup)...this...no offense."

Hiccup gave his mother a confused look while still holding a grin.

"But you just gestured to all of me."

"Yes...you're the son of a chief, and that means you need to be presentable, so to speak..."

Valka stopped mid-sentence, The Prince seemed to grow almost paralyzed, his mother had to snap her fingers in front of Hiccup's face to bring him back to reality.

"I am?"

Hiccup pointed to himself and began a cold sweat, he was happy to see his mother again, but he didn't want any attention like this. If he was the son of a chief then he'd get more attention then anyone, let's face it the son of the chief turned up out of the blue that's bound to get a lot of attention then some commoner. The Prince was hoping to just slip away into the night like a shadow, after the Night Fury was all fixed up. Why did things have to be so complicated? Valka looked at her son, it seemed he was shivering more then a shaved sheep left out in the cold.

"To much to take in?"

"Yeah..."

Hiccup said with a face that was gradually losing it's color and turning a very bleak shade of white. Valka nodded before looking out the window, to see the night sky and the driving rains still rattling the shutters.

"It's probably best if you got some sleep..."

The Prince nodded before crawling into bed, not even bothering to take off his now warm and wet clothes. Valka then hugged her son one last time before going to the doorway and saying a very hushed.

"Goodnight Hiccup..."

"Goodnight Mum..."

Valka then left Hiccup's room. The Prince sat up in his bed for about

an hour thinking about how happy, and how sad and conflicted he was all at the same time. It had been a strange wave of emotions for the Prince, and honestly he wasn't sure how to feel. He should be happy because finally the Prince met his mother and found his home after all these years. But Hiccup felt sad as well, because he knew he would have to abandon her, he couldn't turn his back on his dragon family. Or the Night Fury or any dragon, the creatures that practically raised him. Confusion was all the boy felt until he drifted off into a blissful sleep.

* * *

><p>HICCUP'S DREAM_

BERK

The Prince felt himself awaken in the 'Guest Bed' with his mother Valka hanging over his head, smiling a false smile.

_ "C'mon Hiccup, today's the day, I just wish your father was here to see this...he'd probably would of enjoyed it more then I..."_

_Valka said trying to keep her smile though something about what she was talking about seemed off. She ruffled her son's hair and sent him off. In his dream Hiccup didn't seem to be in control of his body. He was merely watching, almost like a viewer in his own body. The Prince smiled as he got dressed in his normal Viking clothes. He was happy, despite feeling like something was incredibly off. It was worse when he got out the door, there was a crowd of Hooligan Vikings cheering for him, happily and gleeful. Except for Old Wrinkly who from the sidelines of the crowd and seemed to whisper. _

_ "Here I was beginning to think you were a bit more open minded..."_

_The Old Man said with a sigh before sauntering off. Valka followed her father as they both watched Hiccup from the crowd, not wanting to ruin his apparent moment of glory. At one point as Hiccup was being led by the crowd to the Arena he asked. _

_ "What's going on? Where am I going?"_

_Every Viking there only laughed it off, they appeared to think Hiccup was telling some form of practical joke. It was then Gobber the Belch joined him from the front of the crowd. _

_ "Boyo, I had my doubts but in the end you succeed all expectations."_

_The Prince swallowed hard, he was beginning to get the picture. It was then as they approached the gates, the Young Hooligan recruits walked up to him, excluding Astrid, and started congratulating him. Even Snotlout and his band of idiots were being nice to Hiccup. Hiccup knew something was terribly wrong now, he just didn't know he got to the gates, the large steel gates of the Arena. Hiccup swallowed hard. As a crowd gathered around the sidelines of the Arena. Hiccup was then taken to a dark room for him to change into some armor that was held on a stand. This armor was golden, fine cut and absolutely beautiful. There were all kinds of Norse runes written all over it and even a small patch that had been sown in on the side

that read 'Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third'. The next part was even stranger. Astrid Hofferson emerged from the shadows...in a bridal gown full with flowers in her hair and all. Hiccup swallowed hard yet again...this dream was even more disturbing than the last. She held a sword in a scabbard that put his flame sword to shame it was so well crafted. With a smile on her smooth face she said._

_ "Take this my love...and kill that foul beast from Hel...do it for us." _

_ Hiccup took the sword, he could feel a grin stretch across his face as the Prince then removed the sword from the scabbard and admired his reflection. He then gave Astrid a prick on the check. To be fair it was probably the only part of this dream Hiccup was enjoying at the moment. Astrid then lead the Prince out into the Arena. The Prince then walked out, he feared what was coming next. In the large wide open area, there was a dragon furiously banging on the doors. Again the Prince swallowed hard, he readied his word and waited for whatever dragon were to come out. The words of the Night Fury ringing in his ears about not to kill a dragon and Hiccup promising to him. Hiccup hoped to keep that problem to Toothless...only here, he might not. Then after a few furious thuds, a dragon sprang from the gates. This made Hiccup go wide eyed for a moment. Everyone from the sidelines started cheering and screaming Hiccup's name telling him to kill the dragon. That dragon was no other then a Night Fury with a damaged tail. _

"Toothless."

_ Hiccup said in Dragonese as best he could, he was so shocked. Toothless looked enraged, the Prince looked into his normally green friendly eyes to see a dark emerald killer instinct sort of gaze. No matter how hard Hiccup wanted to stop this madness, his body resisted. No matter how much he wanted to shout out 'Toothless it's me! I don't want to fight", his mouth wouldn't open. With a lunge Toothless jumped at Hiccup, the Prince dodged the dragon's attack. The Prince, not being in control of his own body made a few forward slashes which the Night Fury dodged as well. The Night Fury then with menace in it's eyes fired off three plasma blasts at Hiccup. A Night Fury had an Eight shot limit and something possessed Hiccup to taunt the beast. _

_ "C'mon you flocking bastard! Hit me with everything you've got!"

_

_ Hiccup was shocked by what came out of his mouth, this wasn't a dream, no this was a bloody nightmare. Toothless grew more menacing, deciding to take Hiccup's advice. The dragon fired three more shots and again, Hiccup dodged them. Feeling confident, Hiccup went in for the kill. He ran up to the dragon sword in hand, charging like a wild man. It was then the Night Fury fired off one of it's remaining shots. The Prince barely dodged it as he went stumbling down to the ground, the Night Fury pounced on top of Hiccup. Toothless was going in for the kill. It was then Hiccup stabbed the dragon in the stomach and out the back. The Night Fury's eyes seemed to pop for a second before closing entirely, Hiccup forced the weight of the dragon off himself and stood up. He was greeted with an audience of cheers and hurrah's, only Hiccup wasn't cheering. He seemed to be in control of his body once again. The Prince had just killed the dragon that was

like a brother to him, that had raised him for years. Hiccup went down to his knees, and looked at his hands, covered in the blood of the Night Fury. —

—"No...no...I couldn't off...I didn't..." —

— Hiccup said with tears forming in his eyes and a crackling voice. He then looked over to see the cold dead corpse of the Night Fury. The Prince then screamed in abject horror as he awoke back to reality.

—

* * *

><p>BERK</p>

In the middle of the night, Hiccup awoke with a scream, so loud it woke up his mother. Hurriedly, Valka rushed to Hiccup's room to go check on him. She had a large amount of fear on her face, Valka didn't want to lose her child again and even if it was the most minor thing she had a motherly need to check on him. After rushing upstairs and entering Hiccup's room, Valka asked.

"What? What's wrong Hiccup?"

Hiccup was sweating, he's breathing irregular, but still he put on a smile and sat up in bed as Valka walked over.

"Nothing...nothing mother...just a bad dream."

The Prince said slowly, he was still trying to wrap his head around a mother that didn't want to eat him alive. Valka was by Hiccup's bedside.

"Can I get you anything? A glass of water? An extra blanket? Anything?"

Valka asked trying to understand what Hiccup was going through. Hiccup kept averting his gaze from her eyes.

"Hiccup, do you want to talk about it?"

The Shield Maiden asked. Seeing how Hiccup figured there was no way in Valhalla he'd fall asleep again after that, he decided to talk to his mother. For the second time in his life.

"Well...I was at dragon initiation...and I was being cheered on and everything was so great...but..."

Hiccup stopped there, he didn't want to go on. Valka continued the sentence for Hiccup.

"But...you killed the dragon...didn't you."

Valka said sadly, Hiccup nodded a bit nervous, she knew that he was her son, but did she also know he was the Prince.

"Yeah but, how did you know?"

"Because I had those same dreams, when I was a girl."

Hiccup's mother said sympathetically. She pulled up a chair from the corner of the room and placed it next to him. Valka then continued.

"When I was a girl, I was always different. I wasn't as biggest, or strongest, or anything...and to this day have never killed a dragon...I technically didn't even pass initiation...If your father hadn't married me, I'd of been thrown of the isle..."

The Prince went wide eyed, he remembered the frantic conversation he had earlier with his mother. Hiccup was pretty sure he took after her now. I mean he looked a lot like her, they shared a lot of similar opinions, and she didn't kill any dragons. Valka went on.

"Some of us...were just born different..."

Valka chuckled lightheartedly in a soft way.

"I just learned to live with it after a while...even though part of it kills me inside."

* * *

><p>BERK

16 YEARS AGO

Berk was burning to ground, winter was over and spring had began, after the raid on the Romans had drained half of there food supply, the Hooligans were eager to stock up on food again. But in there hasty they had unintentionally attracted the attention of a pack of rather nasty dragons. A different pack from Hiccup's, but still a rather deadly one. Instead of a Night Fury leading the charge in this pack it appeared a Stormcutter was calling the shots. Valka in her prime watched as the a Viking from a far shouted. _

"Hoist the Torches!" (Berk is a land of kill or be killed, but I believed peace was possible.)

Valka said as she narrated over her tale. She held down a Vikings raised ax arm as a dragon flew beside them._

"Stop! You'll only make it worse!" (It was a very unpopular opinion.)

The Hooligan gave her a funny look before wandering off after the dragon that had just flew away. Valka then turned back to see the leader of the pack, the Stormcutter, break into there home from a nearby window. The Shield Maiden ran back, scared stiff that a dragon was in her home. _

"No...no...no..." (Then one night, a dragon broke into our house) "

Valka kicked open the door, sword in hand. She looked around and saw the Stormcutter, stand there, over what used to be Hiccup's craddle. The Shieldmaiden swallowed hard, but then the beast turned toward her Valka starred paralyzed by confusion, she pointed her sword toward the dragon. _

(For a moment, I thought what I saw wasn't a viscous beast, but an intelligent, gentle creature, whose soul reflected my own)

_ "So sorry about you're loss...hold on...you're not like the others...are you?" _

_ The Stormcutter said in Dragonese, Valka didn't speak Dragonese of course, but for a second it seemed, she was a bit more open minded. The dragon got closer to Valka, almost as if it was studying her, she looked deep into it's large reptilian slits. _

(I thought for a moment this was proof of everything I believe in)

_ Stoic the Vast then threw an ax in between the Stormcutter and Valka. _

_ "Valka, run!" _

_ Out of pure panic, the Stormcutter charged up with fire and burned half of the house to the ground. Valka was paralyzed for a moment, she looked over at Stoic who was deep in the flames. A large beam then fell on top of the burly man and with that Stoic collapsed Valka with a still shaky sword looked on at the burning flames in horror_

_ "Stoic!" _

(I grew enraged...the thought of losing Stoic after losing you...for a few seconds I retaliated)

_ Valka made a perfect flash cut lunge for the dragons heart, but the Stormcutter was quick and so nimble it completely avoided Valka in order to fly out into the night. Stoic coughed a bit, he was under a support beam in the house. Valka ran over to her husband and pulled him out from beam of the house. She then pulled Stoic out from the fire. _

_ "Valka...I thought I was gonna..." _

_ "Stoic...it's okay..." _

_ The two then hugged before running off into battle. _

(We then fought dragons...I fought dragons for the first time in my life...I didn't feel like I belonged though...I never did, I gave up preaching peace, though I still think it's possible, it's a fools dream)

* * *

><p>BERK</p>

With that Valka ended her tale, she seemed so depressed afterwards. Hiccup tried to comfort his mother, he understood the position she was in, and through it all, after his supposed death by dragons, she still clung to an idea of peace between humans and dragons. He did take after her.

"It's okay mom...it's okay."

"No...it's not, your father nearly died that night because I couldn't kill a dragon."

Secretly Hiccup was actually happy, his mother cared about dragons. She didn't just flat out despise them with a burning passion. His mother it seemed tried to understand them...but under difficult circumstances nearly killed a dragon. But through it all didn't. The Prince smiled, he wanted to say. "It runs in the family." But then his mother turned to face him.

"Hiccup...please don't turn out like me for Thor's sake...I was hesitant around dragons and it nearly got Stoic killed...please."

The Prince only chuckled.

"Why? You're an amazing woman...truth be told...I'm glad I turned out like you in some ways."

Valka smiled with tears in her eyes. Those were words she thought she'd never hear, her son was glad he took after her. Valka hugged her son again, and the Prince smiled again. He looked out the window to see it was still dark out. The two moved away from one another. Hiccup then pointed to the window and the night sky.

"It's still night...we should probably go back to sleep."

The two tried to say goodnight to one another, but they kept stepping over each other's words.

"Right...and I...umm."

"Yes...I got..."

"It is pretty late..."

"The sun isn't up yet..."

"I got training in the morning..."

"I need to find some more clothes for you..."

"And ummm...yeah goodnight."

"Yeah...Goodnight."

With that the two then went back to their respected beds and drifted off to sleep. Well Valka did, Hiccup didn't get any sleep at all. He was beginning to wonder how in the world had his life gotten so complicated over the course of less than a week? But he was happy...here, with his mother...but the pack, and Toothless. The Prince began to ponder the possibilities about life as a whole.

* * *

><p>BERK</p>

Valka accompanied Hiccup to his Hooligan Initiation Lessons. She wanted to talk to Gobber about the situation at hand, what with being

Hiccup's instructor it was probably best that he knew his name instead of calling him Nameless. Though Hiccup really didn't seem to understand the point, but it was something that would of soothed Valka if she said it herself. Anyway, Gobber was outside the arena, he was early today and carrying a few buckets of paint for today's dragon lesson. Gobber the Belch put the buckets of paint down and smiled happily at the two.

"Nameless, Valka...how ya doing this fine day?"

The Blacksmith said, he seemed to be in a good mood. Valka then said quietly.

"Gobber...there's something I need to talk to you about..."

She then lead the Blacksmith off into the Arena doors and the two quietly chatted. Gobber kept pointing back at Hiccup and saying 'No...no...there's no way...only...wait...' The Prince leaned against a nearby wall miserably, this was going to be fairly awkward. It was even more awkward when the Young Hooligan recruits arrived.

"Hey, is that the Chief's wife?"

Asked Fishlegs, the question wasn't really directed at anyone. A few people nodded, Hiccup only stood there, pretending he didn't hear the question.

"Oh, yeah...Valka...doesn't she hate dragon killing?"

Astrid asked curiously as she polished her ax. Snotlout only chuckled darkly.

"Who? My aunt, she's practically a pacifist, a walking fish bone with arms and legs."

The Prince who wasn't really paying attention to the recruits conversations wished he hadn't heard what Snotface Snotlout had just said. He had wished the obnoxious laughter of his gang could have drowned out what Snotlout just said. Hiccup would have sacrificed a thousand fish to Thor to not hear what he had head. He wanted to vomit, of all the people he could have been related to, why did it have to be Snotlout? Snotlout, you might as well ask a shark-worm for a cousin. What made it worse was the laughter coming from Snotlout's gang, that sick twisted laughter. Hiccup stood up after what Snotlout had said about his mother, ready to beat him to a pulp when Gobber and Valka walked out of the Arena. For once in his life, Gobber looked lost for words. Valka just stood there watching, anticipating what was to come.

"...Okay, so recruits, it is with great pride I would like to reintroduce, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, the hope and heir to the Hairy Hooligan Tribe."

Gobber said hardly even believing the words that came out of his mouth. But after what Valka told him and his physical appearance, his personality, even his squeamishness around dragons made sense. The recruits did not exactly know what to say, Hiccup was quiet. Though Snotlout and his brigade of idiots knew exactly what to say.

"As if, my aunt's just going off the deep end again."

Valka sighed and rolled her eyes, and tried to remember that Snotlout was her nephew and that she had to at least be somewhat nice to the boy. Hiccup confirmed Gobber's statement.

"It's true...my name is Hiccup...hi..."

The Prince said awkwardly, he never felt this way around the pack. Dragons weren't judgement unless you stole something or did something to anger them. Humans were just so judgement, looking for every minor character flaw and insecurity to exploit. He could feel there eyes staring deep into his soul, with there spiteful glances. Snotlout folded his arms and while not taking any of this seriously asked.

"Well, useless, I hope ya can forgive me if I'm a whee bit skeptical..."

Hiccup gave an annoyed look and gave Snotlout an angered look.

"What do you want, it written on a Thor Forsaken piece of paper? You think I didn't find hard to believe?"

The Prince walked closer to Snotlout getting in his face.

"Sixteen years, I've apart from this my family, my home. You think after what I've been through, I would flat out lie to spite an arrogant, pimp nosed, barnacle brain, then Odin kill me now."

Hiccup then closed his eyes all dramatic like almost as if taking his words to heart and waiting for Odin to strike him down. After a few seconds nothing happened, the amount of passion in Hiccup's voice was enough to make anyone believe him. The young recruits were honestly convinced by the harsh passion and sincerity in his voice that this was in fact Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third. The Prince opened his eyes.

"Well then, I guess that's that."

The Prince said with a sly grin. Snotlout went silent as did the rest of the recruits. They had already admired Hiccup before for his skills in sword-fighting, and the other day in the arena, but this was a whole new level of respect. Everyone tried to get in good with Hiccup, now, almost as if being the heir to a tribe of fearsome dragon killing Vikings. It was then Gobber clapped his hands together and said.

"Right, on that note, let's start today's lessons."

Gobber lead the recruits into the arena, Valka ran off to watch from the sidelines. The recruits were then lead out into the arena. He then gave each of the recruits a bucket of randomly colored paint. The Blacksmith then went over to the gates and opened the large gates that held who knows what Gobber then began to narrate what today's lesson was on.

"Now today's lesson is about, quick thinking. React fast enough, in a dangerous situation, but be careful, the Raptor Tongue Stealth Dragon is very...uhm...stealthy."

Said Gobber the Belch as he scratched his chin, Hiccup then muttered under his breathe.

"Yeah, I bet."

Raptor Tongue Stealth Dragon's where a bother to fight, as well as come across. It was an odd dragon that could be categorized as a fear-class dragon and a strike-class dragon. They were a cousin to the Changewing, which was another chameleon type of dragon that sprayed acid at it's victims. A Raptor Tongue had a swerving tongue that it could use to crush it's victims, though that wasn't the dragon's main attack. Raptor Tongue's had these extra extendable claws that skated very quietly on the ground they walked upon, they were like over-sized sword's glued onto the dragon's claws. They were also obviously masters in Stealth, even more so then there cousin the Changewing because they weren't squirting acid every which way. Hiccup had never met a Raptor Tongue, they were an insanely rare breed like the Skrill or the Night Fury. Though dragons in the pack would often tell Hiccup stories of brave Stealth Dragon's pillaging entire villages without so much as a child noticing. They were almost like the burglars of the dragon world.

"Now a Stealth Dragon's main attack and defense all depend on it's ability to camouflage itself, if it's not camouflaged it will run away like a sniveling baby."

Gobber the Belch said reassuringly. Snotlout then absentmindedly said.

"Yeah, all we gotta do is hit it."

Much like yesterday, the young recruits walked around the arena aimlessly. Again, almost instinctively they broke off into teams, looking in every direction. Only now there was no fog encompassing them, it was just nothingness. Everyone was on edge, even the Viking on the sidelines looked a wee bit nervous. Fishlegs was muttering to himself.

"Stay calm Fishlegs, it's only a practically invisible dragon."

Hiccup was beginning to wish he packed an extra eel in his vest right about now, just so he could scare the dragon back into it's cage like the other day. Snotlout and his gang of barnacle brains were being a bit more cautious. Mostly because Snotlout didn't want to be beat up by Astrid again, and so he didn't appear like a big weakling to his gang. Astrid and Ruffnut walked back to back turning every which way. It was then a large slimy tongue wrapped it's way around Ruffnut's leg and pulled her down. Ruffnut dropped her bucket of paint all over her face. Particularly her hair, if you remember Ruffnut was fairly particular about her hair. She started thralling all over the place, banging at a seemingly invisible limb. Until finally, the beast just tossed the girl away. Astrid tried to get a good hit on the dragon, but it was literally impossible to see so she tossed her bucket of paint on a pure gambit and...missed. The Raptor Tongue then taunted in a very pleased voice.

"Missed me, Missed me..."

The Prince chuckled lightly under his breathe at the shear

carelessness in the dragon's voice. Fishlegs began to break down into a nervous sweat.

"Umm...Hiccup...yeah Hiccup-

"That's me."

Hiccup replied, still fairly on edge, the husky blonde nodded while still shivering in his boats.

"You think you could pull off another miracle like you did the other day...because now would be the time..."

Just as Fishlegs said that, the Raptor Tongue seemed to be merrily running around Snotlout, Tuffnut and rest of Snotlout's gang. All the while singing.

— "Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,: Life is but a dream..." —

Again the Prince couldn't help but nearly burst out laughing like a lunatic, the carefree nature of this dragon was right up Hiccup's alley of ridiculousness. The Stealth Dragon then knocked over Snotlout and his gang, they all simultaneously spilled there buckets of paint over each other. They were now a multicolored mess of color. The Prince then fumbled his bucket over, spilling paint all over the ground of the arena and started laughing his head off. But he wasn't laughing for long as Hiccup saw that the dragon decided to trip over Fishlegs bucket right into the husky boy's face. Fishlegs fell over and began to rub his eyes in an effort to get the paint out of his eyes. Hiccup's laughing stopped, he swallowed hard as the dragon, snarled in Hiccup's direction.

— "I believe you're the talking toothpick the Zippelback wouldn't shut up about...I'm gonna enjoy killing you." —

Hiccup began to run as he hear the Dragon's slippery tongue hit the ground and dived toward him.

"Wow!"

The Prince said before the dragon tongue hit him, slamming him into a nearby wall. Hiccup made a slight indent in the Arena walls. The crowd winced, almost feeling the same pain Hiccup was currently feeling. Valka then shouted.

"C'mon Hiccup!"

For encouragement of course. Gothi gave a look of curiosity toward Valka, some of the townsfolk gave her a few odd glances before looking back at the chaos unfolding in the arena. It was then as Hiccup made his way out of the indentation, he heard the light clicking of the Stealth Dragon's talons against the ground. Hiccup was about to move when he heard the war cry of Astrid Hofferson. He looked over to see she had blinded herself with a rag and was rushing over to where she thought the general area of the Stealth Dragon was. All the while swing her ax and shouting insults like.

"C'mon you cowering, invisible, cuttlefish! Show yourself!"

The Hofferson Girl cried, but the Stealth Dragon, swung it's mighty unseen tail at Astrid slamming her into the opposite wall. Again the crowd grimaced. Turning it's attention back to Hiccup, the Stealth Dragon began to slither it's way back to the boy. Quickly Hiccup got out his sword and made a cut along part of his right hand, as Hiccup was a left handed sword fighter, blood came pouring out. He then put the blade back in his scabbard. Then the Prince closed his eyes and listened closely to the random noises playing in his ears. He could hear the dragon getting closer, much closer. It was then Hiccup leaped toward the left as the Stealth Dragon rammed into the wall, The Prince with his hand full of blood put his mangled hand over the dragon's camouflaged skin making part of the face and neck visible. It was then the dragon snarled in defiance. But then the Stealth Dragon looked over at the young recruits that started to collect themselves and get up from off the ground. Stealth Dragons are confident killers when they're unseen, but if they get a little bit of color on them, they feel vulnerable. Out of pure cowardly instinct the dragon decided to flee back into it's solitary confinement. Hiccup began to patch up his cut along his hand by wrapping a rag around his hand. Everyone in the crowd cheered happily, especially Valka.

"That's my son! Hiccup, he did it, he beat a dragon!"

Every Hooligan there went wide eyed, Gothi included. Gobber the Belch then walked over to Hiccup as the Prince tightened the rag bandage around his hand. After the Blacksmith was sure Hiccup had effectively wrapped his hand. He grabbed Hiccup's hand and raised his hand in the air.

"It is with great honor to introduce, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third."

The Prince was meet with cheers and applause. They had there doubts after first, but from what Valka and Gobber where saying it appeared the heir to the Hairy Hooligan Tribe had returned. Though Hiccup didn't feel good about himself. In fact he felt sick, the Prince muttered to himself.

"Oh boy..."

* * *

><p>Author's Note:

**This Chapter was hard to write in all honesty because of the chemistry between Valka and Hiccup. In the books and in the movies, there's not enough for me to go on. I know other people have had success writing the character in a crueler kind of light. But I didn't want to do that, I kind of wanted the loving overjoyed to see her child again mother. Now Stoic and Hiccup's relationship is easier to right in my opinion because that was part of the main focus in the books, movies and the tv show. Hiccup didn't want to let his father down, but he felt like he constantly did in one way or another but in the end he would also make his dad proud in some way. Stoic would be kind of the Overbearing Father in the books putting a lot of expectations for Hiccup to live up to. In the movies Stoic kind of hoped his son will mature and become strong enough to be chief himself one day, but feared that he wasn't suited to the Viking Life. It was partially a factor of him not sure how to raise him, and him

being a confused parent trying to raise his son to be like him when he's clearly different. Valka or Valhallarama in the books never really had much time in the sun until the later half of the book series. She was always just kind of there in the books, heck even Humongously Hotshot the Hero had more book time then her early on and the funny thing was Hotshot was her previous boyfriend before she married Stoic. Now in the movies she's given a major role yes but honestly I wish she had a bit more screen time. Valka is a character with a lot of potential and possibilities to explore yes, but the problem is we might have to wait another movie to see that potential and for the sake of my friends and followers and myself, I can't wait two years until Httyd 3. So if this isn't really what you'd expect from Valka please respond to me and I'll try to take some notes on that. But yeah Fav. Follow and Review and have a nice day, remember to smile or the Raptor Tongue will sing row, row your boat again and knock you onto your knees! (Maniacal Laugh) No but seriously have a nice day. **

14. Chapter 14

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 14: Learning To Sail

Lesson 4: Ship Building and Sailing

BERK

Gobber the Belch decided to give the Hooligan Recruits the rest of the day off, mostly to get the paint out of there hair and eyes. Also because Ruffnut wouldn't stop screaming about having to shave her head unless she got her hair washed. This worked out for Hiccup, he could spend the day making improvements to Toothless's prosthetic tail. Or so he thought, Valka made a bigger deal about Hiccup cutting into his hand then anything. Hiccup didn't seem to care, he had all sorts of wounds all over his body. Many of them didn't even properly heal and left massive scars that were constant reminders of some of Hiccup's 'great battles'. The Prince used to often get infections from some of his more serious wounds. Night colds and other sickness would follow in there wake, sometimes Hiccup had to spend weeks in the Red Death's liar while the pack brought him food and water. But he learned to live with these afflictions and eventually he would bounce back. But this one cut alone his hand had Valka demand that Hiccup do more then put a dainty little rag over it and actually took him back to the Chief's Hut to sow him up. The two sat in the living room, sitting on two chairs by the table. Hiccup let out the palm of his right hand and Valka began to stitch it up with a small needle and a pitch black thread. The Prince would wince very now and then from the pain of it.

"(Groans)..."

Valka rolled her eyes.

"Quit you're bellying aching, you're just like your father when he gets a cut..."

"Are you as nice to him when he gets a cut?"

Hiccup asked flatly. Valka chuckled as she continued to sow Hiccup's hands up with a neat series of small little stitches.

"Eh, about the same to be honest."

The Prince chuckled again. Valka then asked.

"You were great in the arena, though why were you laughing? It was just odd."

Hiccup quickly thought of an answer.

"I...I...I remembered a really funny joke from the other day."

"Oh...what was the joke?"

Naturally Valka asked as she continued to patch up Hiccup's hand. The Prince thought of the first joke that came to mind.

"Um...what's black and white and red all over?"

Valka raised an eyebrow, he wasn't telling that joke was he? Hiccup then answered his own question.

"A sun burnt penguin."

The Prince said meekly, he himself knew the joke wasn't very good. In fact it was an incredibly old joke. Valka nodded before carrying on, and casually asked.

"So, what brought you to Berk? I mean the first time I saw you Hiccup, you were practically at Helhiem's Gate...what happened?"

Hiccup paused for a moment, and thought to tell the same lie he told Gobber the Belch.

"Well, my tribe kind of raided these Lava-louts, our fault ya know we attacked them, I just kind of got mangled, got separated from my clan you see and lost my sense of direction and found my way up here."

Valka glanced up at Hiccup in an odd light, and how he casually talked about raids on other villages. It was common that the tribes raided one another in the Archipelago but it was usually spoken with urgency or fear. Hiccup said it as if saying something casual, like the sky is blue.

"What kind of tribe did you come from?"

The Prince swiftly thought of an answer.

"The...The Tribe of the Red Death, it's a tribe from Thule, and things in Thule are just...a bit more savage, I heard this one tribe carves an eagle on the backs of prisoners with a sword, and cut the ribs all from the backbone, and draw the lungs there out, before they sacrifice them to the Gods..."

Hiccup said casually, he heard that legend from a Visithug once.

Valka shivered a bit after hearing that grotesque image, after stitching up Hiccup's wound completely nodded and went on to ask.

"So any family over there, I mean, did anyone adopt you?"

The Prince smiled as he pulled his hand away and flexed a few times.

"Yeah, my tribe...they're like family, it's like I have a thousand brothers and sisters almost...and one terrible mother..."

Valka raised an eyebrow about how Hiccup spat out the last part of his sentence, the Prince went on.

"Before I met you, the only mother I knew was a lazy, bloodthirsty, cannibal...she's the leader of the tribe, the Red Death..."

The Prince spat out in disgust, his opinion of the Red Death never really changed over the years. The Red Death was the Alpha though, you couldn't really do much in the face of an Alpha. She was a big disgusting cannibal, normally he wouldn't of talked about her to someone, let alone a human.

"And you are a thousand times better then she ever was..."

Valka laughed out loud, Hiccup followed 's secrets seemed to dissolve like salt right into Valka's hands whenever she asked, it was a motherly thing, you can never truly lie to your parents no matter how hard you may try. Valka then asked.

"Do you miss them? Your tribe?"

Hiccup paused again, he wanted to say yes, but a part of him was happy...here? Why? No there were plenty of bad things about this place, the human world. The culture of killing dragons, the backwards bloody attitude people had toward life, Snotlout and his gang of miscreants, but at the same time, there was a lot of good. He met his mother, his grand-father, made a few human friends...and even found another crush. But after thinking it over Hiccup nodded and said.

"I do...but I'm happy I found you..."

The Prince said with a smile, Valka smiled back before ruffling her son's hair. Hiccup got up and said.

"Well, I best be getting my things, from Old Wrinkly...and then I got blacksmithing at Gobber's, then I need to go visit a friend...is that okay?"

Hiccup asked, wondering if he mother would say no. Valka merely chuckled.

"Oh, Hiccup who'd of thought you'd live such a sheltered life."

Hiccup laughed alongside his mother as he thought back to all the battles he was in as the Prince. Fighting alongside dragons, riding upon Night Fury's, Hiccup thought it was best if he kept those details of his life to himself. Hiccup then ran for the door.

"See ya mum..."

"Run along now Hiccup, but be back in time for dinner."

Valka said still sitting in her chair, happy to be a mother again. Hiccup made a dash for Old Wrinkly's, trying to forget about the conflicting questions that plagued his mind. The Prince eventually made his way back to Old Wrinkly's, the old man was sitting outside outside on a chewed up wooden chair. He put a chair a few meters away facing toward his house. He smoked from his pipe, while watching the shenanigans of Bucket and Mulch. The two were in the process of getting ride of a massive crows nest that was on Old Wrinkly's roof. These were some nasty crows that cackled the most ear bleeding calls. It was a miracle that Old Wrinkly hadn't gone deaf from there irritating noises. Mulch held a torch in front of him, with Bucket standing behind him cowering. Timidly, Mulch stepped forward with the intentions to light the nest on fire. Hiccup watched for a moment as Old Wrinkly said.

"Oh, you came just in time, this is my favorite part of the day."

A crow that flew up to Mulch and bit his plump nose, the short Viking screamed flailing his arms around and eventually hitting Bucket square on the...bucket. The two then began to senselessly beat each other in an attempt to get the crow off of Mulch's face. Which they did, eventually. All the while Hiccup and Old Wrinkly chuckled from below. Old Wrinkly wiped a salty tear from his eye.

"That never gets old...so about last night, sorry I couldn't let you in boy, I was sleeping, and what not and I hear pray tell it wasn't all that bad for you..."

Hiccup nodded.

"So you've heard..."

"I've heard that I'm a grandfather again...so yes...welcome back Hiccup, ya know I had my suspicions."

The Prince smiled and rolled his eyes.

"Sure ya did."

Old Wrinkly blew smoke rings and coughed under his breathe.

"So...Hiccup, you're moving into you're mothers house?"

"Yes..."

"Well, don't let me hold ya up, but stop by every once and a while, I could always use the company."

"Anytime..."

"Also...if there's anything bothering you...you can talk to me, we are kin after all."

The Prince nodded before going back inside and reclaiming his minimum amount of property, which included a few notebooks, a few pens and his dragon catching basket. He stored everything in the basket for safe keeping. Then Hiccup, was off to work at Gobber the Belch's, on the way there, everyone kept staring at him. Every Hooligan in the village looked at Hiccup in astonishment, none of the Vikings said anything but by there expressions, Hiccup could tell what they were thinking. 'That boy is the heir to our tribe? The heir to our tribe is alive?' Hiccup always tried to look the other way or avoid the barbarians gaze. The thoughts Hiccup was trying to avoid earlier returned to him in a heartbeat whenever a Hairy Hooligan so much as sideways glanced at him. Thoughts of what to tell the Night Fury. What would he tell Toothless about all this? How would Night Fury react? What if Hiccup and Toothless were found out? What where his relationships with his piers and fellow Vikings going to be like now? So many questions, and no real answers. Hiccup brushed those thoughts away when he reached Gobber's little blacksmith shop. Today was a busy day for Gobber. Whether or not it was because word spread that the Chief's formerly missing heir worked there now was unknown to Hiccup. But reluctantly Hiccup went to work as Gobber shouted.

"Boyo! Get your arse in here! We're swamped today!"

The blacksmith said at the top of his lungs, without question Hiccup went to work. He put his basket down and began to help Gobber repair shields, broken axes, swords missing hilts and even on one occasion a war hammer without the large block part of said hammer. After about an hours time, the rush of Vikings desperate to repair there weapons. The Prince finally had a chance to rest, so he went to where he had his various designs, and half baked dragon tail's for Toothless in the back. He sat up in his chair and began to draw in his notebook a picture of Ruffnut and Tuffnut. Ruffnut and Tuffnut were going around in circles, chancing each other with ax's. Hiccup was bored and that was the first thing that came to mind. Gobber the Belch eventually made his way into the backroom and asked.

"Making yourself comfortable?"

"Gobber...!"

The Prince smiled awkwardly before getting into an awkward position trying to hid some of his drawings and schematics. Gobber only laughed lightheartedly.

"(Laughs) Aye it's okay boy, I keep to myself, you have your part of the shop, I have mine..."

There was silence for a moment. Hiccup then asked.

"So, this isn't weird for you?"

The Prince asked referring to the incident in the arena, and Hiccup finding out who he really is. Gobber the Belch only laughed.

"Not really, once ya get over the initial shock it kind of makes sense...in a weird way."

"Oh...okay then, so are we cool? Are things gonna be awkward between us?"

"No more then usual."

Gobber said before turning around and saying to Hiccup.

"Oi, Man the fort, Hiccup. I'm going into town..."

The Blacksmith then left Hiccup alone in the shop. Hiccup smiled, he sat up at the front window of the shop and took out his Dragonese book, he then began to think out his schematics a bit more. He needed a way to control the Night Fury's tail, maybe he could attach something like a rope or a chain to it. He sat there scheming up Odin only knew what fiendishly clever contraptions for the Night Fury's tail.

* * *

><p>THE TERRIBLE TWINS HOUSE</p>

Astrid and Ruffnut had decided to hang out again after training, mostly because Ruffnut needed someone to help get the paint out of her large blonde clumps. The Hofferson girl accepted, but only because she had nothing better to do. After cleaning the Terrible Twin's greasy hair, the two decided to train outside of Ruffnut's house. They practiced there sword fighting, it was a simple affair as Astrid tended to dominate the matches. By the third match our so Astrid was tired and Ruffnut was tired of getting beat. Ruffnut held up her hands and dropped her sword before saying.

"I submit."

Effectively ending the match. Astrid nodded before sitting on a nearby rock and sharpening her sword with a sharpening stone. A mad glint in her eyes. Ruffnut sat next to her.

"What's wrong with you? Usually you're gloating about how much of a bad arse sword fighter you are by now."

"It's him...that useless guy..."

Astrid said coldly as she continued to sharpen her sword. Ruffnut had to think about who Astrid was referring to.

"Wait...which one...don't tell
me...Tuff...no...Dogsbreath...no...Snotlout...it's Snotlout
definitely."

The Hofferson girl rolled her eyes, sometimes Ruffnut was as dumb as a door nail.

"That Hiccup guy, the son of the Chief..."

Astrid said looking at her reflection. Ruffnut raised an eyebrow.

"Didn't we already have this conversation?"

"Yes...and that's what's bothering me...he shows up out of know where and takes all the glory for himself. Next thing ya know, he turns out to be a son of the chief..."

Ruffnut nodded, before responding.

"Where are going with this?"

"I think he's training with someone, he spends hours on end in the woods, he always had this suspicion look in his eyes. Something about him is just off..."

Astrid said, before Ruffnut rolled her eyes.

"Yes, and maybe he's not clearly just a better sword fighter and dragon fighter, maybe you didn't have a crush on him and maybe, and maybe... just maybe you aren't jealous that your not in his position..."

Ruffnut said out of left field, the twins had this way about they to say the most intelligent things at the wrong times. Or at times when it was just weird. Almost out of annoyance, Astrid turned her head to Ruffnut.

"Maybe you and your brother have butted heads one to many times."

Astrid said fiercely as Ruffnut banged on her helmet a couple of times. Ruffnut then sang in a sing-song like voice.

"Eh...it's just a maybe."

"Muttonhead..."

* * *

><p>THE COVE</p>

Gobber the Belch had decided to let Hiccup off early that day, mostly because he was such a good sport in the shop. The Blacksmith didn't say the real reason though, the real reason was because Hiccup seemed a bit off. Gobber noticed that Hiccup tended to stare off into space and not really pay attention to what he was working on. He figured that Hiccup was having a bit of a hard time adjusting to finding out well...everything about a life he never had, meeting his mother and finding out he's the son of the chief. The Prince, none the wiser, took the day off and ventured to the cove. He bother getting into his Prince Armor this time, he was confused, all around. Torn between his identity as Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, and The Prince of Dragons. On one side a loving family, a mother...a father...on the other hand dragons, brothers and sisters, who had raised you since you were a baby. One of them waiting just down the hillside, in a cove, minding his own business. Hiccup walked up to the Night Fury, not even bothering to say hello, and just began to stare off into space. At first Toothless hadn't noticed, he was far to busy catching fish and trying to fly but failing miserably. The Prince as much as he would have gotten a laugh or to out of that, didn't so much as crack a smile. Truth be told it wasn't until about a hour later until the Night Fury noticed Hiccup. Toothless sighed before sauntered on over to brown haired boy and sat next to him. Toothless had this brotherly way with Hiccup, he could always tell when something was the matter with Hiccup. Ever since he was a boy, the Night Fury could tell. The Night Fury sat next to Hiccup on the edge where the water

of the cove met the sandy shore.

_ " . . . " _

_ " . . . " _

For a while, they said nothing, occasionally Hiccup would glance back up to the Night Fury's grass green eyes. But then quickly look away to stare at something else. That is until Toothless asked.

_ "Boy...what's wrong? Are the human's getting to you?" _

Hiccup didn't even respond for a moment, but then he took a deep breathe in and out before saying.

_ "I met my...my...family, my Viking family, the other night." _

The Prince said sadly, the Night Fury went wide eyed.

_ "And..." _

Hiccup tilted his head to face Toothless for a moment before turning back and asking.

_ "And...what?" _

Trying to be polite the Night Fury asked.

_ "What's the problem? You met you're family...that's more then could be said for me..." _

The Prince glanced back up at the Night Fury.

_ "Yeah...a few of the elders in the pack told me...you were a drifter from the North, you had to fight tooth and claw just to keep the wings on your back..." _

Toothless let out a low moan of depression. Hiccup put his head back down.

_ "I'm sorry bud...I didn't mean to make you upset..." _

_ "...Have you ever felt isolated? Like you're the only one you could rely on? When I was born, I was born in a cave of darkness. A lone egg that must have gotten away from some hatchery somewhere...Even when I first opened my eyes, I had but one instinct...survive and that's what I did for the first few years of my existence. I flew all over, just wanting to rest. Getting into all sorts of fights with dragons..." _

The Night Fury seemed to let out a roar that almost sounded like a chuckle. Hiccup asked.

_ "What? What's so funny?" _

_ "Nothing, it's just some of the scraps I've gotten into, I once got into a fight with this Whispering Death you see, bit him square on the tail before he flew away like a coward. I have a grudge with that

needle nosed dragon that still stands to this day." _

Toothless said reflectively. The Prince was vaguely reminded of Snotlout or Astrid and there so called rivalry. Then the beginnings of a smile started to form, as if you could call there horrible display of combat a 'rivalry'.

_ "Anyway, I just flew from place to place, glacier to island, mountain to volcano...until I finally came to the Red Death's pack. I heard her wretched music and was bound to follow. Hated it for the first few years. I helped out where I could, saved a few members of the pack out of pure hospitality. Then...I realized something, the pack began to treat me...as a brother... I had a family. I was a part of something...and to this day, I'm still happy to be part of this family." _

Hiccup began to smile at the Night Fury's life story. The Night Fury then pushed it's massive head near Hiccup, until they were staring at each other square in the eyes.

_ "Be happy, you finally met your birth family, it's something I never had the luxury of." _

The Prince sighed, before avoiding Toothless's gaze. Toothless with a concerned look continued to stare at Hiccup.

_ "But that's the thing...my family is made up of dragons, not humans. But my mother, she's so loving and caring, overjoyed to see me again... I'm apparently the son of some chief, some dragon murdering chief. But my mother...Valka...she cared...or still maybe cares about dragons. I take after her I can tell...but I also take after you, Toothless, and the pack...I've never been so torn between two things in my entire life..." _

Hiccup said before looking down at himself in the clear cove waters. His mind was playing tricks on him as he starred for a prolonged period of time. He saw an image of himself, torn between his Prince Armor on one side without his helmet and carrying his flaming sword. On the other the golden armor he wore in his dream, the beautifully decorated sword in his hands...covered in blood. Clenching his fist's in rage he began to punch the water to make the image of him in the golden armor go away. But in retaliation he torn away the Prince as well. Hiccup continued to splash at the water as tears beginning to form.

_ "I just want to leave this place...cause if I stay, I would be condemning you to a life in this hole. If you they found, I would...I couldn't... I want to go back to the pack." _

The Prince said as images of last night's dream resurfaced, tears pouring in his eyes, he rubbed them out. Then he grabbed his head, confused, conflicted. Toothless watched Hiccup, it seemed like he needed to vent this whole situation out.

_ "Oh, Dear Gods...if they catch you...they would make me or some other bloodthirsty savage kill you...I don't want you to die, you're like a brother to me..." _

Hiccup said before hugging the dragon around the head. Toothless nodded before wrapping his wings around the boy. For a few minutes,

Hiccup wept, until he felt a bit better. The dragon and boy let go of each other.

_ "It's okay human...this...this will pass. There's no reason to cry..." _

The Prince smiled before wiping the sob stains from his eyes. He smiled a bit before trying to get back into his Prince of Dragons persona.

_ "I'm not crying, I just got this bloody sand in me eyes...that's all." _

The Night Fury rolled it's reptilian slits. But didn't say anything to the boy.

_ "Sure...oh, that reminds me, thought of the perfect name..." _

Toothless said as he put on a gum-less smile, when Hiccup was done wiping the 'sand' out of his eyes. The Prince awkwardly dug his feet into the sand, and smiled.

_ "Well...that's the thing...my mum...kind of already told me my name...Hiccup...Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third." _

The Night Fury groaned annoyed upon hearing this. Hiccup began to laugh.

_ "Oi, cheer up Toothless, it's just a name, and not even a good one." _

Toothless let out a grunt of disappointment, his expression went from joy to pure annoyance. The Night Fury snarled.

_ "You named me so it's only fair that I should name you...what kind of name is 'Hiccup' anyway? What does it mean?" _

Absentmindedly the Prince answered back in Dragonese.

_ "I think it means runt..." _

The Night Fury's toothless smile returned even wider then ever. Hiccup nearly smacked himself, why did he say that out loud.

_ "On second thought, that name suits you..." _

Hiccup rolled his eyes, before saying.

_ "Yeah, yeah..." _

Then Hiccup gazed upwards at the sky, the sun was just about to set.

_ "I've gotta go...I'll be back tomorrow, I don't have training in the morning, so I can work on your tail..." _

The Prince said before departing ways from the Night Fury, Hiccup began to how difficult it was for him to leave Toothless. His place was with him...wasn't it? Toothless said his goodbye's in Dragonese

before picking up another large tree limb ad trying his hand at drawing in the dirt again. He attempted to draw himself, and when the dragon finished, he was rather proud of it. (Only it looked sort of like well, a bunch of swirling lines)

* * *

><p>BERK, CHIEF'S HUT</p>

Hiccup arrived back to Berk around supper as his mother asked. The Prince arrived at...well I guess we could call it his house now, because he was born there...and lives there. When Hiccup got inside his home, he was expecting a small feast of limpets or something like that. Valka appeared to have went out of her a way to raid kitchen of all food just to make a feast for Hiccup. It looked fantastic, Hiccup had been raised on a diet of mostly fish and the occasional yak. Even so he was used to eating raw fish and meat. Here, there was lamb, Hiccup always wanted lamb, but the Red Death had a craving for lamb that couldn't be beat no matter how much one would grovel and beg. There were various fruits and vegetables, all of strange colors. Hiccup never had any fruits or vegetables, the closest he ever got was wood. Dragons need to eat a hefty amount of wood, or anything flammable really, it helped with there burning glands. The Prince had wood once, it tasted bitter and dry, afterwards he had a lot of splinters on his tongue. The dragons told him to basically never eat wood again, Hiccup happily obliged. All of this glorious food was set a well decorated, furnished table. Hiccup's mother came in from the kitchen with a large roasted chicken on a silver plate. Valka smiled as she set the large bird down and asked.

"Welcome home Hiccup, how was your day?"

"Fine..."

Hiccup put his basket of possessions he had acquired from Old Wrinkly down by the front door. Valka set the table, Hiccup continued to look at his mother and the strange sharp object's she set on the table. She then motioned for Hiccup to take a seat by the table for dinner. Which the Prince did reluctantly, his eyes scanning the table, he hadn't eaten all day. Then a cruel thought dawned on Hiccup, he groaned miserably as he leaned back in his seat.

"UGH! I'm on limpet rations, I can't eat any of this."

The Prince said gesturing to the glorious meal set before him. Valka responded with.

"It's okay, Gobber said that he'd give you today and today only as a cheat day...until your limpet rations are over of course. He sort of owes me after the whole sheep in the toilet incident anyway."

Valka smiled merrily, remembering a time when she was about Hiccup's age. Hiccup grew a weird look and did not want to know about the sheep in the toilet incident. Anyway Valka sat down to eat as she picked a few various foods here and there before loading up her plate. The Prince did the same only his had a lot more meat then anything. Hiccup watched in curiosity at the unusual way she ate her food. She didn't tear at the lamb like a dragon would, she actually got out two small little pieces of metal used them to cut the food, she ate...modestly is the word I suppose we're looking for. In

Hiccup's experience, eating was a crude gluttonous event, where jokes and jeers would be shared as well as fights over who got which part of the yak. But Valka just sat there, eating incredibly slowly. Hiccup looked at the sliver objects next to him. He picked them up...fumbled with them slightly and then began to mimic Valka. The Prince didn't understand the point of this, dinner went by so slowly now, it took nearly an hour for Hiccup to finish this way when it should have taken all but five minutes. Though he tried to act, oh what's the word? Civilized? Around his mother. Valka got up and began to clean the table, Hiccup decided to help as he would back in the pack. All though in the pack there would be not so much as a scrap of food left unless you count the bones, but none of the dragons ate bones. After that was said an down, Hiccup yawned, and rubbed the bags under his eyes.

"I'm going to bed..."

"Goodnight Hiccup..."

"Goodnight Mum..."

Hiccup retrieved his basket filled with his belongs then went upstairs to his room, he sat in his bed. The Prince got out his Dragonese book and flipped through the pages. He wanted to make some adjustments to Toothless's false tail design, but Hiccup flipped through the pages of his notebook he stopped at his unfinished drawing of Astrid. The Prince looked at it for a moment, and then he reached for his charcoal pen, something possessed him to finish her. He spent a good hour drawing every detail of her face and head, until it was perfect. Though he thought about being a little more liberal with the below the neck area...but Hiccup thought against it and drew her how she was. A few hours passed and he had a fairly accurate well done sketch of Astrid Hofferson. The Prince smiled, before drawing a speech bubble that read 'Blah, Blah, Blah, this is our war, Blah, Blah, Blah, kill dragons, Blah, Blah, Blah'. It was juvenile yes, but no less funny. With that, the Prince eventually drifted to sleep.

* * *

><p>HOOLIGAN HARBOR</p>

Hiccup was in for a shock that morning, apparently they did have training, just not dragon training. This came to the Prince as a shock when Gobber the Belch burst into his home in the vague hours of the morning just to nearly drag him to Hooligan Harbor. Apparently today the young Hooligans were to work on there ship building. The usual partnerships occurred that morning, Hiccup with Fishlegs, Astrid with Ruffnut, Tuffnut with Speedyfist and Wartihog, and finally Snotlout with Dogsbreath the Duhbrain. Gobber the Belch had the recruits sit on the hard wooden planks of the harbor as he narrated over the lesson. The Prince was only half listening to the lesson, he spent the other half thinking of ideas for Toothless's prosthetic wing. The blacksmith eventually caught onto the fact that Hiccup wasn't really paying attention to his lesson plans and decided to rat him out. Just because he was the son of the Chief doesn't mean that Hiccup should get any special privileges.

"Hiccup. Why don't you tell us an effective way to navigate when you're lost at sea."

The Prince shut his book and thought it over for a few seconds.

"Umm...use the stars?"

Was the best Hiccup could conjure up, he was reasonably confident in his answer. Until Gobber the Belch yelled at him.

"WRONG!"

The Blacksmith yelled with a thunderous boom. Hiccup winced a bit, his ears began to ring. Some of the other recruits seemed to chuckle a bit with Hiccup being put in his place. Particularly Snotlout and his gang, also Astrid seemed a bit happy what with her being the competitive type and Hiccup being her big obstacle in Hooligan initiation. The Prince was silent before asking.

"Well, what happens when you get lost at sea?"

Gobber went pale, before he snorted out.

"Lost? LOST! VIKINGS DON'T GET LOST!"

It was a trick question that Hiccup rolled his eyes at. Snotlout saw an opportunity to show off. Snotface Snotlout then sneered with grin.

"Honestly, sir, I don't know why you don't throw Hiccup the Useless and his fishlegged failure of a friend out of the lessons completely. There a disgrace to all of us."

The Prince could take anything Gobber the Belch could throw at him, because he knew in his heart of hearts that this was the Blacksmith's job. He had to be hard on Hiccup, but Snotlout was just looking for an excuse to be an arse. The Prince stood up and reached for the hilt of his sword.

"Hey, Snotlout, you got a problem with me? Why don't we take this somewhere else so I can pull off your head and slice it into tiny little pieces."

Hiccup said with grin, Snotlout stood up and the two got into each other's faces. Snotlout retorted

"Why don't you just 'Neff off', nobody wants you here Useless."

"Same could be said about you Snotarse."

The Prince glanced downwards to see Snotlout with his hand reaching for the hilt of his blade as well. The two relatives were about to duke it out when Gobber the Belch stepped in.

"TODAY ISN'T ABOUT SWORD FIGHTING, TODAY'S LESSON IS ABOUT SEA FAIRING! NOW UNLESS YOU TWO BEHAVE I'LL HAVE YOU ON LUGWORMS FOR YEARS TO COME!"

Hiccup and Snotlout sat back down, both hating the very idea that they're cousins. Snotlout because he was probably as much as everyone hated the idea, was indeed the next Chief in line for the Hairy

Hooligan Tribe. Then here comes this Hiccup guy who is supposed to be the son of Stoic and Valka. It was down right insulting as far as Snotlout was concerned. The Prince because...well he's Snotlout. For the whole of the lesson, the two didn't so much as speak to one another. Gobber continued to narrate over the lesson, he talked of how to properly build a boat, how to correctly raid a vessel, and finally how to make sure there are no sea-dragons around. The Prince again, only half listened. Eventually they had to construct a boat out of materials laying around. Gobber gave them a few hours to work. Hiccup had no idea what he was doing, while he was a competent craftsman, a decent blacksmith and a superb idealist. Boats seemed to be his weakness, which should come as no surprise since he spent most of his life in the clouds riding dragons, not on the sea sailing. Fishlegs wasn't really that helpful, Fishlegs was more of a thinker in many regards or the nervous yet strong type. He wasn't the least bit handy with a hammer no more than any other tool or weapon. So Hiccup was left to make the Viking Long Boat. After a few hours, Hiccup and Fishlegs were quite sure what to say about the boat they had created. It was a boat...that's all I can say about that. Carefully the two plopped it into the water and the boat seemed to stir a bit. Fishlegs sighed in relief.

"At least it floats, that's a hopeful sign..."

"I'm not so hopeful about this one Fishlegs..."

Hiccup and Fishlegs's boat turned out more like a floating accident than an actual boat. Something kept on going wrong with the design and instead of it being long and thin like a Viking ship should be. Somehow the vessel ended up fat and almost completely round. The mast was too long and leaned lopsidedly to the left, and when a strong wind hit the boat went around in circles.

"Well...what should we do with it?"

Asked Fishlegs, Hiccup simply stated.

"Well you said it this boat was a 'hopeful sign' so how about...the Hopeful Puffin..."

The two nodded in agreement, then a piece of wood from the mast fell down. Hiccup sighed before getting onto the tiny boat to fix it. It wasn't until about a half hour later until the rest of the recruits arrived with their boats. They weren't exactly perfect but in many regards they looked better than the Hopeful Puffin. Even some of the names sounded better, there was the Valhalla Express, the Raven, and the Sparrowhawk. Each one of those boats was as lean and blood hungry as the young barbarians who sailed them. Hiccup and Fishlegs used oak wood, but if the Prince had been paying attention he would have seen that elm wood was a more flexible material. Each one cutting through the water like an ax to a scallop. Tuffnut, Wartihog and Speedyfist all shot a look at the Hopeful Puffin before chuckling under their breathe. Astrid and Ruffnut were a bit different, while Ruffnut nearly laughed herself to death, Astrid only smiled in self-satisfaction. Almost as if she was glad she discovered something Hiccup was bad at. When Snotlout and Dogsbreath approached the harbor they very nearly fell over with laughter. So much so that Snotlout eventually had tears in his eyes he was laughing so hard. Gobber the Belch when he stumbled his way onto the docks he seemed to have sort of twitch. This twitch was because of what Hiccup and Fishlegs's boat

looked like. The Blacksmith had positive things to say, as he hobbled down the docks, about the recruits outstandingly made boats. Until he got to the Hopeful Puffin.

"What? What?! WHAT IS THAT?!"

The Blacksmith said motioning toward the floating accident that was the Hopeful Puffin. Fishlegs turned pale as a ghost. The Prince reluctantly answered.

"It's a boat..."

"That, thing in the water might just be the most hideous looking thing I've seen in all my years..."

Gobber the Belch then went quiet for a moment. He then whispered to himself.

"Well...unless you count the sheep in the toilets incident."

The Prince shivered a bit, he was beginning to wish people would stop talking about that, his imagination running wild with the very thought. Gobber collected himself.

"I have serious doubts that...THAT will even sail out of the harbor."

Hiccup shrugged his soldiers.

"What can I say, ship building isn't my thing, clever ideas, yes, dragon fighting, yes, sword fighting, yes, making Snotlout look like a complete moron, yes-

Snotlout overheard the last bit of the conversation and yelled back from his boat the Sparrowhawk.

"What was that?!"

The Prince smiled slyly.

"Oh, nothing."

Hiccup continued what he was saying earlier.

"Anyway, shipbuilding just isn't one of them talents, besides it'll get the job done I guarantee it."

The Prince said smugly as another piece of the mast fell off, Gobber lowered his brow and folded his big hairy arms.

"I hope your right...for your sake, and Fishlegs's..."

Gobber said before wobbling off to continue to talk over the lesson. Fishlegs, Hiccup and the rest of the recruits piled into there long boats before Gobber pulled out a bulge as he briskly continued.

"Now...you're all going to have a bit of a race, this will test your boats endurance, strength and just about everything. Now I expect you to stay within the sea limits of Berk, I don't need any of you caught

in the currents out there...Now I've placed a few flags on Blackheart Bay, your first destination, the first to sail to Blackheart Bay and back wins. "

The Blacksmith then raised a curly bugle to his lips. Fishlegs got out two oars and both he and Hiccup got prepared as Fishlegs sighed.

"I hate this...I hate this lesson, were going to get lost, were going to sink, or were going to get slowly eaten by Shark-worms, or a Cauldron or something equally gruesome..."

Gobber then blew on the bugle, it screamed an ear bleeding screech and the Hooligans were off. The sound eventually died and Gobber watched from a distance. Three Viking boats speed off with a hefty amount of sped, the Hopeful Puffin seemed to spin around in nauseating circles. Fishlegs went a little green the more the boat went into these spins. The Prince and Fishlegs rowed with all of there might, like the other day Fishlegs was wheezing after the first couple of rows. Hiccup had Fishlegs man the rudder. Luckily for Hiccup and Fishlegs, the sails of the Hopeful Puffin were much larger then most Viking long boats, so when the wind caught the sails at exactly the right time, it surged forward. Eventually even catching up to the rest of the boats. Hiccup was having the time of his life, he even got on top of the mast at one point to shout out.

"I'm King of the Seas!"

The Prince laughed every step of the way. Fishlegs sighed, this wasn't exactly an enjoyable time for him. The recruits looked over at Hiccup, and shock there heads at his immaturity. But Hiccup didn't care, he'd never been on a boat before. Sure he'd read about them, but it wasn't like dragons had longboats piled up for use. So this experience was so enjoyable to Hiccup. It was then the Hopeful Puffin was rammed by Snotlout's boat the Sparrowhawk, denting her severally. Hiccup lost his balance and fell off the mast of the tiny vessel, Fishlegs fell face first into the water at the bottom of the boat. Quickly Hiccup leaped to his feet and rushed over to help Fishlegs back up from out of the water.

"So sorry, Useless!"

Snotlout jeered as Sparrowhawk sailed on, completely unhurt.

"Your raft is so small we didn't see you!"

Dogsbreath who was manning the rudder of the Sparrowhawk laughed his typical grunt laugh. Hiccup took control of the rudder as Fishlegs picked himself up groaning slightly. The Prince was able to get the Hopeful Puffin back on coarse. Eventually the Hopeful Puffin was able to catch up with the rest of the boats, the Valhalla express in the lead, followed by the Raven and Sparrowhawk. Lastly was the Hopeful Puffin, but a fiendishly clever plan was coming into Hiccup's mind.

"Oi Fishlegs, man the rudder."

With a green face, and clenching his stomach, Fishlegs nodded before taking the rudder.

"Can do Hiccup..."

The Prince then pointed to the space in between the Raven and Sparrowhawk.

"Sail between the two of them!"

Hiccup said as the salty sea air breezed in between his hair. The Hopeful Puffin caught up to the two boats, Hiccup began to jeer right back at Snotlout.

"Hey, Snotlout, you call what was back there a hit? My grandfather could hit harder then that!"

The Prince said enjoying himself. Fishlegs whispered from the back of the boat.

"What are you doing!? You're going to get us killed!"

"Relax...but when I say I need you to hold back on the rudder."

Fishlegs sighed before nodded in response. With an enraged face, Snotlout yelled from the deck of the Sparrowhawk.

"Oh, really Useless! Slam into e'm Dogsbreath!"

The Sparrowhawk turned on a dime toward the Hopeful Puffin. Hiccup then raised his arms and yelled.

"NOW!"

The Hopeful Puffin came to a stall as Fishlegs held the rudder back. This sent the Sparrowhawk on a collision course with the Raven. Snotlout and Dogsbreath were going at such a speed they couldn't even stop as there boat slammed into the Raven. This caused a gash so massive it sank the Raven, sending Tuffnut, Wartihog and Speedyfist into the cold waters off the coast of Berk. What made it worse was when the Sparrowhawk tried to turn around, they made a wrong turn and slammed into a rock that was sticking out of the water. Snotlout and Dogsbreath abandoned ship and like the other three young Hooligans began to swim to shore. Hiccup was laughing his head off, he honestly didn't expect that to work. Fishlegs grew paler then he already was, Hiccup began to row again as they began to catch up to the Valhalla Express with Astrid rowing and Ruffnut commanding the rudder. They where neck and neck, toe to toe from Blackheart Bay all the way back to Hooligan Harbor. With Snotlout, Tuffnut and the rest swimming behind at a struggling pace. When they were within sight of the harbor, when Hiccup yelled.

"Oi, Astrid, you might as well just give up! "

Astrid rolled her eyes.

"Sweet baby Thor in a thunderstorm, do you ever shut up?"

The Prince began to taunt the Hofferson Girl.

"Doubtful are we? Know this, the Hopeful Puffin will not be stopped!"

Then, the dent given to the Hopeful Puffin by Snotlout began to crack, until finally it burst and began to take up water. Fishlegs began to panic as Hiccup looked over at Astrid one more time. She was laughing along with Ruffnut at there misfortune. The Prince looked back at Fishlegs who was trying to seal the hole with whatever was on the deck of the vessel.

"Fishlegs, apparently the Hopeful Puffin is being stopped..."

The Hopeful Puffin turned around in one of it's circles again before taking up water faster then ever. To be fair, the ship lasted longer then anyone would have guessed. She wasn't the most attractive seafaring boat, not even a very seaworthy boat, so the fact that the Hopeful Puffin lasted as long as it did was a miracle in it's way. After Hiccup and Fishleg's desperate attempts to stop the following water, the Hopeful Puffin eventually sank entirely. As Astrid and Ruffnut docked the Valhalla Express, Hiccup and Fishlegs swam the last hundred meters with the rest of the Recruits sailing from behind. The Prince looked back at the few ripples that used to be the Hopeful Puffin. She wasn't the greatest looking boat in the world, but to Hiccup she was the best. To make matters worse, Gobber was standing there watching them all. Arms folded, brow lower then Thor's thunderclouds. He of course congratulated Astrid and Ruffnut before sending the girls on there way, but he didn't even look close to amused with the rest of the Hooligans. Hiccup, Fishlegs, and the rest clambered back reluctantly toward Gobber and they all stood before them soaked to the bone. The Blacksmith wasn't sure what to say, not in fourteen years had any Viking failed the shipbuilding lesson. To make matters worse, this was Gobber the Belch's favorite lesson when he was a boy, so as he can imagine, the blacksmith was fairly annoyed. Gobber took a moment to collect his thoughts before he bellowed.

"WHAT!? WHAT IN THE NAME OF ODIN WAS THAT!?"

None of the other boys said anything, so Fishlegs eventually said.

"Well you see our boats, sort of sank..."

"YOUR BOATS SORT OF SANK!?"

Gobber the Belch roared like a sea-lion.

"YOU CALL YOURSELVES VIKINGS AND YOU SORT OF SANK YOUR OWN BOATS ON A PERFECTLY CALM DAY TWO HUNDRED METERS FROM YOUR OWN ISLAND?! WHAT KIND OF HOOLIGANS ARE YOU ANYWAY? YOU CAN'T BUILD BOATS, WITHOUT RUINING THEM! YOU ARE THE MOST PATHETIC EXCUSES FOR VIKINGS I HAVE EVER SEE IN MY ENTIRE LIFE! I AM LOST FOR WORDS..."

Despite being lost for words, Gobber yelled at them for the next ten minutes, telling them they were a disgrace to their tribe and the worst recruits he ever had. He then put them on limpet rations for another three weeks. He nearly had them expelled because of this fiasco. Hiccup crossed Shipbuilding of his talents list.

* * *

><p>Authors Note:

**Going on HIATUS, I'm sorry I need a break for about 3 weeks. Just want to get that out there, so don't go around saying 'Oh, update as soon as possible' because you'll have another chapter in 3 weeks. Also I love the How to Speak Dragonese book, to be honest that was one of the first HTTYD I ever read so I have a connection with it, if you haven't read it, reed it, because it's an amazing book. **

15. Chapter 15

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 15: Choices

Lesson 5: Elimination

BERK

Hiccup, along with the rest of the recruits, were scolded for another hour and a half, despite Gobber being apparently 'speechless' at his recruits inability to properly make a boat. After another dose of limpet rations, Gobber set them on there way. The Prince was feeling indifferent over all, but there was nagging feeling in the back of his mind like something was off. He almost seemed bothered that he lost to Astrid and Ruffnut. This was ever more amplified when Snotlout and his gang chased him half-way around the town. Snotlout was red with rage, Hiccup had come out of no where, stolen his birthright, beat him up, sunk his boat, and was considered the best at everything. It was insulting to the Snotfaced Jorgenson. The Prince eventually outran, Snotlout's gang and decided to lay low for a while, conveniently he then approached Old Wrinkly's. Hiccup decided to pay his grandfather a visit. He walked inside, as Bucket and Mulch began to hammer in shingles for the roof. Old Wrinkly was inside, drinking tea at his small table.

"Ah...Hiccup, welcome boy...you want some tea?"

Hiccup shook his head dismissively.

"No...to be honest I just want to lay low here for a while...is that okay?"

Old Wrinkly gulped some of his tea before nodding and saying.

"Certainly, though why is there a particular reason?"

"My so called cousin and his friends are trying to kill me...mostly because I sank there boats."

The Prince chuckled as a smile grew across his face. Old Wrinkly continued to sip his tea.

"I understand boy, so is there anything you want to talk about?"

Old Wrinkly asked before leaning forward slightly, he put his tea down on the table.

"Not really why?"

The Old Man then stood up out of his seat. He went over to the fire.

"I saw something quiet fascinating the other day...you see it involved a dragon..."

Hiccup swallowed hard, he began to sweat profusely.

"Really? Go on."

"It was an odd sight to behold, interesting to say the least."

The Prince was known shaking in his seat, he was tense. Had Old Wrinkly somehow found out about Hiccup's 'little' secret. Or maybe the Night Fury trapped in the cove? Hiccup just sat there and watched Old Wrinkly turn around dramatically.

"It was a Doom Fang."

Hiccup fell back in his seat, relieved by this realization.

"Oh Thank Thor..."

Old Wrinkly raised an eyebrow.

"For what?"

"Oh...err...um...thought it would be something more gruesome...like one of those Sea dragons you were on about..."

The Old Man began to cough and laugh.

"Heh, Heh, Heh, no, It was right off the coast of Berk, I could almost touch it I swear to you, when I was doing me morning rounds."

"Interesting."

Hiccup responded a bit disinterested in all honest, Old Wrinkly then asked.

"Is something bothering you boy? Be honest this time..."

The Prince caved in.

"Nothing...I'm just a wee bit home sick."

Hiccup said flatly, Old Wrinkly nodded reflectively.

"You miss someone from...Thule I think it was..."

"Yes...my brothers and sisters...realistically, I can't stay here forever..."

The Prince said sadly, Old Wrinkly sat back down next to Hiccup.

"Hiccup...I understand you miss your home, but do really want to turn your back on everything you've found out about your life?"

Hiccup paused, he felt like there were two chains wrapped around his arms. One pulled by the Prince, the other by the brave Hooligan Chief's son, in his golden armor. Each one wanting to win, wanting to completely dominate. But in the process they were tearing Hiccup apart. The Prince shook his head.

"I don't know..."

"It's a difficult question, but when the time comes, I'm sure you'll find the answer."

Old Wrinkly said flatly. Though Hiccup was actually quiet relieved, he thought Old Wrinkly had somehow discovered his little secret. It was getting to risky to stay here on Berk, forget the upcoming winter, The Prince was becoming to attached to his human life. Hiccup needed to leave...he needed to leave now. Before someone actually did find out about him and Toothless. After leaving Old Wrinkly's abode, the Prince said to himself.

"Toothless is more important...the dragons are more important...I need to focus on keeping suspicion low, and getting out of here...no more stalling...no more distractions."

* * *

><p>THE FORGE</p>

So after his chat with Old Wrinkly Hiccup quickly went to the forge. The Prince began to change so parts of his design, he first sketched everything out before finally making sure it was practical enough to work. Though practicality wasn't exactly The Prince's strong suit...nor was thinking realistically, those were hard for the skinny brown haired boy. Hiccup went into his little stall in the shop and began to cut and stitch leather together. All while sharpening steel, and perfecting tiny rods that looked perfect together. He worked by nothing more then candle light, focused, unrelenting, trying to make it perfect. After a few quick hours go by, we finally see Hiccup's work come to fruition, the Prince laid out his handy work down on the wooden floors of the workshop. He has built a harness, complete with handles for him to grab onto and everything.

* * *

><p>THE COVE</p>

The Prince ran down to the cove in his attire, happily holding the saddle in his palms. While Hiccup was happy that he was making progress, Toothless seemed to look at the saddle as sort of how a wild dog would view a leash. The Night Fury didn't want anything to do with the saddle, he ran off, snarling in defiance. Hiccup had to chase him, while carrying the harness.

_ "Hey!" _

_ "I'm not wearing that thing!" _

_ "Oh, yes you are!" _

After a while, Toothless eventually gave up, and Hiccup was able to

put the saddle on the Night Fury. Though it wasn't easy because Toothless kept squirming. Eventually, Hiccup got Toothless in the air, they were flying again for what seemed like the second time in forever. They flew over the tranquil waters of the cove pond. The Night Fury was flying a bit more stable than Hiccup's last attempt, that was because Hiccup tied a rope around Toothless's false tail. At first everything was fine, with Hiccup and Toothless being in a somewhat unified flight pattern...that is until Hiccup pulled too hard. The Night Fury took a dive in one direction as Hiccup was flung off into the nearby heather.

* * *

><p>THE FORGE</p>

Hiccup went back to the forge in order to fix some of the flaws in his design scheme. He also had to remove the saddle from Toothless's back, which the Night Fury was happy with. The Prince began to rework his ideas, until he came up with a rather simple solution. He simply attached a harness to Toothless's saddle to make sure he didn't fall off. Hiccup made sure it was sturdy enough, so it wouldn't break easily. Thankfully it didn't break and Hiccup felt very assured in his design choices.

* * *

><p>THE COVE</p>

The next day, Hiccup and Toothless tried their hands at flying again. Toothless was a little less begrudging when Hiccup put on his saddle. But it was worth it, Toothless was so overjoyed to be able to fly again. Though he knew the human hadn't perfected the art, at this rate, it was only a matter of time. They flew over the cove heights. Hiccup holding with boy hands to the saddle for dear life, while also trying to control the tail with his foot. The Prince had wrapped a rope around his foot and the Night Fury's tail in an attempt to streamline the process and make it simpler. For Hiccup, it only seemed to make the process more confusing. Again, Hiccup pulled too hard and instead of just him flying into the tall grassy heather, himself and the Night Fury dived straight into the tall grass. The Prince made it out relatively unscathed, though he went back in to check on the Night Fury. He saw an odd sight indeed. The Night Fury was rolling around in the grass, purring like a kitten. The Prince recalled the elder dragons talking about this from time to time, dragon nip they called it he had never seen it in real life. But dragons apparently loved the stuff. Would turn even some of the most bitter of dragons into a pussy cat. Hiccup chuckled at this, to him it was so odd to see the Unholy Offspring of Lightning and Death writhing around with his tongue wagging in complete bliss. The Prince decided to grab some for later. He then tried to get the Night Fury's attention.

_ "Um...Toothless...?" _

The Prince said in Dragonese, Night Fury was too far gone for Hiccup to get through to him. Hiccup thought best not to bother the creature.

_ "Okay...so I'm just...I'm just gonna go..." _

Hiccup then left very discretely, back to the village.

* * *

><p>THE ARENA</p>

The following after, on a gray cloudy day, Hiccup stood outside the arena. His mother Valka kept trying to straighten his hair, before he went inside. Hiccup's hair was a mess from all the flying he was doing, he also had a few bruises, but he managed to cover them up.

"How does your hair get like this?"

"...Ya know...the wind gets in my hair that's all...and I usually wear a helmet..."

The Prince said referring to his Night Fury shaped helmet. Valka's eyes then seemed to light up.

"Oh, that reminds me, I have something I've been meaning to give you...if only I could find it."

Hiccup wasn't exactly sure what his mother was referring to but at least, he got to spend time with her. Even if she was a bit odd at times, but to be fair, he was just as odd back most of the time. Valka then sent Hiccup on his way. Hiccup then entered the arena, and stood in line with the rest of the Hooligans. The ten recruits stood before Gobber the Belch. He looked as if he was ready for another one of his 'important' speeches.

"Now, what you have all experienced before, was what I can only call...practice. Now from here on out is elimination, only one of you can pass and become a full member of the Hooligan Tribe. If not, you have to take all my lessons, again..."

The Young Hooligans shivered at the thought. Truth be told, dragon training, was the most important thing to a Viking. It mattered the most, if you preformed the best in the art of dragon killing, you were practically a shoe in for the tribe. The Hooligan Recruits all gave determined looks, Hiccup honestly didn't care, even with half of the recruits looking at him and they themselves thinking 'He's the one to beat'. Gobber then released the Gronckle, much like the other day, the beast flew around and picked off the Hooligans one by one. This was set by curious looks and a few cheers by the crowd centered around the arena whenever a Hooligan would get a good hit, or get hit themselves. The Prince stood there for a moment, simply observing. From his tunic he discreetly pulled out a few blades of dragon nip and watched as the Gronckle make a slam for Tuffnut. Tuffnut was headbutted out to the far side of the arena. While Hiccup, stood there watching, waiting, commiserating the dragon's every movement. The Gronckle eyed Hiccup and made a mad dash for the scrawny looking Viking. The Prince held out his hand, with the fistful of dragon nip and the Gronckle stopped dead in it's tracks. Hiccup clenched the dragon nip tighter and turned the dragon on it's rather large side. The Gronckle was whimpering blissfully, like a dog getting it's belly scratched. From everyone else's point of view, it's almost as if Hiccup is controlling the Gronckle with no more then a limp arm. The crowd watched in awe, even Gothi the village elder seemed impressed.

* * *

><p>BERK</p>

The Prince walked across one of the many bridges on the isle of Berk, hoping for a quiet walk home, that was the last thing he got. Every Hooligan recruit followed Hiccup, surrounding him and bombarding him with questions. Even Snotlout and his gang were impressed with Hiccup.

"Hey Hiccup. I've never seen a Gronckle do that before."

Fishlegs asked before Tuffnut butted in.

"How'd ya do that?"

Ruffnut then said.

"It was really cool."

Snotlout's gang then followed suit.

"That was incredible."

"Ya gotta tell me how ya did that."

"That was awesome..."

"Ya gotta teach me how to do that...cousin..."

Snotlout said, trying to friendly. Hiccup squirmed his way out of the crowd and invented an excuse.

"I left my sword in the ring."

The Prince said nonchalantly, he turned around nearly crashing into Astrid who was trailing behind the rest of the crowd and began to hurry back.

"You guys go on ahead, and I'll catch up with you."

Everyone watched in awe as Hiccup ran away, everyone except Astrid who only gave a suspicious look.

* * *

><p>THE COVE</p>

Hiccup again visited the cove, after a few rough hours of flying, the Night Fury asked the Prince to scratch the spots on his back he couldn't quite reach. Toothless was purring like a cat, enjoying himself, Hiccup only chuckled under his breathe. But then he rubbed the dragon under that one spot beneath the chin, causing Toothless to keel over in bliss. The Prince smiled he looked at his hands, and then headed back to Berk

* * *

><p>THE ARENA</p>

Astrid Hofferson rushed quickly to get a running start before tossing her mighty battle ax at a rapidly approaching Deadly Nadder. The ax fell along the dragon's multiple horns barely even scratching the Nadder. The Nadder then rushed forward, extending it's wings ready to attack Astrid, the blonde Valkyrie dodged to the left of the dragon. Hiccup stood a few feet behind the Hofferson girl, waiting for the beast, he sheathed his blade into his scabbard, and watched as the Nadder approached him. The Nadder stops to smell Hiccup for a moment, the dragon can clearly smell the familiar sent of other dragons. This gave Hiccup ample time to enter the dragons blind spot. Then Astrid having reclaimed her trusty battle ax, came running up to the Nadder with her ax raised, screaming the Hooligan War cry. The Prince quickly then scratched the beast in the spot it couldn't quite reach underneath it's chin. The Nadder then collapsed and entered a state of bliss. Astrid looked at Hiccup shockingly, while the crowd began there cheering.

* * *

><p>THE GREAT HALL</p>

The Prince tried to remain anonymous and fade into the shadows when he entered the Great Hall. He just got back from his sword fighting lessons a couple of minutes again. Hiccup had to help Gobber the Belch polish the swords afterward, so he was reasonably late. Hiccup had hoped to avoid his now celebrity status on the isle by just going to the Great Hall and hanging out in his usual spot. Before he even could sit down, the other recruits noticed him and mover over to his table to talk to him, leaving Astrid all alone. Vikings from all over the hall came to congratulate there young heir that had returned to them. The recruits and the crowd shouted.

"HEY HICCUP!"

"What was that? Some kind of trick?"

"What did you do?"

"Hiccup, you're the one whose going to be passing initiation, no question."

Astrid slammed her mug on the table and looked away annoyed with jealousy. She had been considered the recruit most likely to succeed, she trained for years for this chance, and then this Hiccup guy comes along and started dashing all of her hopes, it was down right insulting. But what she didn't know was that Hiccup wasn't exactly pleased with this predicament either.

* * *

><p>THE COVE</p>

Hiccup after another day of flying, the Prince decided to examine his decides, he got out a hammer and it shined in the light. This created a patch of light on the ground. The Prince had done this by complete accident, unaware of his actions. That is until Toothless started chasing after the patch.

—"What is this light? I must get!" —

Toothless said before pouncing on the light, Hiccup looked up and began to laugh his head off.

_ "Quiet human, I must get this light..." _

Hiccup began to move the hammer around, making Toothless claw and chase the light source. He did this for a good five minutes, having a good laugh at the Night Fury's expense.

* * *

><p>THE ARENA</p>

There weren't really that many more dragons for the recruits to face, there was of course the Monstrous Nightmare but that was only saved for initiation. But if you really wanted to go above and beyond, you'd fight the Skrill. If you managed to kill a Skrill, you'd be a legend, they'd sing songs about you for the rest of your life. It used the Skrill and Nightmare were interchangeable, at the end of initiation sometimes you'd fight a Skrill other times a Nightmare. But the lightning dragon proved far to aggressive and deadly to keep having young warriors fight. So eventually, Skrill's were kind of harbored and kept for safe keeping, in case some fool were crazy enough to fight one of these electrifying dragons. But there was one more dragon, that Gobber liked to release on occasion. The Blacksmith opened the gates and out of a small pen door plopped out a very tiny Terrible Terror. Gobber announced then name.

"The Terrible Terror."

The small dragon began to walk around curiously while licking it's lips. All the Hooligans surrounded it confidently, gleaming. All except for Hiccup, who was hanging in the back, just waiting it to happen. Tuffnut began to laugh as he pointed toward the tiny dragon with his spear.

"Ha. It's like the size of my-

The pint sized dragon then flew into the air and attacked Tuffnut, biting him on the nose bringing him down in a blur. All the recruits retreated for a moment, the Vikings watching laughed a little bit at Tuffnut's expense as the Terror began to nip at Tuffnut's nose. That is until the tiny dragon noticed something, a patch of bright light. The dragon leapt off of Tuffnut and began to chase after the light, attempting to catch it. Hiccup was using the light patch trick he used earlier with Toothless. After toying with the tiny dragon for a while, Hiccup lead the dragon back into it's cage. The other recruits looked on in astonishment. Tuffnut motioned to Hiccup.

"Wow, he's better than you ever were."

His words directed toward Astrid, the Hofferson girl only looked on to the Haddock boy with suspicion. The Prince smiled after he lead the Terror into it's confinement, he then turned around and put his foot on the door, now he was just showing off.

* * *

><p>THE FOREST</p>

Astrid Hofferson furiously hurled her ax at nearby tree. She had been doing this all afternoon, before that she actually decided to re-read the book of dragons, and before that she decided to work on her swordsmanship. All of her efforts seemed to be falling apart at the seems, she needed this, she needed to pass initiation. It was a very personal thing, that Astrid didn't like to talk about, not even to her friends. What made it worse was when the Prince's voice kept taunting her to do better.

_ "Give it up lass, that Hiccup boy's gotta ya on the ropes. Don't fret, cheer up, there's always next year...were you'll forever be in his shadow...oh wait...that's right you don't have a next year..."

>

Astrid shock of his annoying voice, and after taking a few more swings, and doing some acrobatic work she spotted Hiccup. The Prince and the Hofferson girl starred at each other for a few seconds. Astrid gave a curious glance when he saw the odd looking saddle in his hands. Another odd thing from Astrid's perspective was that Hiccup seemed a bit fearful when he looked at her. Now it wasn't because from his point of view she was about ready to swing her ax at him. No, this was a different kind of fearful expression, the kind that housed a secret that didn't want to be found out. Before she could say anything, Hiccup began to sprint away. He ducked behind some rocks as Astrid was hot on his heels. She looked over the rock to see he was gone. A few seconds passed and she slammed her fist against the rock and huffed in frustration.

* * *

><p>THE COVE</p>

Later on, Hiccup began to strap on a newly designed harness to Toothless. Toothless wasn't really complaining at them moment mostly because his head was half-way through a barrel of fish that Hiccup acquired. The Prince made sure everyone of his modifications work, until sure enough, they were flying again. This time they were dashing through the air...about a foot of the ground. With Toothless tied to a nearby post with a rope. Hiccup rides him through the air...only stationary. Almost as if Toothless is a giant kite tied to said tree stump. The harness seems to work.

_ "See, I told you it would work." _

The Prince said pleased with himself as he scratched the right part of Toothless's ear. It was then the Prince and the Night Fury landed on the ground, Hiccup was working on a cheat sheet, so he could learn the commands to for Toothless's foot peddle easier. He sketched the part of the tail and the position. Toothless responded with a some what grateful.

_ "You were right, Hiccup, I was wrong." _

_ "Yep, smooth flying from here on out." _

Hiccup and Toothless 'flew' in the air again, for about three seconds, they were a bit ambitious with some of there moves and ended up snapping the rope and the pair crashed into a tree. The two try to

collect themselves, but unlike the rope that was used to tie the Night Fury to the stump, this rope would not break so easily. The Prince grew red in the face as he yanked on the rope.

_ "Oh...boy..." _

_ "Now what?" _

The Night Fury asked as it tried to nip at the rope and snap it in half, but Hiccup had used to strong of a rope. Hiccup laughed nervously.

_ "Well...you aren't going to like this..." _

_ "What is it?" _

* * *

><p>BERK</p>

Night descended onto the isle of Berk yet again and patrols were sent to make sure they're weren't any enemy attacks, or dragon attacks for that matter. The streets are empty for the most part, except for one Viking who crosses Hiccup's path. Hiccup was hanging at the entrance to a dark alleyway, trying to act casual. The patrolling Viking held his torch up high, and nodded his head and happily said.

"Hiccup."

Before he strolled on by as he continued to make his rounds. Hiccup checked to make sure the coast was clear, he covertly steers Toothless into the blacksmith's stall. Toothless was a bit off put by his surroundings, he loved Hiccup like a brother but to be around other monstrous humans was just nerve racking to the Night Fury.

_ "You're right, I don't like this..." _

_ "Be quiet, before someone hears you." _

Hiccup said hurriedly, The dragon was trying his best to not snarl and be intimidated by all the cold steel and iron that littered the blacksmith's stall. While Hiccup hastily tried to find something to cut the rope with. But Toothless began to make a clammier in the Blacksmith's hut because he kept bumping into things. This attracted the attention of a certain blonde Valkyrie not to far away. As Astrid approached the hut she asks.

"Hiccup?"

The Prince froze in his tracks, then frantically tries to pry the ring off the saddle hock. It wouldn't budge. Astrid asked another question.

"Are you in there?"

Astrid continued to walk toward the outside of the Blacksmith's hut, when suddenly Hiccup, jumped out the window and closes the shutters

behind him. The Prince was sweating profusely, because the harness line was stretched through the window and still attached to Toothless's saddle.

"Astrid! Hey! Hi Astrid. Hi Astrid. Hi...Astrid."

Hiccup said trying to said natural but only coming across as more suspicious in the Hofferson girl's eyes. The Prince's nervous laughter didn't help either.

"I normally don't care what people do, but you're acting weird. Well, weird."

"Maybe I'm just like this Astrid, maybe I've always been a little off, so what, now would you kindly leave?"

Hiccup said trying to end this conversation, every conversation with this girl made him awkward inside. The Prince tried to open the shudder doors and sneak back in until, Astrid snatched one of his arms with a firm grip.

"Hold It! I want to know, and be honest...What is with you?"

"What?"

"Don't play coy with me, you know what I mean, you may have everyone else under you're song and dance but not me."

The Prince rolled his eyes.

"Are really that shallow? Is there nothing more you care about then this stupid initiation?"

Astrid let go of Hiccup's arm, and the Prince began to rub it to get feeling back.

"You wouldn't know...It's personal."

"Try me, I've been through Hel, remember that, when you insulted me, you think I asked for any of this?"

This only seemed to get the blonde more infuriated.

"Then why do you want to be admitted into this tribe so badly? You barely even batted an eye in the beginning of this 'stupid initiation', but now you're all 'Oi, look at me I'm Hiccup, I'm the son of the chief, I've actually got a future on this island!'"

The Prince was beginning to get annoyed.

"I don't sound like that...do I?"

"No, you're ten times more pretentious!"

This continued for a while as Toothless looked on in confusion, the Night Fury didn't understand Norse, but didn't take a genius to see that Astrid and Hiccup were furious with one another. Toothless rolled his grass green eyes, it felt like the dragon always had to save his human from the human woman. The Night Fury continued to

watch, until he spotted a sheep. Instinct overtook the Night Fury, and he made a pull toward the sheep. As a result, Hiccup is suddenly pulled tight against the shutters. He made an awkward pose to compensate, Astrid gave a weird look, until she looked downright surprised to see Hiccup get pulled through the shutters. They snap back into her face, Astrid then reopened the shutters and finds nothing but the empty work hut. In the distance, Toothless and Hiccup slip off into the unseen darkness. Hiccup had acquired knife so at least then he could cut rope. The Night Fury was chuckling, even though he was unable to get the sheep, he was more laughing at Hiccup in a way only a dragon could.

_ "Must I always save you from the human women?" _

_ "I had the situation under control...we were just yelling, it's a human thing..." _

_ "You're really beyond hope when it comes to that human love thing, you got going on." _

_ "Yeah, I guess I am." _

Hiccup said laughing to himself, as he ride the Night Fury like a horse back to the Cove. Though what Astrid said had been bothering her, not the yelling part, he was used to that by now, by a variety of different people as a matter of fact. But how almost desperate Astrid seemed, like this forsaken initiation was her last hope at something, Hiccup didn't know what, or why, but if Astrid was going to keep pestering Hiccup, problems could arise in the foreseeable future.

* * *

><p>AUTHOR'S NOTE

Here's Johnny, always wanted to say that...well type that. (P.S. my name isn't johnny). I wanted to get this chapter more out of the way because, next chapter is going to have some heavy stuff, and if every chapter was long and over 10,000 words I don't think I'd be able to keep up. But hey, I'm back, schools over and all that, and for the rest of the summer, regular updates! Yeah! Also big shout out to all people who liked the story and said it was okay for me to take a short break, because honesty, I felt really bad for doing that to you guys. So thank you, KaliAnn, Rogue Deity Master, and Angryhenry. But hey, I'm back, here to stay, here to continue writing, updating, and revising some of my earlier chapters (the grammar is atrocious). I don't want to spoil anything, but if you've seen the movie, you know what's next...so please fav, follow, and review, and have a nice day...

16. Chapter 16

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 16: Chief Stoic Returns

BERK

THE LONG BEACH

BLACK HEART BAY

Today was looking amazing, blue sky far as the eye could see, large hefty white clouds, and not a single dragon in sight. This was considered a beautiful day in the eyes of the Hairy Hooligans. Hiccup was enjoying himself that day, because today would be one of his last day of sword fighting lessons. Elimination was rough on the Young Vikings, it came down to Snotlout, Hiccup, Astrid and Dogsbreath. Hiccup was merely toying with Dogsbreath the Duhbrain, he was mostly on the defensive, the young heir just wanted to enjoy the beautiful day. He kept looking at the birds passing by and the bright blue sky. That is until Dogsbreath sliced at part of Hiccup's tunic, to be fair the Prince hadn't been giving him the utmost attention. But now, Dogsbreath had him captivated, the Prince smirked as he changed his stance.

"Hope you're ready win the prize of Midgard's biggest loser..."

Within a few sharp swings, Dogsbreath was on the defensive. Then Hiccup got a good angle and held his sword to Dogsbreath's throat, the brute of a boy dropped his sword and said sadly.

"I submit."

Dogsbreath picked up his sword as Hiccup put his cleanly back in his scabbard. The Prince then said smugly.

"You've been eliminated..."

Gobber the Belch staggered over. He patted Dogsbreath on the back.

"Dogsbreath, you're out..."

Dogsbreath held his head down low, he had been eliminated from Hooligan Initiation. Hiccup joined the crowd and watched Astrid and Snotlout go at it. A few of the older Vikings came to watch the young Hooligan's display, Hiccup in particular, they congratulated him and treated him like he was a member of the tribe. Mostly because he was, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third was there heir. Hiccup watched as Astrid Hofferson pinned Snotlout against a rock and began to violently thrash at the Jorgenson, to the point that she eventually broke his sword. Snotlout refused to give up, even when Astrid held her sword to his neck.

"Say submit..."

Astrid said coldly as she cracked her neck and edged the sword closer to Snotlout's throat.

"No...Not even for you, babe..."

Snotlout said trying to sound brave, Hiccup applauded Snotlout's bravery. In the Prince's mind, ever Snotlout was incredibly brave, or just stupid, either way Hiccup hated to admit it, the Jorgenson was growing on him. Astrid looked toward Gobber the Belch, and smiled.

"Permission to use lethal force?"

Gobber shook his head dismissively.

"Sorry Astrid you'll have to do it on your own time... Snotlout you're out."

Snotlout slammed his bronze tinted sandals into sand, and shouted.

"But I didn't say 'Submit' -

The Jorgenson covered his mouth, as Astrid sheathed her blade triumphantly.

"I'll take it..."

Astrid said before walking off in her own self-righteous manner. Snotlout tried to object, but Gobber escorted him off the beach. The crowd began to disperse after the victors were chosen. In a couple of days, either Astrid or Hiccup would pass initiation. Truth be told, Hiccup didn't want to stick around and be forced to kill a dragon in front of the entire tribe. But Hiccup, kept that to himself, after waiting a few minutes for the beach to clear up, Hiccup began to make his way back to the village. Fishlegs joined Hiccup on his walk, the husky boy was telling him his chances of passing initiation. His chances were good, and Hiccup didn't like that. As they walked home, Hiccup and Fishlegs passed by Old Wrinkly who was sitting on a rock, he had been watching Hiccup's sword fighting display and was fairly impressed.

"Very impressive..."

Wheezed Old Wrinkly, Hiccup smiled at his grandfather. Fishlegs patted his friend on the back and said.

"We reckon that Hiccup, will be the one to pass initiation test, on Thor's Day Thursday."

Fishlegs said excitedly, The Prince seemed to try and downplay this whole scenario.

"Oh, I don't know, I mean Astrid still has a shot..."

Hiccup said nervously, he was beginning to worry about the rapidly approaching test. The Prince also was coming to the reality that, he would have to leave Berk soon. Old Wrinkly replied.

"So you're starting to worry about that piddly, little test? They're are larger concerns ya know...there's a ginormous storm brewing up for instance. It should hit us by Thor's Day Thursday."

Fishlegs didn't seem to take Old Wrinkly's words of wisdom very lightly.

"Piddly little test?"

The Ingeman boy said indignantly.

"What do ya mean, piddly little test? The Thor's Day Thursday

festival is the biggest event in the archipelago, everybody who is anybody will be there. All the Hairy Hooligans, the Meatheads, Beserkers, Bog Burglars, Hysterics, even the Lava-louts...plus Hiccup, you need a title..."

Hiccup raised an eyebrow, why did he need a title, what was a title, and even so wasn't Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third a long enough name?

"What's a title?"

"You know, like Stoic the Vast, Oswald the Agreeable, Calvin the Combustible something like that."

The brown haired boy was beginning to get what Hiccup was talking about, but then again he already had a title, 'The Prince of Dragons', but then again for the time being it was probably best if he didn't go by Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, The Prince of Dragons...For one the name was far to long, secondly, Hiccup didn't think it'd be wise to advertise his name like that. The Prince then thought back to that one name Snotlout had called him, Useless, he smiled.

"I'm going to call myself, Hiccup the Useful..."

Hiccup said beaming.

"I thought of it just now and I'm really pleased with it."

Fishlegs then nodded and replied.

"Right, It's solid, dependable, not to flash and not to much to live up to...I like it."

"I knew ya would...now I must be off...my mother is probably calling me..."

Hiccup lied through a false smile, he was about to walk away and leave but part of him wanted to stay. This was bothering him, how much he was enjoying himself here on Berk as the Heir to the Hairy Hooligans. The Prince needed to leave soon, before he got entirely attached to this isle. He was about to walk away when Fishlegs asked.

"Hiccup, are you still doubting you'll pass this test, don't worry you'll be fine, you'll pass with flying colors, right Old Wrinkly?"

"Oh, I think it's almost a certainty."

Said Old Wrinkly, looking at Hiccup, and then noticing how distracted his grandson was. Old Wrinkly then added.

"Almost."

Repeated Old Wrinkly thoughtfully as he narrowed his eyes toward his grandson, the boy seemed a bit off today. Then the boys went home, well, Fishlegs went home at least, Hiccup ventured off into the deep brush of the Hooligan Forest.

* * *

><p>HOOLIGAN HARBOR</p>

A lone, battered ship is pulled into the harbor, overloaded with equally battered Vikings. Dozens crammed onto one tiny ship, it was disheartening to say the least. The Vikings disembark to a crowd of onlookers, looking like a team of hometown heroes who just had their butts thoroughly kicked. Gobber hobbled through the mumbling crowd to find Stoic the Vast, last to disembark and glowering with battered pride. A random Viking from the crowd asked.

"Where are the other ships?"

Spitelout stepped forward and answered that question solemnly.

"You don't want to know."

Stoic, lumbered past Gobber, leaving him staring at the trashed piece of drift wood that once was the Lucky Thirteen. Gobber then Belch then asked.

"Well, I trust you found the nest at least?"

"Not even close."

Stoic said grimly, his pride was more damaged than anything. Gobber the Belch nodded before he sarcastically replied

"Ah. Excellent."

Gobber follows Stoic up the ramp and snags his duffle bag with his hook appendage, sharing the burden.

"I hope you've had a little more success than me..."

"Well if by success you mean you're parenting troubles are over, then yes."

Stoic stopped dead in his tracks, what did that mean? As Stoic was pondering Gobber's words, a group of merry Hooligans rushed past there Chief.

"Congratulations Stoic! Everyone is so relieved!"

"Out with the old and in with the new, right?!"

"Happy Day Stoic, Congrats!"

"The village is throwing a party to celebrate!"

Stoic is stunned and confused, overwhelmed by the insensitivity, he turned to Gobber the Belch.

"What's going on...wait, he's...here?"

Gobber shook his dismissively head, Stoic's face seemed to drift a bit as the Blacksmith then tried to recover the moment.

"He's here, just not in the village. He's gone most afternoons. But

who can blame him? I mean the life of a celebrity is very rough. He can barely walk through the village without being swarmed by his new fans?"

Stoic could not believe his ears, he was now doubly confused.

"Hiccup...?"

Gobber smiled, beaming.

"Who would've thought, eh? Stoic...he came back..."

Stoic seemed to smile under his bushy beard, but then collected himself. The Hooligan Chief then began to make his way home, all the while, every member of his tribe congratulating him, telling him how relieved and happy they are for there chief. Though Stoic wasn't prepared for what happened when he enter his home to see it in a complete and utter mess. Almost everything from the downstairs storage was in a mess and Valka was searching for something and was determined to find it. The Chief tried to be careful in order to avoid stepping on anything, eventually he found a nice spot to lay down his duffle bag on the far side of the house. Stoic then had to carefully walk back to were Valka was by the basement. Valka apparently hadn't noticed Stoic, she was that into her search.

"Were is it? I knew I should of given to my father..."

"Um...Val?"

"He never losses, anything, it's amazing, and our house has always been...less then stellar..."

"Val?"

Stoic asked trying to be patient with his wife.

"Val, I'm home..."

"Oh, there it is...right were I left you..."

Valka said rather pleased as she pulled out what appeared to be a sturdy looking Viking helmet. Though in fact it was part of Breast Plate at one time, Valka's family wasn't exactly the wealthiest in Berk and they had to improvise and streamline a lot of things. Valka's armor when she was little...well littler, was made out of old armor and even older metal. She still had no idea that Stoic was standing behind her, until the shield maiden bumped into her. Valka smiled.

"Oh Stoic, welcome back. I have fantastic news!"

The shield maiden practically danced around the room, as she hugged Stoic.

"He's back Stoic! Hiccup he came back!"

Stoic the Vast could not believe his ears, he in all honesty had doubted some of the local villagers claiming his son had returned.

But to see his wife practically exploding with joy and happiness was enough to convince anyone that in fact Hiccup had returned.

"What?"

"It's true! Oh, he's amazing, he's doing great in the ring, making all kinds of friends, he's got a wonderful personality..."

Valka went on, she could have talked about how great her son was for hours on end. Stoic stopped her after a while.

"Well, where is he?"

"He spends most of his time in the forest, Thor only knows doing what...but he usually stops by Gobber's once and while."

The Shield Maiden then handed the Chief her 'helmet', and began to push Stoic out the door.

"Well, go on, find him! Oh, when Hiccup meets you he'll be overfond with joy, we can get the family painting redone, we'll go fishing, we'll have a picnic, we'll do everything together."

Stoic wasn't exactly sure what to say or think as his wife pushed him out the door and sent him on his way. The Chief began to wander around the village looking for his son, he spent most of the day doing this because his wife kept telling him to continue his search whenever he came back to his hut.

* * *

><p>THE COVE</p>

Hiccup and Toothless flew over the island of Berk in the upper air of the sky. They soared through the perfect blue sky, billowing clouds rose like big white mountains in the sky. The ground was miles below them now, it felt good. Almost like a feeling of freedom washed over the Prince and the Night Fury when they finally reached this amazing height. In Dragonese the Prince said to the Night Fury.

_ "Over there bud, we're gonna take this nice and slow..." _

The Prince then checked his cheat sheet, and clipped it onto the harness of Toothless's saddle. Hiccup wasn't entirely comfortable with the prosthetic tail in all regards, so he always kept his cheat sheet handy just to be safe. He looked upon the cheat sheet, inscribed with several tail positions and their pedal position equivalents. Hiccup took a deep breath in.

_ "Here we go, Here we go...position, three...no four..." _

The Prince pressed on the pedal, causing the false tail to flare. They roll off into an arching bank, gloriously lit by the late afternoon sun. Hiccup tucks tight against his neck, thrilled that his new harness and vest are holding up strong. The foot controls make the tail appendage quick and responsive. He watches Toothless's every fluctuation, trying to match it with the prosthetic. Hiccup and Toothless gaze up at a target, towering sea stacks off the coast of Berk. Hiccup smiled as he looked down to see the towering arch of

stone rising from out of the sea.

_ "Human, are you ready for this?" _

The Night Fury asked hastily, the Prince nodded quickly.

_ "Alright, it's go time. It's go time." _

_ "Are going to continue to repeat yourself?" _

_ "Hey, I do it when I get nervous...so what?" _

The Night Fury rolled his massive grass green eyes, as the two dived down toward the stone arch, lining up to pass through the formation. The Prince was really getting into this.

_ "Come on. Come on buddy. Come on buddy!" _

They zip through the arch in a perfectly executed maneuver.

_ "Yeah! Yes it worked!" _

_ "Hiccup, focus..." _

_ "What, this is great, it's working!" _

Hiccup's triumph is short-lived as they smacked into one of several sea stacks. The Prince tries to keep up with the sharp turns of the Night Fury.

_ "Sorry..." _

They hurtle into another rock pillar. Toothless grumbled as they hit the stack.

_ "My Fault." _

Hiccup apologized, though in all honesty, he could have been paying more attention. Feeling rather annoyed, the Night Fury swats Hiccup with his ear, the boy winces slightly.

_ "Focus human, I don't want to have to tell you again..." _

_ "Yeah, yeah, I'm on it." _

Hiccup said referring to the cheat sheet.

_ "Position Four...No three..." _

They pierce the clouds, for the first time in what seemed like forever, Hiccup can see the while of the island. As they rise it only becomes a tiny speck on to the dragon and his rider. It continually shrinks with every passing second. The Prince smiles as he tightens his grip on the handles of Toothless's saddle.

_ "Yeah! Go baby!" _

Hiccup cheered on with enthusiasm, Toothless chuckled at the boy's joy.

_ "You're enjoying yourself." _

_ "Yes, I am! Oh, I live for this! The wind in my..." _

Just then, the Prince spots the lather guide tearing free in the fierce turbulence.

_ "CHEAT SHEET! STOP!" _

Hiccup frantically grabs for the airborne sheet of paper and nabs it just before it's carried out of his reach. Toothless, however listens to Hiccup's cries and suddenly stops beating his bat-like wings. As they slow to a stop, Hiccup goes weightless. The rings of his vest float off of the harness hooks. Hiccup suddenly finds himself detached, he's now in a free fall. Hiccup shouted.

_ "Oh gods!" _

_ "Oh no!" _

The Night Fury screeched in Dragonese, without Hiccup, the tail loses control. Hiccup and Toothless spiral downward toward the isle of Berk at high speeds. Toothless fights to get back under Hiccup. Ordinarily the Prince would have used his flight suit to slow the fall, but it was too risky because if he did the Night Fury would plummet down to earth and probably...Hiccup didn't want to think about it. The Night Fury was thrashing around every which way, trying to get back under Hiccup, as the Prince tried to calm the dragon down.

_ "Alright, okay. You just gotta kinda angle yourself!" _

_ "I'm trying human!" _

The Night Fury continued to spiral and thrash in mid-air while trying to move toward Hiccup. Hiccup continued to instruct the dragon.

_ "No, No... come back down-_

The Prince extended his arms and legs, giving himself as much surface area as possible. He angles back towards Toothless and the tumbling dragon whacks Hiccup with his legs.

_ "Hey, What was that- " _

_ "Now is not the time to get angry, FOCUS!" _

With that, the Prince fell silent and tried again to latch onto the Night Fury, after a few more misses Hiccup finally grabs hold of the harness and manages to lock himself back in. Just in time to pull Toothless out of the dive, barely shy of the tops of a few trees. They careen past the wooded cliff and directly into a treacherous slalom course of jutting sea stacks. Both the Prince and Night Fury are panicking at this point, Hiccup tries to check his positions, but with the violent turbulence it's near impossible. As they approach a rather large sea stack, Toothless closes his eyes, fearing the worst for a moment. The Prince swallows hard, with no time to think, Hiccup throws the sheet away and steers Toothless's tail on instinct...with perfect intuition. Together, they manage a tight, hair-raising series of split second turns making it to open water, unscathed. Hiccup

takes a deep breath and glances back at the death-defying obstacle course of sea stacks, now safely behind them. The two beam, relieved that they overcame that obstacle. Hiccup sits up and throws his arms up in victory.

_ "YEAHHHHH!" _

The Night Fury smiled, he to was feeling a bit of rush. Toothless concurs with Hiccup's joy by blasting a fireball. Hiccup's joy decreased slightly as they fly directly into it.

_ "Ah, come on..." _

Hiccup said before they dived into the flames. When Hiccup came out of the blaze, he was covered in ash, the Prince didn't mind but still it was annoying. Toothless chuckled a bit.

_ "Ya got soot in your hair human?" _

_ "Was that necessary?" _

_ "We were celebrating...also it was funny." _

Hiccup rolled his green eyes.

_ "Yeah, yeah...Hey I'm starving, ya want to get something to eat?"

_

* * *

><p>THE LONG BEACH<p>

BLACK HEART BAY

Toothless and Hiccup lounged about on the sprawling deserted beach. Now Blackheart beach was a bit out of the way for most people in the isle of Berk to get to but not far enough to the village to be accessible. Though it was late in the afternoon and for the most part it was vacant, save the seagull that flew here or there. The Dragon and the Prince were both feasting on fish they had each caught, Toothless had caught considerably more then Hiccup though. But Hiccup had caught enough fish to feed a small family for a week, and he wasn't going to share with the Night Fury who had caught ten times as much. As Hiccup cooked his fish over a fire with a large stick, the Night Fury looked over the boy. He was feeling a bit bad for his treatment of Hiccup earlier, the Night Fury regurgitated part of fish, and said.

_ "You want some, I've got plenty." _

Hiccup smirks and with forced politeness said.

_ "No thanks...I'm good..." _

The Prince said gesturing to his fish on a stick.

_ "Your loss..." _

Toothless said before devoured a separate fish, just in case Hiccup changed his mind about the head. It was then something odd happened,

remember those dragons from a while ago, the ones that Hiccup and the young Hooligans were supposed to eat? Well, they came fluttering back, smelling an easy to catch meal, all of them still as small as ever. All the Zipplebacks, the Gronckles, the Monstrous Nightmare, the Nadder and the even the Whispering Death. They were all hissing and nipping at each other as they approach Toothless' pile of fish. The Prince chuckles a bit, as Toothless brings his catch closer to his claws trying to defend it.

_ "Hey guys, tough time making it back to the Caliban Caves?"

-

Hiccup said invitingly to the young dragons, one of the small dragons the Monstrous Nightmare, managed to snatch the regurgitated fish head and dragged it away. The young Deadly Nadder attempts to steal the head, they face off and blast fire balls at each to settle the fight. The Prince and Toothless watch amused by there antics. That is until, Toothless hears what sounded like borrowing underground. The Night Fury then saw one of his fish leaving the pike. A stealthy Whispering Death is exposed as the thief. Toothless snarls, having a history with Whispering Death's, you could tell he wasn't the most comfortable toward them. The two dragons tug on the fish, it's a very short fight that Toothless inevitably won. The Night Fury swallowed the fish and began to taunt the Whispering Death. Irate, the little dragon gets ready to burrow underground and get another fish. While Toothless, done messing around with the tiny little dragon, simply fired a small flame straight into the Whispering Death's mouth, causing flames to build in the dragon. Hiccup looked over annoyed.

_ "Toothless." _

_ "They tried to steal my food they should be prepared for the consequences." _

_ "They're not a year old, they don't know what consequences are yet..." _

Toothless scoffed as the Whispering Death coughed up some smoke and slithered away, looking ill. The Prince laughed, as he began to toss some of his fish out for the younger dragons to eat. They all quickly jumped at the opportunity, he then turned toward the Whispering Death, he remembered Old Wrinkly's words about how similar he was to these dragons.

_ "Not so fireproof on the inside, are you?" _

Hiccup then throw the hapless dragon his freshly cooked fish.

_ "Here ya go..." _

The appreciative little dragon gulps down the meal and approached Hiccup cautiously. He curls up next to him, Hiccup smiles amazed.

_ "How 'bout that, I got a new friend." _

Toothless snarled in dismay, Hiccup began to laugh.

_ "Oi, don't tell me the great and mighty Night Fury is jealous of a

wee little Whispering Death." _

_ "No...I just don't like them..." _

_ "Cry baby..." _

The Prince said as they watched the beautiful orange sunset. After a few minutes the dragons eventually flew away, to where nobody knew, but Hiccup hoped they'd be safe. Hopefully return to the Caliban Caves. It was then, the Night Fury asked.

_ "So...when can we leave?" _

The Prince was rather surprised by that question. Hiccup didn't have an answer, even though he said time and time again, he wanted to leave. But, eventually the Prince sighed and caved in.

_ "I don't know, when do you want to leave." _

_ "As soon as possible...I'm tired of this island, I want to able to go into my Hibernation Sleep sometime before the winter hits..." _

Hiccup nodded, but Toothless could see the sadness in the humans eyes.

_ "It's your family isn't it?" _

_ "Yeah...it's gonna be hard...ya know I've yet to meet my father, but from what my mother has told me, he's a good guy...for a dragon killer. She's never hurt a thing in her life...my mother, she's sweet but I'm gonna have to leave her." _

Toothless purred sympathetically.

_ "Hiccup, I knew this is hard but...what if they really found out about you, they'd kill you in a heart beat, and me to. At one point they may have been you're family, they still are you're family, but is the risk worth it...?" _

_ "No..." _

Hiccup said mutely, then he started to a disheartening sad laugh.

_ "I just wish I could say something..." _

The Night Fury sighed sadly, he hated to see Hiccup in such a state of depression.

_ "I'm sorry human..." _

_ "It's not your fault Night Fury, it's my own...I got to attached. Best leave as soon as possible before something even worse happens..." _

Hiccup said wearily, he really was getting depressed about this, leaving his home, his mother, and everything he had learned about himself behind. It was just horrible. Toothless then said.

_ "I'll give you time to say you're goodbyes...if that's what you want." _

_ "Yeah...that's what I want..." _

The Prince said slowly, a cracked smile with tears streaming down the sides forming. Hiccup then got onto the back of Toothless and together they flew back to the cove, Hiccup put away his Prince garb and walked home.

* * *

><p>BERK</p>

The Prince first went for his stuff in his private room at the Blacksmiths' Hut. He needed a minute, today had been a bit hard on Hiccup. So the boy sat at his desk that was covered in all sorts of designs for Toothless's saddle and even a few of Toothless. He was lost in thought burdened by the weight of the world on his shoulders. For a few minutes Hiccup just sat there in the candle light, flicking a pencil up his desk, trying to think a way to say goodbye to his life here on Berk. It was then, Stoic the Vast appeared in Hiccup's doorway, the Chief went wide-eyed, and almost lost for words. This boy was the spitting image of his mother. Chief Stoic tried to remain calm and make a good first impression on his son. Hiccup hadn't noticed the Chief until he turned his head to the doorway. While Hiccup had seen a few pictures of his father, his mind was elsewhere at this point so he really didn't realize it was his father at first. He panicked for a moment, as Hiccup jumped to cover his desk.

"Hello there...umm...Gobber isn't back yet so..."

He skirts the bench with various drawings and what not, trying to block Stoic's view of his dragon drawings, the prosthetic tail and other things before he realized what they were. Hiccup then strikes an awkward pose trying to cover up as much as possible. Stoic the Vast wasn't really sure what to say about the boy, he seemed tired and confused from what, Stoic didn't know. The Chief then pointed a fat finger toward Hiccup and said.

"I know. I came looking for you."

The Prince turned paler than a ghost, he was beginning to think he had been caught by this man.

"Ya...Ya did?"

With a stern voice, Stoic the Vast said.

"You've been keeping secrets. You've been trying to hide from me..."

Hiccup was shaking but still tried to play the situation out naturally. In the process his legs give out, he slides over, dragging the table's contents with him. The Prince began to stutter.

"I...have?"

"Just how long did you think you could hide it from me? Hide yourself

from me?"

Hiccup swallowed hard, he realized what he was doing was in vain.

"I don't know what you're..."

Stoic interrupted him.

"Nothing happens on this island without me hearing about it..."

"Oh?"

There is a dreadful silence in the room for a moment, before Stoic asks.

"So...Let's talk about that...you and you're secrets..."

Blood drained from Hiccup face, he began to plead.

"Oh gods. I'm sorry. One thing led to another, I was gonna tell people. I just didn't know how to-

Halfway through Hiccup's desperate pleads, Stoic the Vast started to laugh, a big booming laugh that filled the room. Hiccup looked at the man baffled.

"You're not...upset..."

"What?! I was hoping for this! For sixteen years!"

Stoic replied, leaving the Prince even more baffled and confused by the matter. He was beginning to think this man was either crazy or drunk.

"Uh...you were?"

"And believe me, it only gets better. Just wait till we go fishing! Or sword fighting, or I teach you everything I knew about the world! Or when you spill a Nadder's guts for the first time!"

Hiccup's elated expression sinks into disgust.

"And mount your first Gronckle Head on a spear. What a feeling!"

Stoic laughs and smacks Hiccup on the shoulder, sending him into the wall. Hiccup then asked.

"Who are you exactly?"

The Chief stops he forgot, through all the pride and joy he was currently feeling, to introduce himself.

"I'm the Chief of this tribe...and your father..."

Stoic said happiness in his blue eyes, Hiccup wasn't exactly sure what to say or how to feel.

"Hello, Dad..."

Hiccup said trying to put a smile, it hurt him to do so though. On one hand, this was his father, he never had a father and here he was and you know what, he seemed like a nice enough person. But on the other hand, Hiccup didn't have the time to get to know this man, he wasn't sure if he should just regard Stoic as a mere stranger or his father. But a big part of him was so happy to have finally met his father, Hiccup never had a father so this was monumental for him. Stoic went on.

"Ya know...son...let me just say...It's so good to see you again son, Oh, the things I've wanted to do, we can finally go fishing, go hunting, but most of all, I get to watch you grow up..."

Hiccup put on a false smile, as Stoic continued as he grabbed a stool and sat down. His massive frame nearly filling the tiny room.

"Ahhhh. With you doing so well in the ring, you returning after all these years I can finally do what I've always wanted to do I can talk to my son..."

There is a pregnant pause, Hiccup averts his eyes nervously, while Stoic adjusts in his seat, and clears his throat. After awhile the silence becomes really uncomfortable and then Stoic removed something from his tunic.

"Oh, I...brought you something."

The Chief then presents Hiccup with what appears to be a horned helmet.

"To keep you safe in the ring."

With a sincere smile and basking in his father's gratitude, Hiccup responded with.

"Wow...Thanks..."

Stoic then hands Hiccup the helmet, he begins to overlook it.

"You're mother wanted to give it to you, she nearly tore the house apart trying to find it..."

Hiccup continued to overlook the helmet when Stoic went on.

"It's half of her breast plate..."

The Prince eyes narrowed, he was still grateful even if it was a bit odd for a gift. Stoic taps his own helmet and smiles.

"Matching set, keeps her close, y'know?"

Hiccup eyes the mismatched helmets, grimacing.

"Wear it proudly, you deserve it. Hiccup."

Stoic said beaming with pride, while Hiccup continued to squirm like a worm. He forced a yawn to try and end this conversation.

"I should really get to bed."

It was then the father and son began to talk over one another as they tried to each end the conversation.

"Yes! Good!"

"Okay. Good Talk."

"See you back at the house."

"We should do this again."

"Yes, Great."

"Thanks for stopping glad, I finally got to meet you. And thank you for the..."

"Yes, and I hope you have a good night and for the...the uh, like the hat..."

"The breast hat..."

Stoic then ended the seemingly never ending conversation.

"Well...uh...good night."

Stoic then left the room awkwardly, leaving Hiccup more burdened than ever. Chief Stoic begins to walk out of the small corner room, he nods feeling as though his first meeting with his son went exceptionally well. As he tried to leave the hut, Stoic began to knock over various barrels of weapons. The Prince didn't get home until much later that evening, unsure of what to do with himself.

* * *

><p>ASTRID'S HOUSE</p>

Astrid was exceptionally late to make it home that night. To be fair, she spent most of the day training. The Hofferson girl looked as if she had been training all day, on her sword fighting, ax fighting, dragon fighting, survivalist skills, and even her acrobatics. Astrid needed to be in tip condition if she wanted to beat Hiccup, she had to be the one to pass initiation. It wasn't a desire to win, it was almost something she couldn't live without, like oxygen or water. There was reason for this, a deep personal reason. When Astrid got home, she was expecting, or more hoping to have the house to herself yet again. But to her annoyance, both of her parents were there. They had returned from the long expedition looking very stern and burdened. Sinclair, Astrid's father, spoke to his daughter as she began to relinquish her weaponry into a bag.

"Hey Mom...Dad..."

"Astrid, where were you?"

"Training...were else?"

"It's nearly midnight Astrid, you didn't even have the decency to greet us when we got home...you were supposed to take care of the house."

Sinclair said furiously, he went on.

"And you did what instead, train? To be a Viking Warrior? You don't need to be a warrior Astrid, I'll never understand this with you..."

Astrid rolled her eyes in annoyance.

"Oh, here we go."

"Astrid, listen to me, you're going to get yourself killed, by a dragon, by enemies or by your own incompetence..."

The Hofferson girl, slammed her boot to the ground.

"Why can't you let me be who I am, I'm not some flower for you to protect, that's not me!"

Frigg sighed, her husband and daughter would always get into these fights. Honestly she tried to avoid them as much as possible but there wasn't much she could do when they got into a fight. They would just get so heated it was almost saddening.

"I know where you get from, you get this reckless behavior from you're Uncle Finn. The very man who brought shame onto this family because of his reckless behavior."

Astird had enough of her father's attitude.

"You don't talk about Uncle Finn, that way, he's the reason I got into fighting, he taught me how to raise an ax while you didn't want anything to do with me!"

Sinclair scoffed at his daughter.

"That's not true, but c'mon Astrid be reasonable, you're saying I'm a terrible father because I want you to live a safe life. I gave you one chance at this initiation thing, after you begged and begged and begged, and still you say I'm the bad guy...?"

Astrid began to head up to her room, done with her father's quips.

"No, you're a terrible father because you want to control me..."

It was then Astrid went up to her room, and locked the door as her father continued to ramble outside. Frigg eventually calmed him down eventually and they to went to bed. While Astrid tried to get a decent night's sleep, she needed all the help she could get for tomorrow. If she didn't pass her father would practically chain her to rock and make sure she never truly got accepted into the Hooligan Tribe.

* * *

><p>AUTHOR'S NOTE

**So the other day I watched the first 13 episodes of season 3 of Dragons and it was good, though so things are beginning to bother me but there very trivial things, nothing major. Now, let me just say, Dagur is hilarious in this show, he fits right in with the books and movies, he is a great edition. I loved his character since season one, he's great in season 2, and just steals the show every time he's on screen in season 3. Now my only problem is that the show is kind of becoming predictable, I mean Hiccup always wins, and that's kind of a double edge sword. He doesn't go through peaks and valleys like in the books and even the movies. All of his problems are solved in the span of about 22 minutes because, he's the good guy. That's all fine and good, but the hero needs to lose sometimes, it makes you feel better when you see the hero rises up and overcome his problem. Now in the books this was captured perfectly, and I know the books and movies are two different beasts, but look at Httyd 2, I personally didn't expect Stoic to die. Holy Hell, that was horrific, sad and it fit the mood. Httyd 2, is on par with the original because it did the same thing as the original and still is vastly different, the hero was at a low point, and ended on a high point. Dragons: Race to the Edge needs more of that in my opinion. Also introduce new characters here and there, believe me I know it's good to build off of what you already have but imagine Hiccup and the gang meeting the Visithugs, or the Bog Burglars and the possibilities from that. But other then that, the characters are still fun, the writing is still great, all around a good product. It's not bad, no matter what anyone says. Ps. Going off on a tangent here, what if they had Humongously Hotshot the Hero in an episode, here's the plot, Stoic thinks Hiccup needs a bodyguard, in comes Hotshot. He constantly interrupts Hiccup and his personal life, while simultaneously teaching him how to sword fight and be more of a man which Hiccup is miserable at. All the while trying to kill the Hooligan Heir, then it turns out that Dagur actually blackmailed him and the rest pretty much plays out like How to Twist a Dragons Tale. Would that work? Writers of the show, if you're reading this, do that, please! I'm begging you! On that note, don't forget to follow, favorite and review. Have a nice day, Nobody'sHero98. **

17. Chapter 17

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 17: Astrid Goes For A Spin

BERK

For Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, the hope and heir to the Hairy Hooligan tribe, today would be one of the most awkward days of his young life. It began with him waking up in his bed and heading downstairs from his room to eat breakfast with his birth family. Valka was already up cooking breakfast and Stoic was tending to the morning fire. Hiccup sat down at the breakfast table and waited patiently for his meal. Now to the commoner that might seem fairly normal but it was as far from normal as you could possibly get for Hiccup. After a few minutes, Valka had prepared breakfast Hiccup, then ate a meal with both of his parents, part of him was rather happy that this was happening, but the other part just felt uncomfortable. This was far out of the Prince's usual comfort zone, amplified even more by how slow everyone ate.

Now if that wasn't weird enough for the young Hooligan Heir, his mother had scheduled the family portrait to be redone. They had to go down to the Great Hall so everyone could watch, something about Hooligan Tradition to watch these sort of things. Hiccup stood perfectly still next to his parent holding a sword and shield with his mother's helmet on his head as Bucket painted the portrait. Bucket had a knack for painting, it was one of his hidden talents, or possibly it had something to do with the head trauma he had accumulated over the years. Nobody really knew the reasoning. It was just Hiccup awkwardly standing there, confused and bored to near death. Still he forced a smile and his parents were practically radiate with happiness. The final product after a few hours was surprisingly accurate only Hiccup had an awkward grimace on his face. Though his parents seemed pleased with it, so they really didn't complain.

Afterwards Hiccup's day went by rather odd, his parents decided to have a picnic around lunchtime, Stoic and Valka brought nearly a weeks supply of food to this picnic. So if anything this was more like a banquet then an actual picnic. The Haddock family walked until they got to the edge of the forest, that is where they set up there picnic. All throughout feast, The Prince wanted desperately to tell them, 'Oh yeah, by the way, I'm leaving soon...' or 'On a side note, I'm the Prince of Dragons'. But whenever Hiccup got around to those subject's he would often choke up and simply ask for more mutton or to try some mead. His parents really didn't seem to notice what was wrong with Hiccup, they were a bit to blinded by there own happiness. Which in a way was understandable. Stoic hadn't noticed at all and Valka was to overjoyed to notice her son's less then normal behavior, leaving Hiccup sitting there awkward and wanting to tell his parents the truth. But he couldn't it was just to hard for the boy. Eventually after lunch was finished, Stoic then got up and said.

"Okay now, let's go fishing. I know an excellent spot."

Hiccup nodded casually, he was to distracted by the weirdness of the day. Valka smiled before responding.

"You mean the Cove, Stoic?"

The Prince went wide-eyed, as Stoic nodded to affirm Valka's response. Hiccup got up and darted for the woods nearby. His parents were confused by Hiccup's sudden outburst, Stoic then asked.

"Son, where in Thor's name are you going?"

The Prince thought up a really, really desperate answer.

"I'm going hunting for Trolls...they steal your socks...it's okay I'll meet you there!"

Hiccup said before disappearing into the forest leaving Stoic and Valka very confused. Stoic turned toward Valka as he continued to collect supplies.

"Trolls?"

"I think Gobber might have gotten to him..."

Valka replied as they continued to pack up there supplies.

* * *

><p>THE COVE</p>

Hiccup was out of breath when he got to the Cove, he was sweating all over. Quickly he climbed down to see the slumbering Night Fury, upon sensing Hiccup's presence the Night Fury quickly got up and shock violently in an attempt to wake himself up. Toothless gave a confused look as Hiccup then said in Dragoneese.

_ "We've gotta hide you..." _

The Night Fury grew a terrified look, had they been discovered?

_ "From who?" _

_ "My parents..." _

The Night Fury gave a panic look but still harboring confusion.

_ "What? Why?" _

_ "They wanted to go fishing! And apparently this is a good spot!" _

Toothless looked toward the cove, he though it best not to tell Hiccup that he allow had practically fished out everything of value in the cove. But Hiccup was in such a panic he didn't seem to care or notice.

_ "Okay...we gotta hide you, um...we can't fly, there's a chance they might spot you...um...over there!" _

Hiccup pointed to the shadowy dark side of the cove. Toothless wasn't exactly sure what to think or to say.

_ "Hiccup...are you really serious, you're getting to attached, we should really leave now...right now, would be an excellent time to leave..." _

The Prince didn't listen, as he began to guide the Night Fury over to the shadowy part of the cove. Hiccup then hastily said.

_ "Get in there Night Fury, well talk about this later?" _

The Night Fury began to get visibly more irritated, not angry because Hiccup was spending time with his family. But annoyed and terrified because he brought them to there own little refuge. They both doubted this plan would even work but the Prince had to think of something to keep this rouse up. It's then he heard the cries of his mother, rhythmically she shouted.

"Hiccup!? Hiccup!? Where are you?!"

Hiccup watched as the Night Fury indignantly got into an

uncomfortable position and began to blend into the wood work. The Prince smiled nervously as he then ran off and began to climb out of the cove's walls. Leaving Toothless in a rather grumpy mood. After a short climb, Hiccup reached his parents who were just outside the rocks that were above the cove. There son put on a smile, as Stoic and Valka eyed Hiccup curious about there son's behavior. Stoic then asked.

"Son...are you okay, you've been acting...odd today..."

Hiccup began to nervously chuckle.

"What? I have...well, I guess I'm just a bit...nervous...because, this is really the first time I've ever really spent the day with my parents...that's all..."

The Prince said putting on a painful false smile, Valka and Stoic seemed to buy Hiccup's lies though and they fished for the rest of the morning. Though they didn't catch anything for some odd reason, when Stoic the Vast saw the various tracks, he assumed that some dragon landed her and fished the cove dry.

"Horrible reptiles, always taking stuff that doesn't belong to them..."

Valka sighed as she began to reel in here line.

"Stoic, they're dragons they can't help what they do..."

"Dragons are unholy abominations and the day the world is ride of them, the better."

Stoic said angrily, Hiccup controlled himself from lashing toward his father, because the Prince knew deep down that he was a...well...decent person...for a dragon killer. Toothless who had been watching the Haddock family in curiosity growled at that particular moment in rage at Stoic's comment. In confusion, Stoic and Valka turned toward Hiccup who happened to be closest to where the Night Fury was in the shadows. Hiccup quickly thought up an answer, he gripped his stomach and said.

"Grrr...I'm hungry..."

Valka raised both her eyebrows in surprise.

"But we just ate an hour ago...and you're so thin, how can you still be hungry?"

Stoic only laughed as he ruffled his sons hair, making it fly in all directions.

"Ha Ha, the boys still growing, he's probably hitting his growth spurt. No wonder he's hungry, he's like me when I was a boy..."

The Chief said as Hiccup only let out a few nervous chuckles, Valka sighed with a smile she began to pack up her things.

"I suppose we should head back anyway, it's almost time for Hiccup's final exam..."

Chief Stoic went wide-eyed.

"By Thor you're right! C'mon son, you can eat everything ya want later, we need to rush down to the arena...To think all of those years you were away...well, look at ya known, on you're way to being a Viking Hero...I'm so proud of ya son. "

Stoic said with pride on his face, Valka hugged Hiccup, in a way she was also proud. Hiccup only felt one emotion and it wasn't pride, if anything it was more equivalent to disgust or sadness. One or the other, pick your poison. Sad because his family was under the impression he was on the path to be some sort of Viking Dragon Killing Warrior Prince, and that he continually lied to them about his life, and were he had lived, even who had raised him. But in a way, he had to because if he didn't, to his parents it would have been like pouring salt the wound to find out there son is one of the Archipelago's most infamous heroes. He felt disgusted because he seen as a dragon killer, and seen as a bloody good dragon killer. Despite Hiccup's feelings, the young heir packed up his things and the Haddock family then began to make there way back to the village, Hiccup feeling even more grief stricken.

* * *

><p>THE ARENA</p>

After the Haddock family's fishing trip there afternoon was spent in the Arena. The whole of the village surrounded the arena with nothing but unbridled excitement. Today was the last day of elimination, the recruits remaining only had to show all of there skill they had accumulated to take down a dragon. There were barriers littered all across the arena and one of which was one that the young Hooligan was currently hiding behind. Hiccup really couldn't what was worse at this point, spending the day awkwardly talking with his parents or being seen as this great up-incoming dragon killer. Hiccup sat behind some cover still thinking about how to break the news to his parents, or to anyone overall. The Prince wasn't attention to the fighting, not even to the massive Gronckle hovering above the ring, seeking out victims as the teen recruits scramble. When the Hofferson Girl finally noticed Hiccup she held her ax to his throat and said.

"Stay out of my way! I'm winning this thing..."

Hiccup unlike previously mentioned times didn't even so much as flinch toward the Hofferson Girl's threats. The Prince then said calmly.

"Please, by all means..."

Astrid then darted off, closing in fast on the Gronckle. The crowd of onlookers cheered her on from above. Including Astrid's parents. Frigg had wanted to come and watch her daughter in action much to the disapproval of Sinclair who was practically dragged from there hut by Frigg. Sinclair looked uncomfortable whenever he watched his daughter get closer to that Gronckle. He was never one for violence, but part of him was captivated by this, although Sinclair would of never admit it, he was proud to see her daughter fight like a Viking. Frigg kept on cheering from the sidelines shouting.

"You got it Astrid!"

Meanwhile, Hiccup was still behind cover his mind was in to much of a haze to fight. The Prince even considered letting Astrid win this so called initiation and kill the dragon so he could leave. But that would have gone against everything he stood for as the Prince of Dragons. Hiccup swallowed his pride and stood up amidst the crowd of onlookers, Stoic and Valka watch keenly. Stoic beaming with pride, Valka reasonably happy but these fighting events weren't exactly her cup of tea. Hiccup starred at the two of them for a moment, particularly his father. The two locked eyes and Stoic gave him a nod of encouragement. Hiccup adjusts his new helmet and forces a halfhearted smile. Unbeknownst to Hiccup, the Gronckle spots him and makes a bee-line toward him at breakneck speed. From behind a barrier Astrid catches her breath, she scoffs annoyed that she missed her opportunity to strike. Astrid readied her ax and gave a focused, determined look.

"This time..This time for sure..."

With a fierce battle cry she leaps from her cover, her ax cocked to be thrown.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa..."

As she clears out the barriers she sees that Hiccup had already laid the Gronckle out. The assembly of Hairy Hooligans began to cheer in Hiccup's name, praising him for his victory. As the Gronckle slept on it's side in a blissful sleep. Her war cry then turns into an enraged voice of disapproval, .

"...aaaaaaaaauGGGGGGGGHHHHH! No! No!"

The Prince shrugs, as unhappy with the situation as she is. Though there was a faint smile on his lips, mostly because he was enjoying Astrid's little meltdown. He watched as she swung her ax in anger while cursing in a way only a Viking could.

"No! No! Son of a Half-Troll Rat Eating Munge Bucket!"

A loud clack rang out from the crowd above as Mulch banged his hook onto Bucket's metal head. From the crowd above, Gothi the village elder stepped forward, tapping her staff for additional silence. Everyone in the village light up with excitement. The chief approached the elder hands raised calling for silence along with everyone else.

"Wait! Wait!"

The Prince knew exactly where this conversation was heading. Hiccup attempted to leave before anything brash was made.

"So, later..."

Gobber the Belch had been watching from the sidelines, not for the safety of Hiccup and Astrid, but to make sure didn't 'accidentally' kill one another in the ring. Mostly because after the events of the third lesson, he realized that tensions were kinda high between the two. The Blacksmith merely thought of it as young love, kinda of like when he was a both with his 'good friend' Greta. It didn't end well with Greta..but anyway that's another story. As Hiccup was about to

rush out of the arena, he used his hook attachment to snatch onto Hiccup's vest and forced him back.

"Not so fast boyo, they gotta decide if ya passed and then ya can go do as ya like."

Hiccup stood there indignant and disliking his current situation. The Prince tried to soldier on in a different direction as he then said.

"I'm kinda late for-

The Prince is cut off by the Hofferson girl as she raised her ax to his neck. Hiccup starred nervously into her eyes. Astrid then said with a livid and stress look on her face.

"What!? Late for what exactly!?"

"None of your business..."

Chief Stoic held out his hands for the silence of the still jabbering crowd. To be far Stoic could barely contain himself either at this point. Gobber separated them hastily as Astrid and Hiccup got into line and waited for the decision. But the Chief then said with his hands still raised.

"Okay quiet down, The elder has decided..."

Thrilled, Gobber the Belch stands behind Hiccup and Astrid. He pointed a hooked hand toward the Hofferson Girl, as the crowd waited silently in anticipation. From the stands Sinclair looked nervous, he was sweating up a storm, and Frigg kept trying to be positive. It was then Gothi, the village Elder shock her head disapprovingly toward Astrid. The crowd 'ooohhhs' in response, as Astrid stands there angered and outraged. Gobber then pointed his right hand toward the Hooligan Heir. Gothi then nods an affirmative 'yes' while a frail smile formed across her face. Hiccup gives a look of pure defeat and his face screamed unsettled. He could only imagine how Astrid felt about this, he watched as she turns a seething, deadly glare on Hiccup. The Blacksmith was to overjoyed to notice her death glare. He kept shouting from between the two young Hooligans.

"You've done it! You've done it, Hiccup! You get to kill the dragon!"

Stoic cheers from above along with the rest of the tribe.

"Ha, ha! That's my boy!"

Valka not to fond of dragon killing simply nodded, held heard head up and clapped meekly while shouting.

"Congratulations, Hiccup!"

Meanwhile Sinclair only grinne d a pleasant smile as he breathed a sigh of relief. Frigg looked a bit more depressed as she watched her enraged daughter from the sidelines. Meanwhile Hiccup is hoisted onto the recruits' shoulders, well more Fishlegs who carried him on his over sized arms and out to the cheering spectators. The other recruits including Snotlout kept laughing and giving Hiccup continued

praise. Hiccup continued to mask his panic and sadness. It had come down to this, he wasted the all the time he could, this was the end...

"Heh, heh. Oh yeah! Yes! I can't wait...I am so..."

* * *

><p>THE COVE</p>

_ "...leaving...We're leaving. Let's pack up. You and me are going home...forever..." _

The Prince said sadly in Dragonese, after he had gotten away from the crowd he laid low for the rest of the day. He very cautiously packed up everything he could into a large wicker basket. Very solemnly he prepared to leave, not even getting a chance to say his woeful goodbyes. He wore his prince garb but not with any such hint of pride. Only without his famous mask, he continued to call for the Night Fury.

_ "Toothless! Get out here! C'mon don't tell me you're still mad about earlier are you..." _

Toothless was nowhere insight. Hiccup set his basket down and opened it so he could retrieve the mask. His mind was clouded with troubles, so Hiccup was unaware of the sound a sharpening stone against an ax. Hiccup was about to retrieve his helmet when he finally saw Astrid sitting on a rock right in front of him. The Prince backed away shocked.

_ "Aggh! What the-

Hiccup took a moment to recompose himself as he reached for his blade. He then raised his sword toward Astrid.

"What are you doing here?"

She hops off the rock and Hiccup then backs away slowly but readily. Spinning her ax threateningly. Hiccup's eyes dart nervously, searching for Toothless.

"Rematch."

"What?"

"You heard me. Rematch."

The Prince raised an eyebrow, then he got a good look at Astrid's bloodthirsty eyes. Thankfully she hadn't noticed anything out of the ordinary, or the fact that he was wearing the Prince's armor. She was to distracted by the drive to win. Hiccup thought he'd humor the girl.

"Alright..."

The Prince said with a smile, he got into a good position and began to lunge at her with a few flash cut lunges. Astrid parried his blows and instead began to block, which really throw the Prince off. From Hiccup's knowledge of Astrid's fighting style she was mostly on

the offensive, striking at every venerable moment and taking not liking to be on the defensive. But here it seems as if she had worked on her defense drastically. Hiccup tried to look for a weak point, but Astrid's defensive was near perfect, some much so he couldn't find anything to exploit. He smiled.

"You've gotten better."

"And you got sloppy, you know ya should probably work on you're defense, or someone could just go in and do this!"

Astrid then sliced off part of Hiccup's armor causing parts of the leather to fall off, it only just dawned on her now that he was wearing some sort of armor. Hiccup was shocked, very few people in his life were able to get such a clean cut on him. Hiccup began to sweat, his concentration was broken. He began to doubt and worry but still held up a very good defense. That is until Astrid got another good cut on his armor. Hiccup began to get nervous, not that he cared about losing but for fear of being found out. What if Toothless came along and decided to save Hiccup by killing the poor girl. With a big hit to Hiccup's pride, the Prince held his hands up and sheathed his flame sword back into his scabbard before finally saying.

"I submit! There you win! Run along now!"

The Prince said hurriedly as Hiccup began to glance in every direction searching for Toothless. Astrid was halfway between confusion and anger. She then got a good look at Hiccup and his weird charred armor. Something about it seemed familiar to the Hofferson girl.

"Okay what in Thor's name is wrong with you!? I know you were raised by foreigners and all but...No that's not it...I want to know what's going on. No one just is automatically as good as you are. Start Talking! Are you training with someone?"

Hiccup kept looking for Toothless as he carefully kicked his basket with the Prince helmet behind a few rocks.

"Uh...training? C'mon me? Train, I mean yes, by myself in the forest by the cove...all day...hours on end..."

The Prince was about to run off and come back another time when Astrid grabbed him by his odd-looking armor.

"It better not involve...this..."

Hiccup swallowed hard.

"Look Astrid, this probably looks really bad but, you see...this is, oh..."

Then the two heard a rustle coming from the other side of the Cove. In the shadows it appeared something was moving, Hiccup gulped knowing exactly what that thing moving in the shadows was. Astrid had no idea and went to investigate in the forest while simultaneously letting go of Hiccup's arm. With a panicked look on his paling face, the Prince then said.

"You're right! You're right! I'm through with the lies. I've been

training, with...Flashburn, you know famous sword master? He's in the village right now, I'll introduce you, put in a good word for you..."

Hiccup put a hand on her back in an attempt to lead Astrid back to the village. He even put one of her hands on his chest in effort to lead Astrid astray. Astrid feed up with Hiccup's lies bends Hiccup's hand backwards, diving him down. For good measure she also kicked him a little. The Prince screamed in pain.

"AAAAAUGGGHHH! Why would you do that! I got scars on that arm!"

"That's for the lies!"

Astrid bounces the hilt of her ax off of Hiccup's laid out body. Hiccup winced again.

"Got scars there to!"

"And that's for everything else."

Hiccup's yelp is answered with a growl, coming from the other side of the cove. Astrid looked upwards to see one of the greatest things of fear in the Archipelago. The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself, emerge from the shadows. A Night Fury. Toothless pounces toward them, snarling. Angered that Astrid was hurting Hiccup, though he probably deserved it some extant, but still the Night Fury wasn't heartless enough to let the human simply die. She gasped, paralyzed for a moment with fear. To be standing in front of a Night Fury was like staring death in the face and then spiting in one of his eyes. Hiccup said with a sigh.

"Oh, come on!"

Quickly Hiccup got up only for Astrid to dive on top of him. Not that Hiccup was complaining, he just wished they were under better circumstances.

"GET DOWN!"

Toothless began charging, rushing to save Hiccup snarling every step of the way.

"RUN! RUN!"

While Astrid rolled off to the side and sprung, pulls up her ax and stood tall, ready to stand her ground. That is until Hiccup shouted in a language she could not even remotely understand.

_ "NO!" _

Hiccup knocked Astrid's readied ax to the ground far out of reach, then stops Toothless short of crushing her to death.

_ "Oi, it's okay Toothless, she's a friend." _

_ "She tried to kill! And it's okay!" _

_ "I told you it's a human thing!" _

_ "That's your excuse?" _

_ "Calm down, it's okay, she's not a threat, she's a friend..." _

Astrid laid on the ground confused, by the shrill shrieks and popping noises Hiccup made. That is until she began to piece everything together. Eventually Hiccup managed to calm down Toothless, who snorted in disagreement. Astrid is frozen in place as Toothless looks from her to Hiccup and back to her confused.

"You just scared him. He thought you were gonna kill me..."

The Hofferson Girl gave a plain look of fear and confusion as the Night Fury starred at her aggressively like a hawk examining it's prey.

"I scared him!?"

She shouted, as Toothless edges closer to the girl still snarling with wrath. No words came out of Astrid's mouth as she continued to piece everything together. Astrid then whispered very intensely almost as if waiting to make sure the dragon wasn't provoked.

"Who is him? Who are you?"

Hiccup sighed, it had come to this, the Prince reached for the nearby wicker basket and pulled out the mask of the Prince. He sighed as he put it on over his head.

"First off...Toothless, Astrid, Astrid, Toothless...That answer you're questions lass?"

Hiccup asked calmly and collectedly. Astrid begins to back away, scared and lost for words, eyeing Hiccup...no the Prince and the Night Fury together with disgust. She turns and makes a run for the village, probably going to tell of how the Hooligan heir is actually one of the Barbaric Archipelago's most infamous criminals. Hiccup looked almost defeated.

_ "Da Da Da...we're dead..." _

Toothless began to walk away pleased with the Hofferson Girl's absence.

_ "I don't care..." _

_ "Oi, Where do you think you're going?" _

Hiccup said to the Night Fury who was going back to sleep in the shade.

_ "Back to sleep, unless, you wanna bring anyone else down hear Hiccup? How about a pack of humans, that'd be pleasant." _

_ "Hey, she followed me, now unless you want to die today, you'll help with this..." _

_ "Fine...but not because you said so...but because I want to get out

of this wretched place...”

The Prince then mounted onto the Night Fury who then flapped his wings upwards toward the heavens and flew off out of the cove. While Astrid raced through the forest in a desperate attempt to reach the village and warn everyone of The Prince and the Night Fury practically living under there noses. A large shadow then loomed over her head, but she didn't notice. Well that is until she jumped up over a log and was then snatched from one of her arms by what she only assumed was the Night Fury. Astrid began to panic and scream as she saw the ground get further and further away. Her feet began to dangle as she continued to rise.

“Oh great Odin's ghost! This is it!”

Astrid continued to scream as she tried to pry her other hand loose. Hiccup and Toothless fly Astrid to the top of a towering pine tree. Toothless let go of the Hofferson Girl and she snatches onto the top of pine. Astrid held on for dear life as they land on the pine which then began to break and creak under the pressure of the two landing on it. Hiccup took off his mask and held one of his palms to the air.

“Well...this is my kind of rain, no wonder the sky looked so funny today...”

“Hiccup! Get me down from here!”

The Hofferson Girl gripped harder as she looked down at the deathly drop. Toothless glared at the girl evilly, watching to make sure she didn't do anything rash.

“Look...I know you're mad...you have every right to be, but please give me a chance to explain...”

Hiccup said trying to be honest and sympathetic, and the ladder wasn't really his strong suit so to see Hiccup actually trying to be truthful was really difficult for him. But Astrid it seemed didn't care as she began to shimmy her way over to the trunk of the tree.

“I'm not listening to anything you have to say!”

“Okay...fine...I won't speak then...just let me show you...”

Hiccup then extended a hand and gave a warm smile that Astrid didn't except.

“Please...Astrid...”

She eyes him and the Night Fury, then the ground far, far beneath her. After a moment she swats Hiccup's hand away and climbs over the branch and reluctantly and carefully gets onto the Night Fury. Much to the dismay of Toothless who was snarling, he didn't really like or trust this girl.

“Are you sure we can't just leave her there? She'd probably be more comfortable...”

“Toothless...”

_ "Fine. "_

Toothless grunted in Dragonese as Astrid settles behind Hiccup, avoiding as much contact as humanly possible.

"Now get me down."

Astrid said sternly, Hiccup nodded before he then said to Night Fury.

_ "Toothless? Down. Gently. We now need to calmly explain to her the situation, before she does anything rash..." _

Toothless leers a mischievous grin, he chuckled his odd dragon chuckle under his breath. Then he spread out his magnificent wings slowly. With a loud, whop, they fill up with updraft. Toothless releases his grip on the tree, he tucked in his legs and hovered in place for a moment. Hiccup smiled and turned to Astrid, trying to make sure she wouldn't freak out.

"See? Nothing to be afraid of."

Toothless grumbled annoyed before he then launched forward straight upward at speed. Astrid screams in panic at the sudden acceleration, Hiccup was used to this quick acceleration but the Hofferson Girl wasn't and so Hiccup got a good earful of her screaming. He leaned back and to calm her down, but that was hard because every downbeat of Toothless's wings bucks the saddle, heaving them into the sky, doubling there current speed each time. Astrid is thrown back and nearly tossed off the saddle, that is until she hugs Hiccup for dear life, squeezing the breath out of him.

_ "Toothless! What is wrong with you? She could die at this rate!"

_

_ "Relax..." _

The Night Fury said reassuringly, but Hiccup was not the least bit reassured. The Prince turned back to Astrid who was terrified by this experience. In her mind it'd be a a miracle if she didn't have both feet in the grave after this. Toothless only continued to laugh as the Night Fury rolls and plummets toward the coastline far below. Hiccup continues to get a large amount of Astrid's screams. Toothless then rockets over the ocean waves deliberately dipping them into the froth. He did this a couple of times, much to the horror of Astrid and the dismay of the Prince.

_ "Toothless, what are you doing we need her to like us!" _

_ "You need her to like you...trust me..." _

_ "I trust you with my life, but this is not a good reflection on me or you for that matter!" _

_ "Give me a minute..." _

Toothless then rocketed forward tumbling head over tail at amazing speeds. Hiccup rolled his own eyes with annoyance.

_ "Oh and now the spinning? Really? Thank you for nothing, you useless reptile." _

Astrid continued to grip onto Hiccup and closed her eyes with fear. The Hofferson Girl was in a difficult spot now, she was defeated not in a practical way like how you'd fight someone with swords or axes but in different way. She was worn out, her aggressive energy vanished. In a way she submitted.

"OKAY! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Just get me off of this thing!"

Toothless looked over at the cowering girl, satisfied with his handy work the Night Fury relents. They then level off and head up into the clouds above. Astrid reopens her eyes and looks over a world she'd never even dreamed off. Eventually Astrid lets go of Hiccup and just stares at the world around her. She sees the clouds and they're white foamy nature and everything around the lush wide open air. The Hofferson Girls looks in wonder in every direction, happy, in complete awe and bliss. Astrid then built up the confidence to completely let go of Hiccup and touch the clouds, pierces columns ablaze in golden hues. The glow and sideburns lite upon her, as she felt the joy of being the upper air. Her terror is replaced by wonder. She grins, and in response Hiccup looks ahead grinning also. Night soon descended onto the world around them, Toothless rose up above a blanket of clouds and levels off again under the starry sky. They emerge from the clouds, under the dancing Norther Lights of Arvin Dale's Fire. She watched up close as they shimmered like ribbons across the vast sky. Below them, the torches and flames from Berk still flicker in Nott's darkness. The new perspective is breathtaking to the Hofferson Girl. Astrid smiles as she tucks her arms into Hiccup's vest, burying her chin into his shoulders. The moment is not lost on either of them, unlike previously before mentioned times. Hiccup blushes a deep shade of red before smiling nervously. Toothless flies past Berk's tallest peaks and heads out over open water leaving the village lights behind them. This was partially because Toothless was tired of overlooking the same island and also because he wanted to help the human with his as the Night Fury 'human women problem'. This seemed to help oddly enough and Hiccup wasn't complaining. Astrid smiled before finally saying.

"Alright. I admit it. This is pretty cool. It's amazing."

Astrid carefully reaches down and cautiously pats Toothless's side. The Night Fury smiles vague as Astrid then went on.

"He's amazing..."

Hiccup began to laugh.

"What and I'm not?"

Astrid punched him lightheartedly on the arm.

"Don't push you're luck..."

There was silence for a moment but then Astrid went on.

"Hiccup...I have questions...but mostly concerns...I mean, you're

final exam is on Thor's Day Thorsday. You know you're gonna have to kill a dragon..."

"I know...that's why I was leaving, I can't do it, I'm the Prince of Dragons, I don't kill it's not my style..."

Astrid nodded in response, but then asked very slowly.

"So what now?"

Hiccup groaned and sighed, it's a problem without any clear answer. A strange unearthly din approaches, to a human this sounds like nothing. But to a dragon it's one of the most the beautiful yet wretched sounds you could ever hear. It's sound an Alpha calling it's catch, Toothless's ears suddenly stand on there ends, panicked he abruptly dives, dipping into the cloud cover. Hiccup then whispered to himself deathly low, he knew exactly what was wrong.

"Oh no...Astrid...I need you to get down and don't make a sound."

Astrid gave a look of pure confusion, she also whispered in fear.

"What? Why-"

"Please, I know I'm not exactly the most trust person, but I need you to stay down and quiet..."

Toothless began to snarl and bark almost demanding silence, suddenly out of the dense cloud cover, other dragons began to emerge. A Monstrous Nightmare from their right carrying it's kill. A Nadder from the left carrying it's respective kill. Astrid and Hiccup began to dart there eyes over the number of dragon appearing out of nowhere. Soon, they are boxed in by various dragons, each hauling in something for there kill. Hiccup sighed in anger.

_"It's never enough for that bastard dragon is it?" _

Astrid's curiosity was peaked, at the shrill shrieks and popping noises Hiccup kept making. He seemed to be speaking in his native tongue of sorts. But she didn't have time to be curious, she was more terrified by the dragons that kept appearing out of seemingly everywhere. Soon hundreds of dragons appeared, all carrying fish and game in there talons and claws. Hiccup then whispered to Astrid.

"Meet the family...they're hauling in there kill."

This didn't calm down Astrid, it only made her slightly more terrified. She spotted a Zippleback it's four eyes, glaring at them ravenously.

"What does that make us?"

"We're fine, they're probably happy to see the Night Fury and me again..."

Hiccup said doubtfully as he noticed some of the hungry dragons looking at Astrid, but mostly the Zippleback. The Prince snarled

around hissed at the Zippieback a few times and the twin headed dragon eventually backed down. It's then the dragons bank and dive in formation, plummeting through the thickening fog and weaving through the towering, craggy sea stacks. Each flying down an invisible path they've flown down countless times. They emerge at the base of the Red Death's volcanic lair. The flock of dragons fall into rank, funneling through a crack and zipping through the various tunnels of the lair. That eventually gives way to the central lair, and the big glowing pit where the Red Death resided. The dragons fly in, dropping the fish and game into the glowing orange pit, glowing red and shrouded in mist. Toothless peels away from the procession, and lands onto a shadowy shelf and tries to keep a low profile. Hiccup leaned upwards, and began to hiss and snarl almost instinctively, similar to the other dragon hordes stationed on the rocky shelves, even Toothless was doing this. Astrid only watched in amazement and continued confusion. Why were the dragons dumping all of their food down an orange hole?

"They're not eating any of it...why?"

The Prince didn't answer he was too busy trying to see if 'Mom' was happy. But little did Astrid know all of her questions surrounding this would so be answered. A dim-witted Gronckle not too caring or keen arrived on the scene, it is the last to arrive, trailing in the back of the pack. The Gronckle hovers over the pit and regurgitates his paltry contribution, a pathetic little mackerel. As the fish falls into the steamy orange pit, a terrible roar rings out. The Gronckle realizes it's mistake and tries to flee, but he can't, the gargantuan dragon juts from the steamy pit. The Red Death then snaps the fat dragon out of the air and swallows it whole before retreating down into the depths of its pit. Astrid gives a plain look of fear, clearly shaken up.

"What...was that?"

"I'll tell you on the way back..."

The Prince said angrily, annoyed that another dragon died by the claws of that fat cannibalistic dragon. They waited a few minutes and eventually they took off into the glorious night sky again, and flew back to the desolate isle of Berk

* * *

><p>THE COVE</p>

They rode in complete silence back to Berk, not uttering a word to one another. Hiccup should have just left and let Astrid run away and tell the tribe who he was and his intentions. But no, he had to go and probably scar the girl for life and make his life much more complicated, again. The Prince didn't have an answer to his problems now, he couldn't just run away now, mostly because he didn't trust Astrid to keep quiet about the dragons. But he could only imagine what the Hofferson Girl was thinking. Toothless glides into the cove and touches down on the moonlit beach, Astrid's mind racing.

"No, no...it totally makes sense. It's like a giant beehive. They're the workers...and that's their queen. It controls them."

Hiccup didn't say anything, as she leapt off of Toothless and began

to run toward the village.

"Let's find your dad. We have to tell the tribe."

Hiccup was hesitant, Astrid turned around and looked deep into the Prince's eyes.

"No...we can't, I can't, they'll kill my family...one dragon no matter how big is enough for them, they'll exterminate the lot of e'm Astrid."

The Prince dismounted Toothless and approached Astrid.

"I'm leaving Astrid...I'm going home..."

Astrid is shocked, though not entirely. She then said.

"Hiccup...you can't leave, you're the heir to the tribe...and okay, what if you do fly away on...Toothless, what then? You don't think anyone would piece two and two together, they'd probably more than double there efforts in finding you and the nest then..."

"I don't care, they're not my family, they're nothing but dragon killing monsters."

The Prince turned away, looking taken back by his statement.

"Hiccup, I understand what you're going through...but your just gonna turn you're back on Berk? On you're tribe? You're parents?"

Astrid said trying to be reasonable. Hiccup turned around, he looked battered, and confused.

"I don't know, that's the problem, I want to leave, I want to so desperately leave this island. But...I can't, I love this place, my parents, the sights, the people...even you...Astrid... Besides, it's my home...I'll stay...for now. But please I beg of you Astrid, don't tell anyone about the nest..."

Hiccup said as he approached the girl and brushed back her hair, it was getting in her eyes. Astrid lightly shoved him away.

"We know about the dragons' nest...the thing the Tribes have been after since Vikings first sailed here. And you want to keep it a secret? To protect you're dragon family?"

The Prince stood firm in his resolute. He now stood firmly for what he believed in.

"Yes...but only for now, we have to think this through carefully."

"How so?"

Astrid responded as she put her hands on her hips. Hiccup took a deep breath in and then said.

"Okay...you're gonna think I'm crazy but...I want to change hearts and minds Astrid I want peace between Dragons and Humans..."

Astrid nods and smiles at his loyalty to Toothless and the Dragons. The Prince smiled back, how about that, he did change hearts and minds in day.

"Okay, then what do we do?"

"Just give me until tomorrow. I'll figure something out..."

Hiccup said casually. Astrid nodded affirmatively and then punched Hiccup in the arm. The Prince winced again.

"That's for kidnapping me."

"Okay, I deserved that..."

The Prince looked for Toothless for moral support.

_ "Ya gonna help me here bud?" _

_ "Nope, you're on your own Hiccup." _

Toothless snorted dismissively at this but still retaining a smile. Astrid then grabs him, Hiccup braces for another hit only this time to the face. Only Astrid then kisses Hiccup on the face. She then backs off, leaving them both in the awkward wake of the moment.

"That's for...everything else."

Astrid then hurried off, leaving Hiccup there rubbing his check, stunned and smiling cheekily. The Prince smirked even greater as she walked away. Toothless approached Hiccup and starred at him with his grass green eyes.

_ "So...that happened." _

Hiccup said beaming, that was actually his first kiss. Toothless rolled his grass green eyes.

_ "Human...so I assume were staying again." _

_ "Only for another flew days...we gotta sort things out, we're gonna change hearts and minds..." _

_ "Terrific..." _

_ "Hey, you nearly scarred her to death it's only fair." _

The Prince and Toothless then watched as Astrid emerged from the forest again. it appeared she had forgot her ax and had go to retrieve it. After she picked it up she then looked toward Hiccup and Toothless. They watched as Astrid approached the two and looked at Hiccup. Awkwardly she then asked.

"Hey...ya wanna walk home...together?"

Hiccup smiled even greater.

"Uh...yeah sure..."

The Prince then turned toward Toothless.

— "...well looks like I'm not hopeless." —

Hiccup said before grabbing his wicker basket following the Hofferson girl up the hill and out of the cove. Toothless rolled his eyes, grumbled a few times before drifting off to sleep. The Prince then walked Astrid home, they talked for a while which mostly involved Hiccup explaining something about the dragons or how he came to be the Prince of Dragons and the Hofferson Girl either laughing or in complete and utter confusion. Eventually after much walking and, Hiccup removed the armor placed over top his regular clothes and placed everything back into the wicker basket, they reached Astrid's house.

"No way..."

"Yeah, they have their own language...Dragonesque..."

"Oh that's why you make all of those...noises."

"Those noises are part of a very complex language that takes years to master...and If ya think that's bad wait to ya here what they call Norse..."

"What?"

"Lumpentongue...it means smelly mouth."

Astrid burst out laughing as Hiccup tried to defend himself.

"I mean it does...It really does."

The Hofferson girl smiled, but then Hiccup realized something, something that had been bothering him for quite sometime.

"Hey...Astrid...tell me, why were you so angry at me, for not passing initiation."

Astrid's laughing turned quiet in a matter of seconds. She thought it over for a moment, the Hofferson Girl thought it would only be fair if she told him. Hiccup had opened up to her now it was her turn to do the same.

"Look...when I was a girl, my father always thought it best to protect me, like I'm some delicate flower. It also didn't help that my mother was kind of a doormat in honesty. I want to be accepted into this tribe as a warrior... I just want out, I don't want to be protected and wed off to some bard, I want to roam the seas, fight enemies, be free...be myself..."

Hiccup looked at the girl, he related in a way. Mostly because for the longest time, that was Hiccup's life. That was the Prince's life for the longest time, only with the occasional looting and living with Dragon's most of his life.

"But that was my last and only shot...After years of begging to my father I was able to join initiation, and then the rest is

history..."

The Prince honestly felt bad.

"I'm sorry Astrid...I really am, is there anything I can do?"

Astrid smiled before backing off.

"Well worry about that later. Unless you want to put the whole Prince of Dragons, Dragons's Lair and your final exam on hold..."

The Hofferson girl said jokingly, Hiccup smiled as she led Astrid to her home. The Hofferson's were already asleep, sound asleep, Hiccup and Astrid each said there goodbyes and good nights before Astrid opened the door and went inside. But before Hiccup walked home, he then asked.

"Hey Astrid?"

Astrid opened the door a bit more.

"Yeah...?"

"Ya wanna do this again sometime?"

"Definitely ..."

She said before closing the door and heading home. Hiccup smiled for a moment before walking home, the next day on Thorsday Thursday would be a complete and utter nightmare. The Prince sighed as his mind became clouded with grief and new decisions.

* * *

><p>AUTHORS NOTE:

**The other day I talked to this person you've probably seen his/her review of my story, his/her name is PantheraTigr. Now this person brought up some really good points when I talked to him/her, and part of the problem is the story is just really starting to get fleshed out in my opinion. For a majority of the story I've been trying to create a world like the books and movies with my own spin but I've been thinking about things I'm not sure a lot of people think about. The politics of the Archipelago, there being dragons that have their own hierarchy and pack mentality, Hiccup's mother actually being 100% happy. It's been hard and admit-ably I've had a lot of slip ups, but I like to think I've also done a lot of good and at least brought some joy to people and in the end that's I wanted. But when this is fanfic is done, I want everything to come around full circle and I want everything to work in the world. But if anyone thinks I'm about to jump the shark, speak now before I done because if Fonzy couldn't come back from that...I'm not sure I could even make it...But anyway this chapter was very mixed for me to write. Personally it was a bit of a challenge because romance isn't my strong suit and with Astrid and Hiccup ya kind of got to do that, I mean it's like a corner stone of HTTYD now. But it was fun to write for one reason in particular, Astrid's outbursts, they are beautiful in this. That's part of the reason she grew on me, she's like a younger version of Trish from the Devil May Cry games only less violent and not a demon. Anyway, next chapter is gonna be big, really big like DMC: Devil May Cry

big...wait...not as many people liked that game...well I loved it...I loved it...(walks away sad because people like a Naruto rip off mixed with one of the more pretentious Bleach characters(Nero, DMC 4) instead of a well written Dante in DMC 5). Well now that I've ranted about something you as a reader don't know or care about, let's move on...anyway, next chapter is in a week...have fun...I'm gonna go play DMC now...don't forget to review favorite and follow. **

18. Chapter 18

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 18: It was never easy

BERK

Hiccup walked home and crept into bed with a tired look in his now red eyes. Today was stressful and nerve racking, and tomorrow would be worse. The Prince couldn't sleep that piteous night, he laid still in his bed resting, trying to just take it all in. He told Astrid about his true identity, and now had to stay on this crazy little island and come up with some ludicrous way out of his predicament. He had to change hearts and minds, that was the only solution Hiccup saw. But the Prince's thoughts began to betray him.

"They'll never listen...they're Vikings...narrow minded seaweed brains..."

The Prince tossed and turned as he began to talk to himself.

"Still, she listened...Mum would probably listen...who knows...maybe I've been wrong this entire time about humans..."

Hiccup continued to toss and turn.

"Maybe they're the exceptions...Outcasts...Like me..."

The Prince sighed, and rubbed the bags under his eyes.

"I just wish things could go back to the way they were before...It was simpler then."

Hiccup yawned as he tried to get comfortable.

"Dragons were good...Humans were evil. I was feared...respected...now... I'm Hiccup, a Viking Heir...sent to kill a dragon. What happened."

Hiccup said as his eyes began to seal shut and eventually they closed entirely.

* * *

><p>HICCUP'S DREAM

_THE ISLE OF BERSERK _

_Hiccup's nostrils flared, he smelled the cold ash of dragons fire as he rode on Toothless. He was in his armor but still had yet to dawn

his iconic mask of sorts. The Prince was around nine years of age and still retained most of his innocence in his bright emerald eyes. There was this sinister nature about him though. A fiendish look in his eyes, that's what the raids were doing to him. Making him a better fighter through fighting with men and women three times his size. Most who saw him would flinch or rub their eyes. Around this time, the idea of a young boy riding dragons and fighting alongside them against the proud Viking people of the Archipelago it was far to silly and absurd of an idea. That is until he landed on the isle of Berserk. Home to the fierce warrior tribe and rival to the Ugly Thug Tribe, the Berserkers. A supposedly bloodthirsty lot led by the least bloodthirsty man in the Archipelago, Oswald the Agreeable. Oswald was a jolly fella who was a tall figure with a bald head and a long beard. He had this warm smile that he carried where ever he went. His children on the other hand were sort of like him. Dagur was a violent boy who had a nasty habit of bullying the other heirs. While his sister Heather was usually mistaken for a Bog Burglar because she was also stealing something. But Hiccup didn't care about these things. This was just an island to him, an island filled with blood hungry monsters who killed for the pleasure of it. _

_It had become routine for Hiccup. He would be dropped off by the Night Fury and told to scout out the area, then report back and the raid would then begin. Hiccup found no pleasure in looking at the wonders of man's world anymore. He found no fondness for the people. No reason to care about the Vikings of the world. For all young Hiccup saw, were murderers. The Prince walked the streets of Berserk, getting a good lay of the land figuring out where the storage huts were, the usual deal. That is until he saw what he could only assume was a beggar on the side of the streets. A shabby tall gentlemen in his late 90s with white hair and a saddened look on his face. He starred in Hiccup's general direction for a moment and a smile mused across his lips. As Hiccup was about to pass him, the man whispered in a voice only Hiccup could hear. _

_ "Dragon Defender eh? Good luck with that boy..." _

_ The Prince froze in his tracks, and turned around to face him. The young boy's eyes widened with the childlike fear that only children were really capable of. The old man found this amazing and chuckled in a wheezy voice. _

_ "Don't worry...I won't spill your secret, they can riot for all I care. Come closer boy...I won't bite." _

_ The man said with a grin, Hiccup approached the old man. _

_ "Who are you? How did you know?" _

_ "Let's not get formal with each other my friend...And let's just say you reek of fish guts and yak flesh. Also...you just told me you were a Defender." _

_ Hiccup swallowed hard and his brow fell, he was scared. The Old man stood up and said. _

_ "Come follow me...unless you want this tribe to know of your more interesting friends..." _

_ The elderly man said with a cynical grin. Hiccup figured he had no

choice but to follow him, he made sure to have a firm grip on a short sword he kept in his newly made flight suit. Eventually after much walking, the Elderly man and Hiccup made it to a small shack that would have made Old Wrinkly's look like a five star hotel. The man lead Hiccup inside, and glanced around to make sure nobody followed them. Hiccup was still on edge as the Old Man sat down and got out a small box. He opened the box to reveal a mask in the shape of what Hiccup assumed was a Seadragon Giganticus Maximus made out of wood and had a thin metal layer. _

_ "My gift to you...f__rÃ¥n den andra... till den tredje." _

_ The Old Man mused in a language Hiccup did not quite understand. Still, Hiccup excepted the mask and reached for it. As the Prince reached for it the Old Man then whispered in Hiccup's ears. _

_ "All Vikings are evil, do everything in your power to keep the dragons alive. Filthy beasts...every last one of us..." _

_ The Old Man said in a chilling voice that sent shivers down his spine. Then that was it, the Old Man pat him on the back and sent him on his way. Hiccup was left rather confused by the how endeavor but still a bit frightened. He felt scared, and obviously shocked. This was ever more apparent then when he went back to a nearby dense forest to report back to his dragonkin. The Night Fury was the first to notice this, and the odd mask in Hiccup's hands. _

_ "What is that human? Where did you get it?" _

_ The Night Fury asked in Dragonese. Hiccup was quick to answer.

_

_ "Oh...this...I found it." _

_ That was all the Night Fury needed before Hiccup began to go over the lay of the land and a possible method of attack based on the locations around the island of Berserk. Soon night began and the dragon attack on the island began. The same strategy that happened on most raids applied to this it was no different. Go for all the Viking's food and attack out of defending one's self from the humans. Hiccup usually rode on the back of the Night Fury and looked over most of the battle from relative safety. But tonight, Hiccup was fighting on the ground, which was a bit odd, at least from the Dragon's perspective. Hiccup was usually a pacifist in most regards, he didn't like combat. He was used to it...but he didn't like it. Hiccup had learned sword fighting from a book written by some one called Flashburn and saw it more as an art then a brutal display of violence. But still it came in handy for battling against Vikings ten times his size. He knew all the moves, the Grimbeards Gambit, the Flashcut Lunge, etc. etc... but again he wasn't the most violent person. But the words from that old man rang around his mind and when he saw the sheer carnage around him, something snapped. He watched dragons being plucked from the sky and torn to shreds in a manner far more gruesome then any other barbaric tribe. The reason? Let's just say the phrase 'Going Berserk' originated from this tribe. It was then, that something just snapped in side of Hiccup as he watched a group of Nadders get ambushed by a horde of Vikings. Hiccup put on the mask and began thrashing out like a mad man. He fought like a savage, not like a man, or a child for that matter. But someone with skill and power, he was pure unbridled aggression. As Hiccup was in

the midst of his frenzy, the Night Fury watched. Shocked and dare he say appalled...at Hiccup's display of violence. Dragons only acted in self defense most of the time and what Hiccup was doing was straight up brutal even for Berserk standards. The Night Fury eventually swooped in and began to plasma blast and scare of some of the remaining Vikings that young Hiccup hadn't beaten to a pulp. The dragon looked at Hiccup, he couldn't see his face. But he could see his eyes, they held pure carnage. Hiccup chuckled from underneath his mask as he nearly shoved the Night Fury out of the way. _

_ "Out of the way Night Fury...I must protect us...my family." _

_ Hiccup said as he raised his sword and was ready to start hacking at more Vikings with the possible intent on killing some of them. The Night Fury leaped in front of him and said._

_ "Human what's gotten into you? This isn't you?" _

_ As the Night Fury tried to calm Hiccup down, the Prince out of the corner of his eyes saw a Berserk Archer attempting to fire an arrow at the Night Fury. The shot missed as they both dodged out of the way. Hiccup with incredible speed jumped onto the archer and began to violently bash his head in a couple of times. The Prince then got out his dagger and was ready to make his first kill. There was no regret in his eyes. No remorse. That is until he saw the man begin to weep. _

_ "Please...I have a wife and child...please...don't do it I beg you..." _

_ Hiccup's expression softened...he looked around for a moment and then noticed the old man in the shadows smiling his twisted smile. _

_ "Now boy...that is a human who has killed countless dragons for sport...are you really going to let that go? Aren't you one of them? Are you not a dragon?" _

_ The Prince nodded in response and readied his blade. His grip was shaky. _

_ "Yes...I am a dragon...I am a dragon..." _

_ Hiccup remained motionless. He tried to go through with it, but he couldn't he was being held back by something. The Prince then muttered to himself. _

_ "I can do this...I can do this." _

_ But then Hiccup looked down at the Viking groveling sadly. Hiccup then came to the sudden realization. This was a man with a family...like himself and he like him wanted to protect his family. The Prince got off the beaten man and said. _

_ "I can't do it..." _

_ The Prince then sheathed his blade as the beaten man took a few breathes of relief. Then the Old man came out of the shadows clearly angry. _

_ "Boy...you just made you're biggest mistake. What's to stop him from killing another dragon or a dozen or a thousand." _

_ Hiccup stood up and unsheathed his blade and pointed it at the old man. His angry hate fueled expression filled with a more confident and passionate one under that mask. _

_ "Me...I will make sure nobody dies...dragons and humans..."

_

_ Feeling a big sense of pride. Hiccup began to laugh joyfully._

_ "Why you could almost call me 'THE PRINCE OF DRAGONS'!"_

_ Hiccup announced to the world. The Old Man gave Hiccup an angry look. _

_ "You are a fool..." _

_ The Prince smiled as he looked at the dragons that had began to leave and turned to see the Night Fury still behind him. The dragon was urging Hiccup to climb onto his back and retreat with the food they had just stolen from the Berserkers. Hiccup took of his mask for a moment and waved goodbye. _

_ "Love to stay and chat but...duty calls...see ya..."_

_ Hiccup said as he climbed onto the back of the Night Fury. The dragon then flew off into the Night. They were slight for a few minutes as Hiccup and the Night Fury eventually got to the front of the pack. Hiccup feeling a little down after what transpired on the isle of Berserk. He then said to the Night Fury. _

_ "Look Night Fury...I'm sorry about my behavior back there...It's just-_

_ "You need to control your anger..."_

_ The Prince nodded in response. _

_ "Yeah...I just never thought about how the other half lived..."

_

_ "We don't recklessly kill for the fun of it human...we have reasons...but most dragons never kill out of shear pleasure..."_

_ The Night Fury said with an insightful voice. The Prince took off his mask yet again and looked at it. The Night Fury then asked again.

_

_ "Are you going to get ride of that mask?" _

_ "No...It will be a reminder a way to restrain me...I guess...though it does need a few adjustments."_

_ The Prince said thoughtfully as he put his mask back on. Then the swarm of dragons flew back towards the volcanic rock they called

home. _

* * *

><p>BERK</p>

Hiccup was then awoken by his father knocking on the side of his front door. It was morning, today was Thorsday Thursday. Stoic the Vast smiled joyfully toward his heir and son.

"Hiccup...it's time."

* * *

><p>Author's Note

**Guys I am so, so, so, so, so, so, very sorry. It's been a while, and I've had a lot happen in my life in the past couple of months and coupled with a writers block I wasn't able to write a whole lot. So here's just this small update just to get myself back into the swing of things. It's short but sweet and I'll work to get another one up by Oct. 18. Thank you for understanding and that is all and if you're angry with me I understand. **

19. Chapter 19

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 19: Thorsday Thursday

BERK

Today was Thorsday Thursday, a lovely time of year when all the tribes allied with each other in the Six Grand Tribes would congregate to have there respected young members become fully fledged members of there tribe. Hiccup only needed to kill a dragon to be seen as a True Hooligan, for most that would be considered a piteous task but for the Prince it would be nearly impossible. At first Hiccup figured he would have been able to take his mind off the idea of killing dragons by going to the Festivals held on Black Heart Bay. He heard from Fishlegs and Old Wrinkly that they were a truly spectacular occasion. Every tribe from the Archipelago would sail to the isle of Berk for this great gathering. The visitors would set up shop in Black Heart Bay, which turned overnight from an empty desert of echoing seagulls into a bustling village of various tents made from sails to patched to be used at sea any more. By the next morning, the long beach was packed with stalls, jugglers, and fortune tellers. There was a blissful confusion of Vikings spotting old friends and practicing there sword play and yelling at the children to stop hitting each other.

Vast Viking men sat on comfortable rocks and making simple conversation. Impressively large Viking women huddled in groups cackling like seagulls and downing whole mugs of tea with one swallow. Despite Old Wrinkly's gloomy forecast of terrible storms and typhoons, it was a gloriously hot late Fall day, with not even a hint of a cloud in the open. It would have been lovely...had Hiccup been there enjoying the celebrations. But as an Heir to the Hooligan Tribe, Hiccup had to greet all the other tribe leaders and heirs.

Something about Viking Tradition and all that nonsense. For Hiccup the entire experience was a bit odd, and his parents and elders seemed to be almost pressuring him to become friends with some of the heirs. Which wouldn't of been a problem and they all seemed nice enough but it was kind of like being introduced to someone you never met before and the only thing you had to go off of was you're parents word about there 'wonderful personality'. When the Prince met them in person, yeah they had personality...Hiccup just wasn't sure about the wonderful part.

The first to arrive were the Meatheads, and there chief Mogadon the Meathead, a tall man built like a war machine with a hairy face and muscular body. He was followed by a few elders in his tribe and the Chief's son, Thuggory. Thuggory was about what one might expect from a Viking, but he was actually a bit sharper then he looked. He actually was a brilliant tactician and read all sorts of books on warfare from the Meathead Public Library.

After the Meatheads, the Lava-louts arrived. Calvin the Combustible looked as menacing as especially now that he finally got his beard back to the exact way he wanted it. He was followed by his son, Peter the Patchfingers. Peter had a knack for explosives and loved to blow things up. Though once he tried to blow up the Bog Burglar Heir for stealing his Flame Suit and in the process accidentally blew off his fingers. He was able to find all his fingers and reattach them but he had to have stitches across his fingers for the rest of his life. Ironically the Bog Burglar Heir ended up with not a single scratch on her.

Next, speaking of the Bog Burglars, they soon arrived along with there Chief Big-Boobied Bertha. It has been told that her boobies had killed before and many a smaller animal had suffered in their depths. She was joined by her daughter Camicazi...who Hiccup once had affection for. The Prince got over her when he realized the relationship would never go anywhere...and that she was a little crazy. She was still a head smaller then Hiccup and still probably just as violent, hyperactive and somewhat overconfident, but also very brave and loyal.

The Hysterics where then arrived on the humble shores of Berk. They were a crazy bunch who believed in all sorts of insane and impractical things. For instance they believed the world was like a circle and had no end. Also the Hysterics believed a foreign country by the name of America exists where they grow the magical potato plant. The Tribe was lead by Chief Norbert the Nutjob who was about what you would expect from the leader of a tribe dubbed, the Hysterics. But his daughter Callista, was even crazier. Always talking to herself about Great Ones and making contact with them. As well as insight and a great mystical creature named Kos...or was it Kosm...nobody really knew.

Finally the Berserkers arrived along with there armada, that they brought everywhere. Again part of that insane Viking Tradition they loved so much. Oswald the Agreeable arrived with his two children Heather and Dagur who were busy trying to kill each other over who stole whose double-headed axe...as siblings often do.

So after the arrival of all the tribes. Chief Stoic asked for there attention for a moment...and then he introduced Hiccup to the tribes laid before them. It was an odd affair, most would have thought this

was some kind of hilariously cruel joke. But Stoic the Vast was not one to joke. Afterwards the Chief and the elders lead the other tribal leaders to the Great Hall to talk about political matters and share a glass of mead.

* * *

><p>THE GREAT HALL</p>

The Prince sat awkwardly on a round table with the rest of the Viking Heirs while the Elders talked about more important matters. Hiccup was told that this 'Young Heir's Meeting', was a way to try to strengthen ties with the Archipelago. The Meeting usually began and ended in silence. Valka told Hiccup to try and make friends with the heirs or else and try not to lose a limb. She then wanted to say that Viking Heirs were some of the most stubborn and difficult people to work and talk with. Hiccup had to agree, he even would have taken it a step further and said that they were also some of the most judgmental people he'd ever laid eyes on. Still Hiccup tried to smile and asked the other heirs.

"So...how are enjoying Berk...?"

The Lava-lout Heir was quick to respond.

"It's lifeless, dull and has too many trees."

Thuggory shot a look at the Lava-lout heir.

"Oi, show the boy some kindness, he's new here."

Peter scoffed.

"Then he should keep quiet, that's we've been doing years."

Most of the other heirs nodded in agreement, they all hated one another, and they hated this meeting even more. Hiccup tried to remain calm as silence returned to the Heir Table. It was awkward, everyone just stared off into space. That is except for Camicazi, she had this fierce look in her eyes that was directed toward the Prince. After a few minutes of the Bog Burglars glare, Hiccup then asked.

"Can I help you, or are you just gonna stare at me?"

Camicazi folded her arms.

"No need to be rude...you just seem familiar...have we met before?"

The Prince thought about it for a moment, he remembered all the times he tried to unsuccessfully woo Camicazi and how in response she would try and kill him in the process. After a few seconds, Hiccup frowned and shook his head.

"Nope...I just have one of those faces."

"I haven't threatened you before?"

"No..."

Peter Patchfingers chuckled a bit as Hiccup and Camicazi's exchange

"Stay away from that one...she'll knick your belongs and cut off your limbs."

Camicazi rolled her eyes.

"Are you seriously gonna hold me to that forever? Need I remind you, that you were the one you blew off your fingers..."

Peter snarled and hissed like a mad dog as Camicazi put on a cheeky little smile that only she could have been capable of doing. The Berserker siblings were quick to pick sides.

"Blow here up Peter!"

Shouted Dagur the Deranged toward Peter. Heather soon joined in.

"Kick his ass Camicazi!"

Hiccup wasn't really sure what to make off the whole situation, you had the heirs either trying to beat each other up for hardly any reason. As well as having them insult each other out of spite. It was odd, the only rationale ones there seemed to be Thuggory and Callista, and Callista was busy doing her confusing prayers to Mother Kos.

"Please you'll angering Mother Kos and she does horrifying things when angered."

Callista barked at the fools who continued to yell at one another. Thuggory elbowed Hiccup softly in a brotherly sort of way before saying.

"Welcome to politics Hiccup, there's room for insult and not much else."

Eventually Hiccup sighed and then asked.

"Must you fight over petty reasons?"

All eyes returned to Hiccup, they all looked at him like he had gone mad? Camicazi then replied.

"Then what else are we supposed to do?"

The Prince sighed and sunk a little bit into his chair, he then took a deep breathe in.

"Ya know talk about you're issues like civilized Vikings?"

For a moment there was silence, it appeared Hiccup had actually broke through to the young Viking heirs. That is until Peter tossed a cod fish at Hiccup and it flopped around the ground. The Prince sighed as he slumped back down into his chair, while he rubbed the grease of the fish from his face. From that moment on Hiccup just sort of slumped back into his seat and waited for the inevitable. He

continued to plan his scheme for showing the Viking World that dragons were just the same as people in some regards. It was then a loud bugle was blow and the elders, leaders and heirs to the tribes were to gather in front of the arena. The young Heroes final initiation was about to begin, and Hiccup tried to look confident.

* * *

><p>THE ARENA</p>

Outside the various tribes had gathered around the arena of Berk. All jeering and happy, waiting for mindless bloodshed against a fearsome dragon. The grounds of the arena have been transformed with banners and flags from every tribe flapping in the breeze. Surrounding the ring was a festive happy crowd, all of the archipelago had apparently turned out to see this amazing event. The other chiefs gave a moment of silence to let Stoic speak about his newly found son, it was only the right thing to do. I mean, who would not want to have a model Viking son like Hiccup the Useful? With a booming voice, Stoic spoke to the large crowd, in typical Viking matter, he started off with a joke.

"Well, I can finally show my face in public again without tears running down me eyes."

Valka smiled at the joke while the rest of the crowd gave a loud applause and cheer. Stoic continued.

"If someone had told me that in a few short weeks, my son Hiccup, would come back from who knows what far corners of the earth and be living with me and my beautiful wife, and placing first in dragon training...I would've tied him to a mast and shipped him off for fear he'd gone mad."

The crowd laughed again and Stoic only seemed to encourage them like a comedian who just told an amazing joke.

"Yes and you know it!"

Then there was a pause as the crowd quieted down.

"But here we are. And no one is more surprised or more proud than I am today. Today, my boy becomes a Viking. TODAY HE BECOMES ONE OF US!"

The cheers only continued as Hiccup watched from a far, burdened with grief. Still he listened from the Arena entrance. He wore his prince armor and kept his helmet close to his side. Few would recognize the armor without the helmet, so no one would immediately be able to tell who he was. That did not help the uneasy feeling Hiccup still had at the bottom of his stomach. Stoic and many of the other Hooligan elders that Hiccup be first in killing a dragon. Feeling incredibly sympathetic to Stoic, the other tribes allowed this. The only ones truly irritated were the young heirs, but even then it was hard to get made at Hiccup. He seemed like an innocent enough guy. Hiccup stood at the entrance to the arena, patiently as a crowd gathered around, and the Chiefs and elders sat in there well placed thrones. Stoic and Valka sat side by side with Spitelout, Gothi and even Old Wrinkly watching. Valka while she was happy to see Hiccup in a moment of glory was still uneasy about the whole event. Stoic kept himself

contained, but still boiled with pride and joy. Hiccup stood at the gates, the roars of the crowd piercing his ears. Astrid approached Hiccup, as the Prince unsheathed his sword to examine it. It was eerily like a dream he had long ago.

"Be careful with that dragon..."

Astrid said with a general concern for Hiccup.

"It's not the dragon I'm worried about."

Hiccup said with a smile and trying to little the mood. Growing more and more worried, Astrid then asked.

"What are you going to do?"

"Put an end to this."

The Prince of Dragons said bluntly, Astrid eyed him, dubious. Hiccup took a deep breathe in as he attached his helmet to a strap on his armor.

"I have to try."

There was delicate pause.

"Astrid...If something goes wrong...just make sure they don't find Toothless..."

"I will. Just promise me it won't go wrong..."

Hiccup wanted to say it wouldn't go wrong, but he can't. It was then the blacksmith, Gobber the Belch, approached. He smiled with a proud look in his eyes.

"It's time, Hiccup. Knock him dead."

Hiccup before he went into the ring, Gobber handed him something. It was the helmet his parents had given him.

"Your mum said you forgot this in your room. I'd though I'd give it to ya."

The Prince nodded as he placed it on his head and then enters the ring. From the sidelines he heard the hooting and hollering from the stands, saw the other Hooligans and many of the heirs. All of them seemed to be wishing him good luck. Hiccup looked upwards and then crossed eyes with Stoic. Stoic nods and they exchange a smile. Valka smiled and gave Hiccup a quick nod before looking away, she loved her son, but even this act of carnage still made her stomach sink. Hiccup then gives a half-smile to both of them. He then takes a deep breathe and stares at the assortment of weapons in the arena. All for him. All for him to kill this dragon. He hoists a shield onto his forearms and stares at the weapons from the rack...he draws none of them but instead pulls out his sword. The crowd stares at the blade pleasantly and a few giving off 'Ohhs' and 'Ahs'. Stoic nods while he strokes his beard, Gobber approaches the group.

"Hmmpf. I would've gone for the hammer."

Valka continues to guide her attention else were, unable to look at her son. She wasn't sure if this made her a terrible mother or just a terrible Viking. She hoped the ladder and not the former. Hiccup turns to face a bolted heavy door with a dragon locked inside.

"I'm ready."

The Prince said to no one in particular. The door bolt is then raised. The crowd goes quiet. Suddenly the doors blast open with a stream of sticky fire. Followed by a Monstrous Nightmare bathing in flames. It tears out of it's cave like an enraged curious bull as the crowd roars and jeers for the creature's death. It climbs the walls and chain enclosure of the arena like a bat on a ledge, hissing at the provoking crowd and blasting it's uncontrollable fire. A few Vikings dodge as the blood thirst in there eyes only strengthens. The Monstrous Nightmare then spots Hiccup and descends, leering and licking the flaming drool from it's lips.

_ "A snack for dinner, (sniffs) oh...what's that smell? The smell of compatriots?" _

The Dragon said in dragonese, it got a good whiff from Hiccup. The Prince stood his ground, his face showing no real emotion. The crowd grew silent, bracing for a real nasty fight. With the Monstrous Nightmare looking upon him square in the eyes, Hiccup does the unthinkable. He deliberately drops his shield and sword, and then steps away from them. Everyone grew a look of confusion, even the Monstrous Nightmare. Stoic then asked himself and anyone around who was willing to listen.

"What is he doing?"

Valka returned her gaze to Hiccup, confused and also curious. The Nightmare presses closer, snorting. Hiccup extends his open hand. It snarls

_ "Stay away...human scum!" _

_ "I'm not like them...I'm a friend...I'm here to help you..." _

The Prince spoke in dragonese a a soft smile forming around his face. At this point the crowd was completely lost and wondering why was Hiccup making those bizarre clicking and popping noises. The Nightmare continued to pace, focusing on Hiccup's helmet.

_ "That thing on you're head..." _

_ "Yes...Yes...I know it is tacky...would you prefer if I wore something else." _

The Nightmare did not respond as Hiccup tossed away his Viking Helmet. Hiccup acknowledges that he is now in the point of no return. He then reaches for his Prince Helmet and places it over his head.

"I am not one of them..."

Hiccup said within earshot of many Vikings, they all gasped and murmured. All eyes turn to Stoic who is looking a bit upset, Valka watches with a more curious look. It was then people looked at

Hiccup's helmet and his armor they began to piece things together. But what really sealed the deal was when Hiccup shouted.

"I am the Prince of Dragons and...I have something to show you..."

The Prince said avoiding his father's gaze and remains focused on the Monstrous Nightmare, holding his hand out. It paces around him, calming down. Stoic then yelled.

"Stop the fight!"

"No. I need you all to see this!"

The crowd is getting restless, many drawing weapons ready to take down the famous Prince of Dragons. Hiccup continued, not sure his plan was working.

"They're not what you think they are! You don't have to kill them! I am living prof of that!"

A few of the Vikings began to see where Hiccup was coming from, very slowly most of them began to sheath there weapons. Even a few of the Viking Chiefs were ready to here this boy out. Valka smiled in proud motherly way, he was standing up for what he believed in. Hiccup gleamed for a moment, was he actually changing hearts and mind? No, not for long anyway, when Stoic in rage whacks his hammer against the iron enclosure, ratting the arena with a terrible reverberating clatter. While he yelled.

"I SAID STOP THE FIGHT!"

The Monstrous Nightmare became spooked by the instantiate clattering. It snapped at Hiccup's outstretched hand. Hiccup yelped and sprung backwards. In raged, the Nightmare lashes out at Hiccup's sudden movements and blasts another stream of murky fire. The Prince could not reason with the Nightmare at this point, dragons were hard enough to reason with when they were calm, but an enraged dragon was impossible. You might as well have asked a hurricane to stop blowing away a village. The Prince dived out of reach of the stream of fire.

* * *

><p>THE COVE</p>

Meanwhile, Toothless was worried, he also feared Hiccup's recklessness, in a way he admired it but he always feared it. The Prince was always sure of himself, always knew what to do in a fight. But the other night, he seemed genuinely unsure of what to do in this situation. The Night Fury's fears only grew when the sounds of Hiccup screaming filled his ear plates. Panic flared in the dragons eyes. Desperately Toothless bounds to the cove walls, clawing them in desperation. It seems he's as trapped yet again in his own makeshift prison. But with an incredible burst of effort he hooks a claw over the upper lip of the naturally formed wall...Toothless was free from the cove.

* * *

><p>THE ARENA</p>

While back at the Arena there was utter pandemonium, Hiccup scrabbled around the ring, he even retrieved his flame sword and the wooden shield he used. This proved useful in blocking the Monstrous Nightmares blasts of fire. But that did not stop the dragon's pursuit of Hiccup.

_ "Get back here you plague ridden rat!" _

_ "I would much appreciate it if you didn't call me that!" _

The Prince shot back in Dragonese as the dragon continued to chase Hiccup, snapping and springing from ground to wall. Hiccup continued even get close to the Nightmare to attempt to calm it down, it was thrashing about to much. Many of the tribes leaders and citizens watched in a mixture of blood lust and wonder. Many of them were glad the Prince of Dragons was finally getting what he deserves. All except a few certain Berkians. Stoic pushed his way through the crowd, rushing to the doorway of the Arena.

"Out of my way!"

He shouted, while Astrid who had been watching from the gate managed to wedge her battle axe under the arena gate and squeeze through in a desperate attempt to help out Hiccup. A narrow stream of fire narrowly avoids Hiccup as he continues to dash around the ring, evading the Monstrous Nightmare. Desperate and nearly out of breathe, Hiccup starts swinging his sword in an attempt to keep the dragon away. He managed to get into a fencing battle with the dragons talons for a brief moment before, the dragon flicked the sword away. As that was happening, Toothless was tearing through the woods, bounding like a panther taking in short bursts air, quickly trying to get to the arena. Stoic wrenches the grated door to the arena and jumps through. The Monstrous Nightmare is only a few feet behind Hiccup. Astrid shouted.

"Hiccup!"

She picked up a large hammer and hurled it at the Monstrous Nightmare. The hammer hit the dragon square on the head, it turns its attention to Astrid and begins chasing her. All the while, Astrid's parents looked on in horror, well mostly Sinclair.

"Oh...I can't watch...tell me when she dies, I don't want to see it immediately."

Frigg knocked some sense into her husband with a good slap to the face.

"Get a hold of yourself."

"Ow...most do that in public?"

Valka was wide eyed, she was not sure what to make of the situation at hand. Everything was hitting her all at once, so much so that she could barely comprehend what was happening. As Astrid continued to lead the dragon around in circles. Stoic rose the arena gate, waving her towards it.

"This way!"

Chief Stoic yelled, Hiccup and Astrid both make a break for it. The Hofferson girl who was much closer to the door quickly made it through, but the Nightmare blasted the doorway cutting Hiccup off from escaping.

_ "Just you and me now..." _

The Nightmare said devilishly, the dragon then pounces on Hiccup and it extends it's extra extendable claws. For a moment the Prince thinks his life is about to end, this is it. The dragon had him pinned, but then a familiar roar pierces through his ears. Many of the various tribesmen know that sound it was the sound of a-

"NIGHT FURY!"

"GET DOWN!"

Toothless bounds over the crowd and shot a plasma blast at the chain enclosure. This created a hole that Toothless flies through as best he could, for a moment he disappears in the boiling smoke. The Vikings rush to the railings...in time to see a flurry of wings cutting through the dissipating smoke. Toothless and the Nightmare tumble into the clear, locked in a viscous fight. Toothless kicks the Nightmare off and plants himself between Hiccup and it.

_ "Stay away from this human...he is my friend." _

_ "Traitor...you side with the very things that kill us for sport?"

-

_ "He's different...like a brother..." _

The Nightmare snarled at that remark and continued to circle the boy and the Night Fury. Toothless lunges and roars, causing the dragon to relent and back away. Then to everyone's horror, Hiccup gets to his feet and grabs Toothless protectively.

_ "Alright Toothless! Go, get out of here!" _

_ "I can't leave they'll kill you!" _

_ "Better me than you! Please just leave!" _

The crowd is gob-smacked, growing livid. The Prince continued to try and shoo Toothless away...though his efforts were in vain. Vikings from every tribe began pouring clambering through the enclosure and dropping into the ring.

"Back off!"

The Prince shouted as Calvin the Combustible shouted.

"No weapons! Take it alive! Only the dragon though! The boy knicked me beard!"

Stoic the Vast along with the other mindless Vikings charged into the arena, war hammer in hand. Astrid calls out to her chief as her parents arrive to pull her away and get her under control.

"Stoic no!"

The Prince tried to reason with his birth father.

"Father! No! He won't hurt you! He won't hurt any of you!"

The other Vikings surround and attack Toothless. He tosses them aside like rag dolls, his eyes focused on Stoic in particular. Mostly because he was the one of the few with enough sense oddly enough to take on a Night Fury with a weapon.

"No, don't! You're only making it worse!"

The Prince shouted still trying to reason with his father. Chief Stoic raises his hammer as he charges for Toothless, he swings and misses. Toothless takes full advantage of this the Night Fury pounces on him. They tumble end over end. At this point Toothless was getting overwhelmed by the Vikings, they had the advantage in numbers. He begins to charge up in self-defense, just trying to get some of the humans to back off so maybe he and Hiccup can escape. He pinned Stoic the Vast and inhaled, the familiar hiss of gas builds up. Everyone braces for impact, even Stoic. All was quiet for a moment, until the Prince shouted.

"NO!"

Toothless then hesitated and swallowed back his plasma blast and turns to Hiccup, not understanding why Hiccup would say that. In that brief moment. Spitelout then shouted.

"Get him!"

The crowd then rushes back in on the Night Fury, piling on, and taking Toothless down in a matter off moments. Gobber the Belch holds Hiccup back, with a desperate plea in his voice, the Prince begged with a cracking voice.

"Please...don't hurt him..."

Stoic gets helped to his feet by Calvin the Combustible and Mogadon the Meathead. Mogadon then asked with a fierce tone in his voice.

"Chief Stoic, what should we do with this dragon, after all this is your island, it's only fair that you decide what happens to it..."

The Chief of the Hairy Hooligans is a lot of things at the moment, angry, shaken, fuming. A fellow Viking presented him with an ax, ready to chop Toothless into pieces. But Stoic stares deeply into the dragons eyes and then pushes the axe back into the other Viking's hands.

"Put him in with the others!"

The Tribesmen cheer and jeer as they put the Night Fury into it's pen. Stoic then turns his rage toward Hiccup, who only shoots a burning glare back at him.

* * *

><p>THE GREAT HALL</p>

Within moments, Hiccup was chained and brought to the Great Hall, were his sentence would be carried out. But before that, Stoic asked for a moment to be alone with his son. The massive doors echo and rattle as Stoic pushes his son the prisoner into the empty room. He paces against a backdrop of shadowy tapestries and carved pillars and shields. A legacy of Berk's heroes, all peering down in angered judgement.

"I should have known something was wrong. I should of seen the signs...But my pride and my joy blinded me."

Stoic said solemnly.

"Dad..."

"Don't you call me that...you...you...freak of nature...you lied to me...you betrayed me... and worst of all you gave me joy again..."

The Prince snarled as Stoic talked down to him like a lesser being.

"You think I asked for this? Do you think I wanted to be 'The Prince of Dragons', it was all I ever knew...I couldn't live with Vikings not after what I saw...kill me...do what ever you want to me...but please don't kill Toothless..."

Stoic was looking even more irate.

"The Dragon? That's what you're worried about! Not the people you almost killed!?"

Hiccup was getting defensive.

"He was just protecting me! He's not dangerous."

"They've killed HUNDREDS OF US!"

Chief Stoic yelled thinking he won the argument.

"And you killed THOUSANDS OF DRAGONS! They defend themselves...that's all! Would you please just listen to me!?"

Stoic was tried of this argument, clearly there was no getting through to him. A solemn disappointed look stretched across his face.

"I can't believe this...you've thrown your lot in with them...You're not a Viking...You're not my son."

Stoic was about to leave on that note when Hiccup shouted back.

"Yeah! Well you were never my father!"

Chief Stoic pushed through the gates of the Grand Hall and took a

deep breathe, he seemed torn up about the whole situation. It was then two guards came and took Hiccup away.

* * *

><p>Author's Note:

**Hey guys...it's been a while...I know you are well within you're rights to be angry with me...I've been preoccupied with my personal work involving William Murphy. Plus, I sort of got out of How To Train Your Dragon for a while, it was nothing the fan base did or you guys, you guys have been great and your support is always appreciated...but it was me. I had this high energy with it but I just felt like I was wasting my time. Honestly I didn't back into HTTYD until I played a humble little Ps4 game called Bloodborne. In that game there is a guy named Gerhman the First Hunter, he's a badass boss with a peg-leg, who lusts after a badass woman, and at one point Gerhman even says, "I've grown to old for this...a little useless, I'm afraid." Kinda like Hiccup the Useless, with a peg leg, who's kind of a badass and because he's the main character he gets a badass girlfriend. It wasn't much but it got me thinking about HTTYD dragon again and inspired me to keep on writing this story. Also c'mon imagine Hiccup as a young Gerhman...I guess that would mean Astrid is Lady Maria...oh she's gonna have a field day when she learns about the Plain Doll isn't she? Anyway enough of my stupid rambles don't forget to review, follow and favorite.

>

20. Chapter 20

The Prince of Dragons

Chapter 20: Merciless

BERK

The town was mostly asleep, the Viking Houses where quadrupled up with Viking Families seeking shelter from a great storm that was a brewing. Stoic and Valka both took Hiccup's soon to be execution differently, but still hard. Valka mostly cried in her room as she did so many years ago. She was about to lose her only son, for the second time in her life. Chief Stoic the Vast on the other hand, was a mixed bag of emotions. He was angry, sad, confused and mournful all at the same time. He could hear the wing whisper in his ears yet again as the chief drank his mead by the fire pit in the living room.

_ "You've lost him...lost him again...forever and ever and ever..." _

When the wind whispered to him, Stoic would only mutter to himself in a voice only he could here.

"He was never my son, he was raised by dragons..."

_ "He loved you...he just never got show and he never, never will now..." _

With that Stoic chugged another glass of mead, he just needed to get his mind off these events. What had happened? Today was supposed to be the day his son...his own son, returned from whatever hole he crawled out of and became a Viking. But then it turns out Hiccup is actually the Prince of the Filthy Beasts that fill the skies? It was a bundle of emotions that no one should have to ever deal with. Chief Stoic then with the questions still burdening him, decided to put out the fire in the pit and retire to bed with Valka who had cried herself to sleep.

Hiccup sat in a cell, chained and imprisoned, he was to be executed tomorrow in the morning in front of every tribe for his crimes against the Viking nation's as the Prince of Dragons. He looked at his feet and then his hands, never in his whole life had he been so hopeless and felt so foolish. Meanwhile, Toothless was imprisoned with the other dragons inside of there prisons in the arena. They should of just left, live to fight another day. But Hiccup, in his foolishness had decided to do this of all things. 'Change Hearts and Minds', as if that was even possible. Hiccup sighed and tried to get some sleep, he must accept his fate...he must accept his death... But this proved rather difficult because the wind kept howling through the cell bars. A storm was beginning to rage and it raged on for the whole of the night. The Prince lay on his bed unable to sleep as the wind hurled about the walls like a thousand Valkyries chanting to let themselves in decide Hiccup's fate.

"LET US IN...LET US IN...LET US CHOOSE YOUR FATE..."

The wind shrieked.

"WE HUNGER FOR VENGEANCE..."

Out in the darkness of the storm, and way out to sea, it stormed even wilder then on Berk. The waves so gigantic, that they disturbed the sleep of a couple of very ancient Sea Dragons. The first dragon was only averagely enormous, it was only your typical Titan Class Cauldron which popped up from time to time, it was about the size of a largish cliff. While the Second Dragon was gobsmackingly vast, he was that monster slumbered off the coast of Berk for many hundred years. The Great Beast who had been sleeping off his Roman picnic for the last six centuries or so. The one who had been recently been drifting into a lighter sleep, the great storm lifted both dragons gently from the sea bed, like a couple of sleeping babies and washed them onto the long beach off Berk. Just outside the village, and there they stayed, sleeping peacefully while the wind shrieked horribly all around them like wild Viking ghosts having a loud party in Valhalla. Until the storm blew itself out and the sun came up on a beach full of dragon...and not much less. The first dragon was enough to give you nightmares...the second dragon was enough to give your nightmares, nightmares. Imagine an animal about twenty times as large as a Tyrannosaurus Rex, more like a mountain then a living creature. A great, rare, evil, glistening mountain. The second dragon was so encrusted with barnacles, it was like a kind of jeweled armor, but where the coral and barnacles could not quiet get a grip, you could see the true color of the dragon, a glorious dark green. It was the color of the ocean itself. For a moment, the dragon awoke and he coughed up the last thing he had eaten. The standard of the Tenth Legion with a pathetic ribbon still flying bravely. The dragon was using it as a toothpick and the eagle on top was proving very useful teasing out those irritating pieces of flesh get stuck between your

twenty foot back teeth. The First to discover the beasts where a few Berserker Fishermen who wanted to catch an early morning meal. The Berserkers took one look at the beach and then rushed to the Great Hall where the Chiefs where, one of them rushed over to Oswald the Agreeable. Oswald was busy at a meeting in the Great Hall along with the other Chiefs on the matters of discussing Hiccup's fate.

"We have a huge problem!"

"What are you on about lad?"

Oswald asked in a curious voice. Stoic the Vast who had gotten no sleep at all last night had his brow burrow down. Hiccup's word hit him hard and seemed almost unwilling to get over them, but the harsh reality made it so the Hooligan Chief was in a particularity unpleasant mood. All in all he was not in the state to deal with more problems. The Hooligan Chief then asked with frustration.

"What do ya mean a problem?"

"There are a couple of humongous dragons on the long beach."

Calvin the Combustible rolled his eyes, and then asked Chief Oswald.

"What kinda men are ya raising there Oswald? They don't even have the common sense to kill a dragon."

Chief Oswald the Agreeable then said in response.

"I hate to disagree with you but I think it was proper of my men to tell me this information, instead of mindlessly blowing up a dragon."

Calvin drew a sword while Oswald reached for his ax, Mogadon the Meathead got between the two of them.

"Now, Now lads, let's just rectify the situation and have the Berserkers kill the dragon."

One of the Berserkers then shouted.

"You go kill it!"

Mogadon sighed but eventually pulled himself up from his comfortable chair and reached for his Bastard's Great Sword. He then motioned for someone to join him.

"Anyone wanna join me in killing some pests?"

Stoic got up from his throne, he grabbed his trusty ax and walked out of the Great Hall along with Mogadon. The Hooligan Chief needed to clear his mind. With that, they both stomped off to the beach. A few moments later they returned, looking clearly shaken and very thoughtful. Big-Boobied Bertha folded her arms as Stoic and Mogadon both sat down at the Chiefs table. Not a drop of blood on them, they did not even smell of ash.

"Well? Did ya kill them?"

Bertha asked almost expectantly, the other Viking Chiefs seemed to only expect a clean victorious answer. Mogadon who looked visibly shocked from the experience.

"Tell it..."

"What does that mean?"

Asked Calvin the Combustible.

"...The Larger Dragon has eaten the smaller one...we did not want to interrupt."

Mogadon took a deep breathe in.

"Think we need to call a Council of War...Wake the Village."

All the Various Tribes woke to the terrible sounds of war drums, summoning them to the Great Hall for a Council of War. Those drums where only used in times of dreadful crisis. Hiccup awoke with a start, he like Stoic had not gotten much sleep. He could hear the drums from his cell on the over side of the village, all he did was open his eyes for a moment. The Prince got out from his uncomfortable bed and then looked at the mass congregation of Vikings heading toward the Great Hall, he figured they were going to make his death a show for the entire Archipelago. Hiccup grunted angrily and then sat back down in his cell contemplating life. Meanwhile Astrid walked to the Great Hall with her parents who had given the blonde Viking a stern talking to. When I say that, I mean that Sinclair gave Astrid the stern talk while Frigg tried to down play her daughters actions. The Blond Viking had also gotten little sleep, she had to host Camicazi and her family. The Bog Burglar heir talked in her sleep, and snored like a seagull so Astrid had not gotten much rest. Camicazi seemed to be full of life ironically.

"What do you think this is about? I hope its not about that Hiccup guy, I liked him, he seemed rather nice, a stupid treacherous monster, but a nice stupid treacherous monster. For a boy of course. What do you think?"

Astrid did not respond, Camicazi smiled cheekily.

"I get it, I saw you yesterday, you don't wanna talk about your little boyfriend."

The Blond Valkyrie grew angry as she blushed with embarrassment.

"He's not my boyfriend."

"To each is own."

Camicazi said as she cartwheeled up the stairs to the Great Hall. Astrid followed and looked at the crowd of tired solemn faces. Something seemed off, certainly they would at least wait midday to judge and...execute Hiccup. He was the 'Prince of Dragons' after all surely the Chieftains would want everyone awake so they could properly enjoy the death of such a supposedly vile villain. But then as everyone gathered into the Great Hall, Astrid was clearly mistaken there was this massive amount of cheery energy inside the Great Hall.

They all clambered about and talked about the upcoming killing of the Prince that was soon to occur. This made Astrid's heart sink, she only now got the chance to get to know Hiccup and he should not have to go out like this, cheered into the depths of Hel by a bunch of bloodthirsty men and women. The yelling and joyful chants continued as chief Stoic stood up from his throne and said with a booming voice.

"Silence."

The crowd went silent as the Viking Chiefs gathered by Stoic's side.

"We have gathered you all here today, because we have a problem on our hands..."

Valka, who had gotten to the front of the crowd, tried to hold back tears as she assumed the worst. The baneful chants began from crowd yelling, screaming various things such as .

"Death to the Prince."

"Praise Stoic the Vast and his glorious decision making!"

"Kill the Dragon Prince!"

Stoic then hushed the various tribesmen. He continued.

"...A rather large dragon is sleeping on the Long Beach."

Everyone groaned in depression, they were all hoping for the death of the wretched Prince to be on today's agenda. The Crowd was deeply unimpressed. Valka gave a meek smile, her son had a bit more time still on this earth. Spitelout voiced the general disapproval.

"C'mon now Stoic! The War Drums are only used in times of dastardly dire peril. You have summoned us all here at a horribly early hour. Just because of a dragon, if it was for the execution of that vile Prince then maybe it would be more exceptional."

The crowd was with Spitelout as cheers in the Jorgenson's favor echoed through the chambers.

"I do hope your not loosing your grip Stoic."

Spitelout said undermining his brothers Chiefing skills. Stoic grew in anger but kept his cool.

"This is no ordinary dragon, this dragon is huge, enormous, gob-smacking vast. I and no one in these halls have ever seen anything like it before. This is more of a mountain then a dragon."

Not actually having seen the Seadragonous Giganticous Maximous, the Viking crowd was wildly unimpressed. They might have feared a large pack of dragons but killing one dragon was child's play. Many of the Vikings presently in the Hall could kill one with two hands tried behind there backs. Stoic continued.

"The Dragon...must of course be dealt with. But it is a very big dragon so-

"KILL THE DRAGON! TAKE UP ARMS, WHOEVER KILLS IT GETS 1,000 SHEEP!"

Norbert the Nutjob, said in a rather odd outburst while he twitched around a bit. The various Vikings piled out of the Great Hall all with blissful ignorance and promise of a reward. All the other Chieftains looked at Norbert with amazement and somewhat resentment, the Hysteric Chief then said.

"What? I have a way with people."

The Hysteric Chief then grabbed his favorite double headed ax and ran in with the Viking crowd. Eventually only Stoic, Mogadon and a few stragglers in utter shock at Norbert's outburst remain. These stragglers included a few Meathead and Hooligan Elders as well as Valka who had no desire to partake in such an event. Even for a thousand sheep...though part of her did want the wool. Old Wrinkly then walked up to Stoic.

"Sheer violence isn't going to work Stoic."

The Hooligan Chief sighed at his Father-In-Law.

"I can't believe I'm asking you this Old Wrinkly, but what is that thing, you're certainly knowledgeable on topic of Sea-Dragons and such."

"You flatter me Stoic."

Old Wrinkly said with a smile, Valka rolled her eyes and then said.

"Oh dear, here we go again."

Old Wrinkly then explained what type of dragon was resting at the Long Beach .

"It's a Seadragonus Giganticus Maximus, and a particularly big one I'd say. Very Cruel, Very Intelligent, Ravenous Appetite...but my field of research is Icelandic Poetry, I hear Professor Yobbish was knowledgeable on the subject."

Mogadon then responded angrily.

"Well, Professor Yobbish isn't hear right now...so how do we stop that Seadragonus...Whatevericus Maximus."

"You can't it's as big as a mountain, fighting it would be like a throwing pebbles at a warship, and consequences for upsetting that beast would not be pleasant indeed."

The realization of how dire the matter at hand was kicked in. The rest of the remaining tribe then rushed out of the Hall to go warn the other Vikings, leaving behind the elders. By the time they reached the long beach they were to late. A massive gather of Vikings stood ready with crossbows, regular bows, catapults, swords, maces, axes and whatever weapons they felt were required for the endeavor.

The Various Tribes looked in amazement at the impossibly large serpent stretched out on the sand. Smacking its lips as it devoured the last morsel of its late unfortunate companion. It was so big, the serpent seemed like it could not even be alive. Until you saw it move like an earthquake or a trick of the eyes. There are indeed times when size really does matter, and this is one of. Dragons are often described as vain, cruel and immoral creatures. Most of them are not, but the Alphas, the Alphas are what breed those kinds of characteristics. Imagine an Alpha Dragon the size of a moment side, how do you deal with it? Spitelout stepped forward to lead the charge, with one loud battle-cry he tossed his mighty ax directly at the Sea Dragon resting on the beach. The other few thousand Viking Warriors tossed there array of weapons and fired there catapults. All of this did nothing to the Alpha it seemed, except maybe make it mildly annoyed. Stoic, Mogadon and the others were to late to stop the violent bloodlust. The amount of violent accumulation was enough to make mighty Thor drop his hammer and weep like a little baby. For a moment there was silence, the Vikings had done nothing to the armor clad giant. The Gigantic Dragon turned it's head in the direction of most of the Vikings. There were a few thousands gasps, as a pair of evil yellow eyes as big as six tall men narrowed down to slits. The Dragon opened its mouth and let out a roar so loud, that forty passing by sea-gulls dropped dead on the spot. It was a terrible, alien, otherworldly noise that promised death and no mercy. With a few delicate moves of its talons, the dragon snapped every catapult stationed at the Long Beach like peeled fruit. Then the large mighty dragon had a large orange glow build up in its throat. Many of the Vikings took cover expecting the worst, but instead the dragon fired it's stream of fire directly behind it. This would have been a good thing, if the Sea Dragon just had not burned to a crisp every Viking boat in Hooligan Harbor. All seven-hundred ships simultaneously burst into flames. The Vikings ran away from the Long Beach as fast as there legs could carry them.

* * *

><p>THE GREAT HALL</p>

"What in Odin's Name is wrong with you Hysterical Lunatic! Why did you have to encourage a riot!?" "

Screamed Mogadon at Norbert.

"I said I had a way with people...not that it was good way."

Stoic hushed the two Chiefs.

"Pipe down! Okay...so running head first into battle didn't work."

The Hooligan Chief said to the thousands of scared Viking who all were stating that the end was near and how they were trapped on the isle of Berk.

"And out fleets are out of action, so we have no means of escape from this island...any suggestions."

Oswald smiled cunningly.

"Way ahead of ya Stoic...okay so we chop down every tree on this

island and then we make boats out them."

Bertha interrupted angrily.

"That will take weeks if not months! What do you propose we do in the meantime!? Other the thing human sacrifices!?"

"Well...do you not agree with that?"

Oswald asked innocently. Arguing soon ensued, as Chief Mogadon then said jokingly and trying to lighten the mood.

"Why don't we send someone to ask about the dragons feelings why we're at it...ask if it comes in peace or in war."

Norbert raised his hand.

"I Shall Go-

"NO!"

Said the large majority of Viking's in the room! Norbert held his head down in shame. Stoic then asked the large gathering of Vikings.

"Does anyone have any suggestions? Any will do in this time of horror..."

Most of the crowd fell silent, nobody had any suggestions. That is except for Astrid Hofferson who raised her hand and said to the room filled with Vikings.

"Hiccup...he can speak to dragons."

There was a great amount of disapproved from the tribesmen, they very idea of letting the Prince roam through was almost as bad as the Sea Dragon. Sinclair then nudged Astrid a bit and whispered.

"Be quiet, don't be foolish...we are going to have a stern talk about this later-

Astrid rolled her eyes and nudged her father back which caused him to reel over slightly in pain.

"Oh shut up Dad...Hiccup can speak to dragons, and we're all gonna die anyway with that thing on our shores. I don't see why we shouldn't give it a shot."

Many of the Vikings all gave quizzical looks at one other, it was foolish but it was the only option they seemed to have. Camicazi and Ruffnut smiled at Astrid and gave her a subtle thumbs up, Astrid rolled her eyes but smiled nonetheless. Stoic, Valka and Old Wrinkly then said in order.

"Hiccup?"

"Hiccup?"

"Yes...Hiccup."

Old Wrinkly smirked as he hobbled over to Chief Stoic.

"Small boy, brown hair, goes by the 'Prince of Dragons' we were going to have him executed this morning. Remember, your son, Hiccup."

Stoic's Father-in-Law gave Stoic a fierce look.

"I know who Hiccup is, thank you Old Wrinkly."

Said Stoic the Vast uncomfortably. The other tribesman and chieftains all gazed at Stoic waiting for his decision. Valka looked at her husband knowingly, she nodded encouraging him to do the right thing. Very slowly, the Chief of the Hairy Hooligans said.

"Someone...go get Hiccup."

Hiccup sat in his cell on a wooden bed, thinking about his life, random moments seemed to just shimmer before his eyes. Sometimes his childhood, other times his teen years, and every now and then times he had long forgotten. He seemed hopeless, and solemn, unsure of himself. His tribe had disowned him, the pack was hundreds of miles away and he seemed to have lost the will to go on. Still Hiccup's thoughts were still with Toothless, part of him actually wished that they'd kill him off so his best friend would not have to live in the captivity of such horrible creatures. While the other side of him detested such of thought towards the parental guardian that was the Night Fury. It is what happens when ones finds himself in a situation of great hopelessness, and you start to debate what is the lesser of all the worlds evils. It was then Hiccup saw someone approach him, he began to process his fate. Every part of his mind screaming.

"Please...I don't want to die...not like this."

But his body seemed to be in to much shock to comprehend anything else. It was then a few guards from the Berk and Meathead tribes opened the cell. One of them then said to Hiccup.

"Come on boy...You're services are required."

At first Hiccup was highly confused by that statement. That is until he got to the Great Hall where all eyes were glued to the skinny little Prince of Dragons who was once the Hooligan Heir. Hiccup sat at a round table with all the various War-Chiefs with grim looks on there faces. They had just explained the situation to Hiccup, the Prince was looking rather pleased with himself. He held his legs up on the table crossed and rolled back in his chair, smiling. It appears that once again, the Prince of Dragons had the upper hand.

"Now, that is the richest thing I think I've ever heard in quite some time."

There was silence for a moment as almost every Viking in that room looked at Hiccup resembled Loki the Norse God of Mischief incarnate and he was about ready to do one of his amazing foolhardy tricks. Chief Stoic the Vast spoke up.

"Hiccup...Is it true that you can talk to dragons?"

"It's just the Prince...and yes I can."

The Prince of Dragons said coldly, Stoic's brow seemed to thicken as Valka looked as if her heart was broken. Hiccup was tense, but he had not worn that tenseness on his sleeve, instead he tried to act twisted. This was because he now had a very powerful bargaining tool. That tool being the ability to save everyone on his rock from an Alpha Dragon. Stoic the Vast gave an awkward cough.

"Yes...now it's a rather dire situation...I know that we all were about to kill you-

Calvin the Combustible stood up.

"I was for it the most."

He said honestly. Stoic shushed him and the Lava-lout chief sat down.

"However. If you do what we ask, I'm sure I speak for everyone when I say you can consider yourself a member of the tribe, we stand in awful peril and nobody else in this room can speak to Dragons. Will you go to this monster and ask whether or not it comes in peace or in war...?"

Everyone gave Stoic an odd look, but could at the very least understand his motivations. Hiccup grinned as he shook his head dismissively.

"No."

All eyes turned hostile to Hiccup, even the various War-Chiefs and even Stoic himself who gripped and ax by his side a little tighter. Mogadon the Meathead then said.

"So...you won't do it?"

"Oh...I'll do it, but only on my terms. Not on your terms or the terms of anyone else."

The room was in uproar after that, until Hiccup slammed his fist down on the war chief table and shouted.

"QUIET..."

The Prince yelled coldly, the Great Hall fell silent. Hiccup then turned his attention back to the chiefs.

"If I go and talk to this beast from Hell, I want my dragon, I want a weeks worth of food and I want off this island."

Then he scoffed at Stoic and the other Chieftains earlier remark.

"And no...I will never join one of you Vikings."

Stoic looked more solemn then ever, Valka was not sure whether or not to be joyful that her son would hopefully live...or said that if he lived that Hiccup would leave Berk forever. The rest of the room

seemed content with that, except for most of the younger Vikings who had an odd sense of admiration for Hiccup at this point. With that Mogadon then said.

"Fine, I agree to your terms."

Bertha followed.

"As do I..."

Calvin begrudgingly was next.

"And I."

Followed by Norbert and Oswald the Agreeable. Stoic was quiet, the who room was waiting for his decision on the matter. They waited quietly and respectfully for him to make his choice on whether or not to let his son walk free if he succeeded.

"I agree to your terms."

Chief Stoic finally said, the Prince of Dragons then leaned back in his chair and said.

"Fine...I'll do it."

* * *

><p>Author's Note:

**So sorry guys life's been Hell had a lot of inner turmoil going on and anger towards society but what else do you suspect from a teenager? , Guys. We are in the home stretch, I anticipate only three-four more chapters, I've kept you all of the edge of you're seats for a while and honestly it's been a adventure. I feel like I've written stuff people actually want to read. Now I'll let this play out and if I do any other works, fan-fiction or maybe even some of my original works involving William Murphy, I'd like all of you guys and gals to read if you're interested, I don't want to force it down you're throats, I'm not Hollywood. (Hollywood: 'Quick we're out of ideas! Flood the internet, we need to make a movie about meme's and angry birds!' (Look it up they're real things...sadly)) Also my god season 4 of Dragons was meh, it wasn't bad but I don't know I guess I've been playing to much Bloodborne and Dark Souls 3 because now I'm imagining Hiccup as the Good Hunter and Astrid as Lady Maria. That's the thing about me, I like to combine things that have nothing in common with each other for example let's combine Warcraft with the Great Gatsby. Arthus would be Gatsby, (Mysterious Challenger: Stop asking questions!) Okay, I've probably driven you mad by now so I'll shut up, have a lovely day. **

End
file.